



# RECU SANT POETS

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

With a Selection from their Work

Saint Thomas More  
to Ben Jonson

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## THE PREFACE

THE book of which this is the first volume<sup>1</sup> owes its inception to Archbishop Goodier, S.J., who wished to include a small anthology of Catholic poets of the penal times in the series known as *The Catholic Library*. In 1913 Father Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., was entrusted with the task of making a selection. While in search of material he came into touch with Louise Imogen Guiney, who immediately offered to share with him her wide knowledge of the period together with her many notes.

It soon became clear that the quantity and importance of the material were vastly greater than had been supposed. The plan of a small book was given up, and a survey of the entire field was undertaken in a collaboration between the two Editors which lasted until Miss Guiney's death. That the name of only one of them appears on the title-page is due to the wish of the other to acknowledge in this way the scope and depth of Miss Guiney's life-time of labour in the field now brought to harvest: during the seven years of association, however, the work of research was shared fairly equally, in the face of disheartening difficulties and interruptions. Father Bliss was inevitably engaged otherwise for much of the time; Miss Guiney's pen had often to be turned to writing for immediate profit; the four War-years imposed their own specially hampering conditions; and throughout there was a lack of those resources of health, time and money which smooth the path of but few scholars.

In 1920 the book, then nearing completion, was again interrupted, this time by Miss Guiney's last illness. After her death, her fellow-worker was unable to carry out the further research and final revision necessary before publication, and in 1932 he relinquished the manuscript to her executor.

Several chapters have had to be written from materials which had been only partly assembled. Moreover, the march

<sup>1</sup> It is hoped to issue a Second Series next year.

of scholarship has put new bibliographical and textual knowledge, not available to the Editors, at the service of later students. Such knowledge has now been embodied in the text of the book; and the chapters on Lodge, Constable, Alabaster and Jonson are either largely rewritten or entirely new. For this additional research and revision we are indebted to Mr Edward O'Brien, to whose selfless energy in bringing to light the frustrated and heroic labours of his friend her executor owes a warm tribute.

In Louise Guiney's personal history it is hardly fanciful to trace some of the influences which led at last to this particular achievement. A descendant of an ancient English Catholic family,<sup>1</sup> she possessed by inherited tradition an instinctive harmony of thought and feeling with the Recusants described in these pages: this, with her special gifts as a poet and an historian, gave her, we may well believe, a sympathetically clear insight into their temperaments, motives and temptations. Her family remained Catholic throughout the Reformation and ever since, in a continuity of faith unbroken by systematic persecution but incurring the eventual penalty of exile. Both France and Ireland gave them shelter; in the latter country her father, Patrick Robert Guiney, was born in 1834, and from it he went as a boy to America, where his parents sought refuge, this time from a material instead of from a spiritual famine. By means of undaunted sacrifices on his own and his parents' part he attained, after graduation with honours from Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, a distinguished position as a barrister in Boston, and abandoned it to serve in the Northern Army during the Civil War, becoming Colonel at the early age of twenty-six. Retiring in 1865 with the rank of Brigadier-General, he resumed his profession until 1876, when he died, still young, as a delayed result of severe wounds sustained in the Battle of the Wilderness. His only

<sup>1</sup> The de Gyneys were Lords of Pickworth in Rutland and of Haverland and Paneford in Norfolk in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Their arms were: Paly of six or and gules, a chief ermine, and are to be found in the windows of Brandeston Church, Norfolk.

child, Louise, had been born on January 7th, 1861, at Roxbury; and this brief account of her father is necessary to illuminate the particular tendencies to which her life bears witness. High courage, both physical and moral; a gay heart and a vivid imagination; an enlightened intellect; a 'passion for perfection'; a love of poetry and history: all these and much more of excellence she knew in Robert Guiney, and upon these her nature was formed. Bereft of his living example when she was scarcely sixteen, with a delicate mother to care for, and little money, she underwent such vicissitudes thereafter as make a painful yet inspiring story. In 1889 she came to England; and except for a few intervals made her home in and near Oxford until her own death at Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, on All Souls' Day, November 2nd, 1920. Louise Guiney's reputation among poets is secure; her claim to the title of historian and critic, already impressive, will be enhanced by *Recusant Poets*.

GRACE GUINEY.

Oxford, November 2nd, 1938.

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## THE INTRODUCTION

THE present collection of English verse by Catholic writers has been gathered from about the middle of the sixteenth to about the middle of the eighteenth century and arranged in chronological order. About one third of our eighty or ninety contributors were converts to the Church. In a very few instances only has verse written in their pre-Catholic days been included, and then only because of spiritual foreshadowings plain in the extreme. Such is Lodge's *Lament over England*. At the other end of the Editor's choice stand authors, not more than two or three, who after having adopted the ancient faith, fell away from it: in their case, nothing, however attractive, is printed here except the verified work of their Catholic years. Biographical notes are given to every writer: but no bibliography is attempted beyond the few references thought to be worth while from a specialist standpoint such as ours. The value of the collection is at least as much historical as literary.

The contents are lyrical: but many lyrics have become such by virtue of their extraction from longer poems which it would be impracticable to give in full. This, after all, is the immemorial privilege of the anthologist. The selected passages, though they stand always in their order and never violate the general sequence of the poem from which they are taken, are often anything but strictly consecutive. The character and locus of the original are shown in the data following the biographies already mentioned. There, too, will be found any needed explanation or comment.

The major part of our material is necessarily drawn from uncommon, sometimes from unique books, or even from unpublished sources. Excerpts and hints from bibliographies and histories of old curious literature have been traced back to their manuscript originals where these exist. The works of the great antiquaries and bibliographers and, most of all, the late Joseph Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics* (a most valuable work, still lamentably incomplete by no fault of its compiler), in varying degree formed the starting-point of a search which without them must have been in vain, or indefinitely more laborious. Mr Gillow's great kindness will not soon be forgotten by the Editor, who, as his guest, was allowed to examine and copy

from his ancient Catholic manuscripts: one of these is repeatedly alluded to in our bibliographical notes. To the Librarians of Ushaw and of Oscott Colleges for the loan of manuscripts for transcription; to the Rev. J. McMullan and the Rev. E. Healey of the English Colleges of Lisbon and Valladolid respectively; to the courtesy of the late Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, the most responsive among members of old Recusant families who were asked to lend their aid to this work, our heartfelt thanks are due. The various histories of the English Martyrs have been much to our purpose, more especially Father J. H. Pollen's documents in the Catholic Record Society's series, and some of his contributions to *The Month*. Many hints have been gratefully taken from Father H. Thurston's papers in the same magazine, notably from his articles of *Catholic Writers and Elizabethan Readers* during the years 1894-1896.

It has been said that the historical must needs outweigh the purely artistic value of this collection. But in respect of the latter a standard not too low has been fixed, and, we think, adhered to, save in the case of some few pieces of special extraneous interest. Standards, however, are relative, and it must be borne in mind that we are dealing for the most part with minor poets. Happily, that name was not used, or not invidiously used, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when even the little lutes could worthily celebrate the old eternal themes of joy and sorrow, love and death, not the bewilderments these may produce in minor souls. Before 1650, almost any poet will yield some lines of which no anthology need be ashamed: for a century after that date, such discoveries are a difficult matter.

Another circumstance narrows the Editor's field of choice. Profession of the Catholic faith has been made the password to this *Chorus Vatum*: since this is so, it seemed fitting to restrict the contributions to those which bear in some way upon Christian verities, or Christian ideals in the right conduct of life. These, however, are broad and gracious bounds: and the reader will see that lines of personal compliment, and even love poems, may find room within them.

As to the historical limits of the collection, nearly the whole period of religious conflict is included in the plan of the present volumes. It is true that Recusants were created in the technical sense by the Act of 1559 commanding attendance at the reformed

church services; the word itself was in use as early as 1552. But there were Great Refusals long before then, and the first was that of St Thomas More and his fellows. From his day onwards, threads of the sad but splendid story may be traced in the following pages: through the brief gleam of Mary's reign, the darkening rigours of Elizabeth's: through the hopeless loyalties of the seventeenth century, and their grim reward in the days of 'the Plot,' to the silence of exhaustion in the eighteenth century. Quite an appreciable fraction of the poems which follow were written in prison, some in the immediate expectation of death; while others, again, celebrate the memorable scenes of martyrdom. Campion is sung by one who will follow him to Tyburn. Southwell and Walpole utter in English verse the devout beliefs they are soon to write more imperishably in their blood. Practically every crisis in the post-Reformation history of the religious minority is represented in these pages. Poetry of the popular kind covers the Pilgrimage of Grace, the accession of Queen Mary, the Northern Rising, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the Oates Plot, the 'Glorious Revolution,' and the passionate hopes which centred in the Chevalier of St George.

Forgotten names are many here, and familiar names few. Lyrics so famous, so hackneyed even, as 'The glories of our birth and state' and 'Mortality, behold and fear,' could hardly be omitted when they promised to take on an accidental newness as the work of Catholics. Yet superior interest attaches, perhaps, to a crowd of fresh things not so fine as these: to the cheerful bird-notes of Hugh Holland and John Austin, or to the heart-cry of lamentation over the broken shrine of Walsingham. Besides the mere literary men, we have marshalled among our poets several victims whose stainless honour is now justified in the opinion of all who write or read history, and again, some not unlovable spirits whose tormented patience ended in rebellion and conspiracy and the block. It is the first muster of English Recusants in this kind, and it brings together an outwardly incongruous army. Here among confessors and martyrs stand some few who lacked their courage, and were Recusants only for a time. But Recusants once they were, and suffered for it.

It would appear that Alabaster's hitherto unpublished sonnets were born after his Cambridge study had been sealed up by the Vice-Chancellor's orders and he himself made a prisoner. Ben

Jonson was haled before the Council for Popery. Benlowes wandered forlornly among foreign Universities while he was forbidden to approach his own. These converts who fell away had tasted for an hour the same bitter cup which was never removed from the lips of the many found faithful. Writers, on the other hand, such as Lodge and Shirley, Crashaw and Davenant, remind us out of their not inconsiderable trials and disadvantages how often literary faculty has been a road towards Rome. Troubles not earned but imposed thwarted the energies, if not the art, of Bolton and Verstegan and Constable in one generation, of Sherburne and Habington in another, and drove these scholarly and beneficent minds, and many minds like them, either into prolonged exile, into a restless series of uncongenial occupations, or into a sterile privacy at home. There is scarcely one of the writers here brought together who did not suffer at some time either in person or in property for his faith, or for his efforts to impart it to his children. The very books in which their work first appeared are sometimes of extreme rarity, owing to the destruction of whole editions by the government's orders; or to their having been published abroad, for safety's sake, while the printer, in one case at least, paid the penalty for his bold co-operation by having his ears nailed to the pillory. Censorship in Elizabeth's day was searching and stern, and affected not Catholics alone.

If such were the Recusant Poets, it is natural perhaps that a good proportion of their verse should deal with religion. While our collection is not, in the technical sense, a sacred anthology, a large part of it consists of sacred verse. Here will be sought (if historical grounds do not suffice) our justification for the 'religious test' we have applied to our contributors. It need be no surprise if the distinction between Catholic and Protestant religious poetry is not immediately obvious. The Reformers retained far more of Christian truth than they threw away. Belief in the dominion and Fatherhood of God, in the Incarnation and Redemption, is no mean source of poetic inspiration. The differences, however, are perceptible to a Catholic reader, be he never so great a lover of Herbert and Vaughan and Giles Fletcher. Dull would he be of soul who could fail in gratitude and admiration for such poets as these, and yet what worlds asunder, to take an extreme instance, are those two splendid poems, the Nativity Odes of Milton and of Crashaw! In the first, a stately reverence, cold almost to formal-

ism; in the other simplicity, confiding tenderness, an abandon of delight, a reckless ardour and happy daring born of the sense that exaggeration is here impossible. And are not these things of the language of faith? Has not love of the Humanity of the Son of God, His weakness, His needs, a love sublimated to joy by faith in His divinity, been the very soul of Christian art?

Such faith, such love, is, we believe, the prevailing inspiration of those among the following poems which, with or without the stamp of genius, bear most plainly that other specific stamp, that of Recusancy.



# I. SAINT THOMAS MORE

1478-1535

THE greatest of English humanists was born in Milk Street, London, on February 7, 1478, and was the only surviving son of virtuous and well-to-do parents: Sir John More, a barrister, later Puisne Judge in the Court of King's Bench under Henry VIII, and his first wife, Agnes Graunger.<sup>1</sup> He was a pupil of Nicholas Holt at St Anthony's School, Threadneedle Street, and later he was placed in the household of Archbishop Morton, who nominated him to a scholarship in the University of Oxford. More seems to have matriculated at Canterbury College, which is now merged into Christ Church. Rumour has also associated his name with St Mary Hall. He studied at Oxford for about two years under Grocyn and Linacre. His father had him entered successively at New Inn about 1494 and at Lincoln's Inn on February 12, 1496.

In 1499 he met Erasmus for the first time, and in his company visited Prince Henry, then aged eight, at Eltham that autumn. He was called to the Bar in 1501, and on his appointment as reader at Furnival's Inn in the same year, he began the lifelong dedication of his leisure hours to literature and patristic studies. About that time he gave a series of conferences on St Augustine's *City of God* in St Lawrence Jewry, Grocyn's city church. 'Perhaps there is no greater loss in all the literature of the Renaissance than that we have no copy of these lectures which More gave on *The City of God*.'<sup>2</sup> During four years of his early manhood, probably from 1499 to 1503, More lived in the London Charterhouse without vow, leading a most austere life, and awaiting a religious vocation.

As his future became clear to him, he turned detachedly to secular affairs. He entered Parliament, where he at once took up an independent stand, in 1504. About January, 1505, he married Jane Colt, eldest daughter of an Essex squire. His daughter Margaret was born in the autumn of that year. The mother of his four remarkable children died after six years of complete domestic happiness in the summer of 1511. Within a few weeks More had taken to wife Alice Middleton, a sensible widow of limited intelligence, and older than himself, who proved an excellent stepmother and long survived her husband.

From Bucklesbury More is said to have removed to Crosby

Hall in Bishopsgate Street Without, and in 1523 he bought land in what was then a remote waterside village and built 'the greatest Howse in Chelsey.'

He had visited the Universities of Paris and Louvain in 1508, and thus come into touch with Continental culture. Erasmus, Holbein, and other distinguished foreigners were for long his guests, and his own reputation as a thinker and a Latin stylist early became international. We find the brilliant barrister, soon after the accession of Henry VIII, Under-sheriff of London. The young King sent More abroad as his special envoy on more than one occasion; made him a Privy Councillor in 1518 and, at Wolsey's suggestion, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1523; took him to the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1520; chose him often as spokesman of the Court; treated him for many years with exceptional familiarity and affection; and crowned his successive honours in the summer of 1529 with the Lord High Chancellorship, never before in the history of England held by a layman.

Sovereign and subject began to be estranged as soon as Henry broached his famous 'scruple' in regard to his marriage. The long dealings with successive Popes in hope to bend them to the will of the Crown, the decreed suspension of annates, the drafting of the Oath of Supremacy in its semi-safeguarded first form (1531), clouded the minds of many children of the Church. More, with his almost unique moral vision, showed no hesitation. He resigned office, absented himself from the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and buried himself in his writings, his music, and his multifarious and congenial concerns at home.

In April, 1534, he was cited to appear before the Royal Commissioners at Lambeth. More acknowledged the legality of the succession as vested in the children of the new Queen, but refused to justify either the divorce from Katherine of Arragon or the spiritual headship of Henry, which would imply the denial of all authority and jurisdiction to the Holy See. He had for seven years, he said at a later examination, studied closely this great question of the Supremacy, and could not discover by what rightful inference, or by what possible law, a layman should become the head of the Church. The ex-Chancellor was committed to the Tower, where the Oath was again tendered to him, in vain. His property was confiscated, the rigour of his confinement was increased, and outward religious consolations were cut off.

After re-examination in the spring of 1535 the baseless and

grotesque charge of high treason was brought against both himself and his fellow-prisoner John Fisher, the saintly Bishop of Rochester. At the so-called trial the jury gave an admittedly prearranged verdict from fear of the King. The usual capital sentence of hanging, drawing and quartering was passed on the first of July; Henry commuted it, 'out of favour,' to beheading. According to Cresacre More, who does not cite his authority, More is said to have exclaimed, 'God bless all my posterity from such pardons,' when he heard the news. He preserved to his last breath his serene temper and his wit. On July 6, 1535, he went to the block on Tower Hill, fifty-seven years old.

All over Europe the news caused a powerful thrill of resentment. The lofty integrity of the victim, his wisdom, his personal loveliness, his noble scholarship and patronage of art, his whole character, that of the ideal publicist and the true sort of religious reformer, won him the veneration of his age; and his fame is secure in ours. Some annalists, misled by Foxe's false testimony, have reproached More with private severity towards heretics. The subject is candidly examined by his biographer, Father Bridgett, and summarized in Dom Bede Camm's *English Martyrs*,<sup>3</sup> whereby it is made plain to all, not from arguments, but from facts, that the charge cannot stand. Sir Thomas More's memory is a spotless one.

During his busy life he wrote much: devotional works, history, satire, translations, and controversy chiefly with Tyndale. Of all his books perhaps the best known to-day is his politico-philosophical *Utopia* (originally in Latin, and first published in English in 1551) the title of which has given an adjective to the language. 'More wrote as he lived,' said W. H. Hutton, 'absolutely without ostentation, simply, merrily, honourably; and in the true faith and fear of Christ.' He was beatified by Pope Leo XIII in 1886, and canonized by Pope Pius XI in 1935.

The surviving Mores followed their great exemplar in other matters than religion. Never was there (though with no conspicuous successes) a more literary family. John More, the Chancellor's only son, committed to the Tower on his father's execution, who married Anne Cresacre, was father to Edward More, the author of *The Defence of Women*, written while 'a bachyler prynkokes but of twenty yeares of age or lytle more'; grandfather to Cresacre More, the biographer of his great ancestor, and great-grandfather to Helen (Dame Gertrude) More. From Sir Thomas More's sister came the Rastells and Heywoods and John Donne.

1. THE MEASURE OF LOVE: Extracts from *The twelve properties or condicions of a lover* in *The Life of John Picus Erle of Myrandula*. Text from *Workes*, 1557, (S.T.C. 18076), Bodleian, p. 29. The stanzas we quote are a paraphrase, and consist of the fourth and fifth 'Properties.'

2. THE CHILD'S WISH: *Chyldhod*. Text from *Workes*, 1557, (S.T.C. 18076), Bodleian, sig. C iii. The tender fun of these lines is unique and reminds us that 'the Lord High Chancellor of England was perhaps the first droll in the Kingdom.'

More, in his youth, designed 'a goodly hangyng of fyne paynted clothe' in his father's house, exhibiting allegorical representations of the life of a man, together with Death and Fame, Time and Eternity. Under each he wrote a stanza for framing; *Chyldhod* (under a boy whipping a top) comes first. More is said to have composed '*comadiolæ*' to be acted at home, but Warton thinks this was a confusion with these nine 'pageants.'<sup>5</sup>

3. AGAINST MY LADY FORTUNE: Extracts from a long poem. Text from *Workes*, 1557, (S.T.C. 18076), Bodleian, Sigs. C v<sup>v</sup>-viii<sup>v</sup>. Stanzas 7-9, 13, 15, 19, 25-26, 28-29, 34-36. The poem is also found in *Balliol MS.* 354 and, in an augmented form, in *The Boke of the fayre Gentywoman that no man sholde put his truste or confydence in: that is to say, Lady Fortune*, (1540<sup>2</sup>) reprinted in Huth's *Fugitive Tracts*.<sup>7</sup>

This remarkable relic from the pen of Sir Thomas More consists of thirty-seven seven-line stanzas, of which we here reproduce thirteen. In *The Boke of the fayre Gentywoman*, they are set forth with a good deal of elaboration. First comes a three-stanza prologue, which girds at the many disqualified men of that as of every time who were rushing into print 'theyr myndes to declare.' It ends:

Some in french Cronycles, gladly doth presume  
Some in Englysshe, blyndly wade and wander  
Another in latin bloweth forthe a darke fume  
As wyse as a great hedded Asse of Alexandre  
Some in Phylosophye, lyke a gagelynge gandre  
Begynneth lustely the browes to set up:  
And at the last concludeth in the good ale cup.

¶ Finis Prologus  
quod T. M.

Following directly on this we have two French stanzas with a woodcut, followed by a translation of them into English, another woodcut, and the thirty-seven main stanzas. At the close of the poem stands

¶ Here fineth Lady Fortune,

but two French stanzas, with an English heading, *Fortune spekeeth*, immediately succeed, closing thus:

Palamides, Tristan, avec son espce  
Ilz sont tous mors, ce mode est chose vaine.

The colophon names the publisher as Robert Wyer, 'dwellynge in Saynt Martyn's parysse, in the Duke of Suffolkes rentes, besyde Char-yngc Crosse,' but gives no date. Of the original black-letter issue, a unique copy exists in the Lamberth Library.

More's ageless personality glows in every wise and whimsical line of his verse. At the very end of his life, he 'made for hys pastime while he was prisoner in the tower of London' two short 'ballettes' on a cognate subject. These are entitled in the *Workes*,<sup>8</sup> as though to disguise their personal import, *Lewys the lost lover*, and *Davy the dyer*, respectively. We have in them a conscious reversion, in a characteristically sweet temper, to the satire of nearly forty years before. More, facing his martyrdom, must have the last word on the haps of mortal life, which had used him, humanly speaking, so straitly; and that last word is a kind one. There was another illustrious prisoner forty years later who, from the cells of the Inquisition at Valladolid, thanked God for the boon of leisure for the same reason, with the same brave wit, and in almost the very words of More's concluding couplet. This was Fray Luis de Leon, in the prologue to his magnificent *Names of Christ*.

4. LEWIS, THE LOST LOVER: *Lewys the lost lover*. Text from *Workes*, 1557, (S.T.C. 18076), Bodleian, 1432.

5. DAVY, THE DICER: *Davy the dyer*. Text from *Workes*, 1557, (S.T.C. 18076), Bodleian, 1433.

6. A PRAYER OF PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA: *A prauier of Picas Mirandula unto God*. Text from *Workes*, 1557, (S.T.C. 18076), Bodleian, 34, ll. 71-84 of the poem.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Not Hancombe, as was first shown by W. Aldis Wright, *N. & Q.*, 4 ser., II, 365-6, 422-3, from MS. O.2.21 in the Gale Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> W. H. Hutton, *The Utopia of Man*, 89.

<sup>3</sup> I, 167-73. For a full and recent review of More's alleged persecution of heretics, see R. W. Chambers, *Thomas More*, 1935, pp. 274-282.

<sup>4</sup> Lodge, *Portraits of Illustrious Personages* (1835), I.

<sup>5</sup> *History of English Poetry* (ed. Hazlitt, 1871), IV, 92.

<sup>6</sup> Inderwick, *Sidelights on the Stuart*, 344.

<sup>7</sup> XIII. <sup>8</sup> (1557), 1432-3. <sup>9</sup> (1904), I, 245-6.

<sup>10</sup> βασιλικὸν δῶρον (1603), 93-4.

## I. THE MEASURE OF LOVE

IF love be strong, hote, mightie, and fervent,  
There maye no trouble, grief, or sorow fall,  
But that the lover would be well content  
All to endure, and thinke it eke to small,  
Though it wer death, so he might there withall  
The joyfull presence of that parson get,  
On whom he hath his heart and love yset.

Thus should of god the lover be content  
Any distres or sorow to endure,  
Rather then to be from god absent,  
And glad to die, so that he maye be sure  
By his departing hence for to procure,  
After this valey darke, the heavenly light,  
And of his love the glorious blessed sight.

Not onely a lover content is in his hart,  
But coveteth eke, and longeth to sustaine  
Some labour, incommoditee, or smart,  
Losse, adversitee, trouble, grief, or paine,  
And of his sorowe joyfull is and faine,  
And happy thinketh himself, that he may take  
Some misadventure for his lovers sake.

Thus shouldest thou, that lovest god also  
In thine heart wish, coveit and be glad  
For him to suffer trouble paine and wo:  
For whom if thou be never so wo bestad,  
yet thou ne shalt sustain be not adrad,  
Half the dolour grief and adversitee,  
That he already suffred hath for thee.

## 2. THE CHILD'S WISH

I AM called Chylldhod, in play is all my mynde,  
 To cast a coyte, a cokstele, and a ball.  
 A toppe can I set, and dryve it in his kynde.  
 But would to god these hateful bookes all,  
 Were in a fyre brent to powder small.  
 Than myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play:  
 Whiche lyfe god sende me to myne endyng day.

## 3. AGAINST MY LADY FORTUNE

THOU that art prowde of honour shape or kynne.  
 That hepest up this wretched worldes treasure,  
 Thy fingers shrined with gold, thy tawny skynne,  
 With fresh apparayle garnished out of measure,  
 And wenest to have fortune at thy pleasure,  
 Cast up thyne eye, and loke how slipper chaunce,  
 Illudeth her men with chaunge and varyaunce.

Sometyme she loketh as lovely faire and bright,  
 As goodly Venus mother of Cupyde.  
 She beckett and she smileth on every wight.  
 But this chere fayned, may not long abide.  
 There commeth a cloude, and farewell all our pryde.  
 Like any serpent she beginneth to swell,  
 And looketh as fierce as any fury of hell.

yet for all that we brotle men are fayne,  
 (So wretched is our nature and so blynde)  
 As soone as Fortune list to laugh agayne,  
 with fayre countenaunce and disceitfull mynde,  
 To crouche and knele and gape after the wynde,  
 Not one or twayne but thousandes in a rout,  
 Lyke swarmyng bees come flickeryng her aboute.

Lo thus ye see divers heddes, divers wittes.  
Fortune alone as divers as they all,  
Unstable here and there among them flittes:  
And at aventure downe her giftes fall,  
Catch who so may she throweth great and small  
Not to all men, as commeth sonne or dewe,  
But for the most part, all among a fewe.

. . . . .

And when she robbeth one, down goth his pryde.  
He wepeth and wayleth and curseth her full sore.  
But he that receveth it, on that other syde,  
Is glad, and blesth her often tymes therefore.  
But in a whyle when she loveth hym no more,  
She glydeth from hym, and her giftes to.  
And he her curseth as other fooles do.

. . . . .

In chaungyng of her course, the chaunge shewth this,  
Up startth a knave, and downe there falth a knyght,  
The beggar ryche, and the ryche man pore is.  
Hatred is turned to love, love to despyght.  
This is her sport, thus proveth she her myght.  
Great boste she maketh yf one be by her power,  
Welthy and wretched both within an howre.

. . . . .

Nowe have I shewed you bothe: chese whiche ye lyst,  
Stately fortune, or humble povertée:  
That is to say, nowe lyeth it in your fyst,  
To take here bondage, or free libertée.  
But in thys pointe and ye do after me,  
Draw you to fortune, and labour her to please,  
If that ye thynke your selfe to well at ease.



And fyrst, uppon the lovely shall she smile,  
And frendly on the cast her wandering eyes,  
Embrace the in her armes, and for a whyle,  
Put the and kepe the in a fooles paradise:  
And foorth with all what so thou lyst devise,  
She wyll the graunt it liberally parhappes:  
But for all that beware of afterclappes.

. . . . .

Serve her day and nyght as reverently,  
Uppon thy knees as any servaunt may,  
And in conclusion, that thou shalt winne thereby  
Shall nōt be worth thy servyce I dare say.  
And looke yet what she geveth the to day,  
With labour wonne she shall happily to morow  
Pluck it agayne out of thync hande with sorow.

Wherefore yf thou in suretye lyst to stande,  
Take poverties parte and let prowde fortune go,  
Receyve nothyng that commeth from her hande:  
Love maner and vertue: they be onely tho  
Whiche double fortune may not take the fro.  
Then mayst thou boldly defyc her turnyng chaunce:  
She can the neyther hynder nor avaunce.

. . . . .

Fortune is stately, solemne, prowde, and hyc:  
And richesse geveth, to have servyce therefore.  
The nedy begger catcheth an halfpeny:  
Some manne a thousande pounce, some lesse some more.  
But for all that she kepeth ever in store,  
From every manne some parcell of his wyll,  
That he may pray therfore and serve her styl.

Some manne hath good, but chyldren hath he none.  
Some man hath both, but he can get none health.  
Some hath al thre, but up to honours trone,  
Can he not crepe, by no maner of stelth.  
To some she sendeth, children, ryches, welthe,  
Honour, woorshyp, and reverence all hys lyfe:  
But yet she pyncheth hym with a shrewde wyfe.

Then for asmuch as it is fortunes guyse,  
To graunt no manne all thyng that he wyll axe,  
But as her selfe lyst order and devyse,  
Dothe every manne his parte divide and tax,  
I counsayle you eche one trusse up your packes,  
And take no thyng at all, or be content,  
with suche rewarde as fortune hath<sup>e</sup>you sent.

. . . . .

#### 4. LEWIS, THE LOST LOVER.

EY flatering fortune, loke thou never so fayre,  
Or never so plesantly begin to smile,  
As though thou wouldst my ruine all repayre,  
During my life thou shalt me not begile.  
Trust shall I god, to entre in a while.  
Hys haven of heaven sure and uniforme.  
Ever after thy calme, loke I for a storme.

## 5. DAVY, THE DICER.

LONG was I lady Lucke your serving man,  
 and now have lost agayne all that I gat,  
 wherfore whan I thinke on you nowe and than,  
 and in my mynde remember this and that,  
 ye may not blame me though I beshrew your cat,  
 but in fayth I blesse you agayne a thousand times,  
 for lending me now some laysure to make rymes.

## 6. A PRAYER OF PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA

GRAUNT I thee praie, suche heat into mine heart,  
 That to this love of thine may be egal:  
 Graunt me fro Sathanas service to astart,  
 with whom me rueth so long to have be thrall  
 Graunt me good lorde, and creatour of all,  
 The flame to quenche of all sinnefull desire,  
 And in thy love sette all mine heart a fire.

That whan the jorney of this deadly life  
 My sely goost hath finished, and thence  
 Departen must: without his fleshly wife  
 Alone into his lordes high presence  
 He maye thee finde: O well of indulgence,  
 In thy lordeship not as a lorde: but rather  
 As a very tender loving father.

## II. HENRY PARKER LORD MORLEY

1476-1556

HENRY, eldest son of Sir William Parker (of the Privy Council of Richard III and Hereditary Marshal of Ireland) by Alice Lovel, the heiress of the Morleys, was born in 1476. He was educated in Oxford, according to Anthony Wood,<sup>1</sup> and went to Court soon after the accession of Henry VIII, becoming Gentleman Usher to the King in 1516.<sup>2</sup> In April, 1523, he was summoned to the House of Lords as eighth Baron Morley in the right of his maternal grandmother. He began his public career as a partisan of the young King, and even signed the famous threatening letter from the Lords to Pope Clement VII,<sup>3</sup> erring in this delicate matter as did not a few of the best spirits of the age, who afterwards stood by their former principles.

At one time Morley seems to have sought Thomas Cromwell's favour; and he certainly brought to his notice the first edition of Macchiavelli's *Prince*. Morley's letter of 1536-7 to Cromwell<sup>4</sup> is certainly anti-Papal, more than in the political sense. Beyond this temporary phase, Morley was what Warton calls a 'rigid' Catholic. As Ambassador to Archduke Ferdinand, he sent to Wolsey and the King warnings about the spread of Lutheranism.<sup>5</sup> At Court he was associated with all important events. To the Princess Mary he attached himself especially, giving her a new book every year; one of these, Richard Rolle de Hampole's *Commentary upon the First Seven of the Psalms*, with his own letter of presentation, is in the British Museum.<sup>6</sup> This steadfast personal loyalty is somewhat remarkable in a nobleman who had a treble and near connection with the Boleyn family. It was shown most 'when her [Princess Mary's] changed fortune had wholly silenced the voice of flattery.'<sup>7</sup> Lord Morley tells Princess Mary in a letter how he has copied into his own prayer-book and into those of his wife and his children, a prayer she had translated from St Thomas Aquinas when she was only twelve years old. (The original letter is cited by Agnes Strickland.) This is the accent of genuine fatherly affection.

Lord Morley lived to a good old age, dying at his Manor of Great Hallingbury, Essex, on November 25, 1556. His wife, Alice St John, had predeceased him there by four years. His Latin epitaph gave his age as eighty when he died. This contradicts the statement made in Morant's *History of Essex*<sup>8</sup> on the authority of an Inquisition to Henry VIII that Morley was thirty-three years old in 1518. This statement, if true, would of course make him but seventy at his death, and would, according to the ideas of that age, in no way invalidate Wood's remark that he was 'living an ancient man' in the latter years of Henry VIII: beyond which date Wood knew no more of him.<sup>9</sup> Machyn's account of Lord Morley's funeral on December 3, 1556, enumerates, among other accessories 'iij harold . . . iiij baners of emages . . . viiiij-dosen of skochyons [escutcheons] . . . ij whytt branchys . . . and after the masse a grett dencer.'<sup>10</sup>

A good deal that Morley wrote is lost. Of the known fruits of his studious habits, philosophic leisure, and 'robust faith as a Catholic,' *The Dictionary of National Biography* supplies an especially careful list.

Our poet had an eldest son, his namesake, who died in the lifetime of his father; this son's son by a second wife succeeded in 1556 as the ninth Baron. It is worth while to say a word about him here, since his career and convictions offer a beautiful comment upon one of the poems of his grandfather.<sup>11</sup> Henry Parker, ninth Lord Morley, voted in the first Parliament of Elizabeth (1559) against much of its drastic Protestant legislation. He was in exile for his religion soon after 1569, going first to Flanders, where his health broke down, then to Spain. We know this from a sad letter to his wife, Elizabeth Stanley, daughter of the third Earl of Derby, written from Valenciennes in 1570. In it he laments being looked upon as a traitor, 'as though I were an offender against the State.'<sup>12</sup> He begs his wife to bear patiently all extremities that shall be laid upon him, such as loss of worldly goods, weighing for what cause he is thus persecuted. For his own part, he longs for her company and that of his children, but he thanks God he was never more quiet to content himself with whatsoever shall happen. Seven years later this good Confessor died. He was a direct maternal ancestor of William Flabington.

7. BEDTIME PEACE: *Henry, lorde Morley to his posteritye*. Text from *Ashmole MS.* 48 fol. 9<sup>v</sup>, Bodleian, in writing of the middle of the sixteenth century. At the end of our poem comes: '*Si ita Deo placet ita fiat*'; and 'Wrytten over a chambar dore wher he was wont to ly at hollen byrry.' This is Great Hallingbury or Hallingbury Morley in Essex. The estate was inherited by Alice Lovel, after her brother's death in the battle of Dixmude in 1489, and was brought by her with other properties to her first husband, Sir William Parker.<sup>13</sup>

The classical allusion in the first two lines of the poem is to Cicero. It has been nobly illustrated by Gibbon in his *Autobiography*, and its form fixed in English memories as 'Never less alone than when alone' by Samuel Rogers in his *Human Life*. The original runs: '*Numquam se minus otiosum esse quam cum otiosus nec minus solus quam cum solus esset*,'<sup>14</sup> and is quoted by Cicero from Scipio Africanus. What 'sage senek sethe' is to be found in the closing passages of Chapters VI and VII of Seneca's *De Vita Beata*. Roger l'Estrange's charming translation<sup>15</sup> thus covers the subject of Lord Morley's allusion: 'It were ill for good Men . . . if Nature had not set up Torments and Gibbets, in the Consciences of Transgressors . . . Not . . . the Composure of the Bed . . . will give Rest to an Uneasie Mind . . . True Happiness is not to be found . . . in the Largest Prodigalities of Fortune . . . It is the Conscience that pronounces upon the Man, whether he be happy, or miserable . . . for, every Guilty Person is his own Hangman.'

8. THE BRIDLE: *Vyrgyll in his Epigrames of Cupide and Dronkenesse*, Text from *The Tryumpbes of Fraunces Petrarcke*, 1565? (S.T.C. 19811). Bodleian, sigs. N2<sup>v</sup>-3<sup>v</sup>, 11, 1-8, 25-32, 41-56. This poem is followed in the book by a Latin prose epitaph made by the writer for himself. *The Bridle* has an accent not unlike Heywood's, but is weightier.

9. A NOBLE BARON: No title in original. Text from *The Accedens of Armory* by Gerard Legh, 1568. (S.T.C. 15389), Bodleian, fol. 51-51<sup>v</sup>. There is an earlier edition of 1562 (S.T.C., 15388), which contains the poem,<sup>16</sup> but the punctuation is inferior. The two texts of the poem present almost no verbal differences. The subject of them is the soldier and courtier Sir Thomas West, eighth Baron West and ninth Baron De La Warr. He died in 1554, aged about eighty-two, an extraordinary age for those days. Like his friend Lord Morley, he had assented to the royal divorce in 1530 but not to the dissolution of the monasteries, and sympathised with the hopeless opposition in Parliament after 1536. On suspicion of disaffection, he was thrown into the Tower for a short time in 1538. Church lands were forced upon him by the King, and his own estate of Halnaker seized. He was an enemy to the Duke of Northumberland and his schemes, and in 1553 declared allegiance promptly to Queen Mary.

A description of the arms of Sir Thomas West is given before these

verses. 'After whose decease, it pleased that good Lorde Morley, to make this Epitaph of him.'

Gerard Legh was a writer on heraldry who died in 1563. *The Accedens of Armory* is his only book. It passed through seven editions between 1562 and 1612.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss, 1813), I, 114.

<sup>2</sup> Brewer and Gaudner, *Letters and Papers*, II, pt 1, 893.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, IV, pt III, 2929.

<sup>4</sup> Ellis, *Original Letters*, 3 ser. III, 63-9.

<sup>5</sup> *Letters and Papers*, III, pt II, 1404, 1417.

<sup>6</sup> *Royal MS.* 18 B. XXI.

<sup>7</sup> Stuckland, *Lives of the Queens of England* (1872), II, 481.

<sup>8</sup> (1768), II, 512.

<sup>9</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss, 1813), I, 115.

<sup>10</sup> Machyn, *Diary*, 120.

<sup>11</sup> *Bedtime Peace*, printed on page 21.

<sup>12</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, I, 486.

<sup>13</sup> Dugdale, *Baronage*, I, 560.

<sup>14</sup> *De Officiis*, III, 1.

<sup>15</sup> Seneca, *Morals* (1705), 142-3, 150.

<sup>16</sup> f. 89.

## 7. BEDTIME PEACE

NEVER was I lesse a lone then beyng alone  
here In this chamber evell thought had Inone  
But all ways I thought to brynge the mynd to Reste  
And that thought off all thoughtts I juge it the beste  
for yf my coffers hade ben full of perle and golde  
and fortune had favorde me even as that I wolde  
the mynd owt off quyate so sage senek sethe  
Itt hade ben no felicitie but a paynfull dethe  
love than whoo love wyll to stande In highe degre  
I blame him nott a whitte so that he followe me  
& take his losse as quyatly as when that he doth wyne,  
then fortune hathe no maistre of that stat he ys in  
but rulyys and ys not rulyde & takis the better parte  
O that man ys blessyde that lerns this gentle arte  
this was my felicitie my pastyme and my game  
I wisshe all my posteritie the wolde ensew the same.



## 8. THE BRIDLE

THAT wonderous wytty Virgil that so wel cold endight  
 The wayes to wyne to vertue righte harde for to attayne  
 In his sententious verses declareth with reason right  
 Howe that both wyne and women doth put a man to payne  
 He sayth in passyng measure with eyther of these twayne  
 It is a thyng abhominable. Nowe here what he doth tell  
 Although my ryme be rude to touche so high a wayne  
 Yf that ye marke this doctrine doubtles ye shall do well.

Who that with wine is whitled no counsell will he kepe  
 Aswell his frende as foo shall knowe all his entent  
 Who so with Lady Venus in brased armes doth slepe  
 Doth now and then disclose that thing he doth repent  
 And this is not the worse that on this twayne is ment  
 These bryng in warre and wo the one the other to quell  
 Somtime but for a tryfle tyll lyfe and all be spent  
 If that ye note this doctryne doubteles ye shall do well.

Then yf that wyne and Venus have ones the upper hande  
 And on the one or both the mynde set in a rage  
 All honestie is excluded and wytt tyed in a band  
 And vertue fayre and dread fast locked in a cage  
 Although he be a lorde yet serves he as a page  
 Two perlouse noughty vices worse then a fend of hell  
 Where that these monsters rule right hard for to aswage  
 If that ye note this doctryne doubtles ye shall do well.

Wyll ye then be wise and learne to rule these twayne  
 Do as oure Virgill counceles and ye shall lyve in reste  
 Tye up both wyne and Venus fast fettered with a chayne  
 Lest that with their rewardes the mynde be not opprest  
 Let wyne but quenche thy thirst so is that lycour best  
 Let Venus serve to multiply our nature that doth excel  
 But and ye passe these bondes then is the goodnes ceast  
 If that ye note this doctryne, doubtles ye shall do wel

## 9. A NOBLE BARON

VERTUE, honesty, liberalitie, and grace,  
And truc religion, this sely grave doth holde.  
I do wishe, that all our great men woulde,  
In good, follow this noble Barons trace,  
That from his wise hart, did alwaies chase  
Envy and malice, and sought of yong & olde,  
Love and favour, that passeth stone & golde.  
Unto a worthy man, a ritche purchase,  
These waies he used, and obtained thereby,  
Good fame of all men, aswell farrē of, as nye.  
And nowe is joyfull, in that celestiall Sphere,  
where with saintes, he singes uncessantly.  
Holy, honor, praise, and glory,  
Geve to God, that gave him such might,  
To live so nobly, and come to that delight.

### III. THOMAS LANGDON, O.S.B.

Fl. 1533-1561

OF this writer nothing has been known and little can be discovered. His name occurs in Thomas Cawston's MS. in the Cathedral Library of Canterbury, which records<sup>1</sup> the tonsuring of eight monks in 1533 at the Monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury, and their profession on the Feast of the Deposition of St Benedict in 1534. They seem to have been the very last monks professed at Canterbury before the Dissolution. The fifth name on the list is Thomas Langdon. He is not to be confused with the John Langdon of the same monastery who is mentioned in *Warham's Register*<sup>2</sup> as a member of the community of Christ Church, Canterbury, in 1511, and who was still a member of the community at the dissolution of the monastery in 1540.<sup>3</sup> Thomas Langdon was apparently no longer at Christ Church at the dissolution, as his name ('Tho. Langdon *alias* Odian') is cancelled on the 1540 roll.<sup>4</sup>

We next find him at Westminster, the only Benedictine house which Queen Mary, in her brief turbulent reign, was able to restore (1556) with John Feckenham for its mitred Abbot. A letter from Langdon to a Mrs Brydeman exists, which has been conjecturally dated 1557, thanking her for relics, promising to transcribe St Austin's Psalter for her, and requesting the loan of a little book on the Mass.<sup>5</sup> Two years later, Elizabeth deprived Feckenham and his community. Il Schifanoja<sup>6</sup> gives an account of them quoted in translation by Dom Norbert Birt.<sup>7</sup> 'It was offered to him [the Abbot] to remain securely in his abbey with his habit, and the monks to live together as they have done till now, provided that he would celebrate in his church the Divine Office and Mass, administering the Sacraments in the same manner as in the other churches of London, and that he would take the oath like the other servants, officials, pensioners, and dependents of the Crown, and acknowledge this establishment as from the hands of her Majesty. To these things the Abbot would by no means consent; so after St John's day, the term fixed by Parliament for all persons to consent . . . , or to lose what they have, all of them will go about their business, though no one can leave the kingdom.' Each of the Westminster monks was in turn

promised favour and promotion if he would leave the Order. The Count de Feria got permission from the Queen (an exchange for her usual gift on parting with ambassadors from foreign States) to take all the religious with him to the Continent; but eventually he got only a few, and most of these very old. Thomas Langdon seems to have followed Feckenham out of the historic Abbey, and into a cell of a kind not in the Rule. A document<sup>8</sup> is cited by Birt<sup>9</sup> in which we find Grindal writing to Cecil that Thomas Langdon, 'late a monk in Westminster,' lies in the Tower 'for Mass matters.' This is gratifying, if tragical. Langdon's name deserves to be, but is not, preserved in Weldon's *Chronological Notes . . . of the English Congregation of the Order of St Benedict*, nor is it in the *Obit Book* compiled by Abbot Snow and revised by Dom Henry Norbert Birt in 1913. The manuscript from which the poems are taken was first discovered by F. W. Russell, who referred to it in his book, *Kett's Rebellion in Norfolk*, in 1859. He called Furnivall's attention to the manuscript.

10. THE SEED OF THE DRAGON: *God speaketh. A Lytle treatyse foundyng the great hereses that raygne now a days & repynnyng agaynst the order of holy church anymatyng good people to contynew in the constancy of fayth.* Text from *Lambeth MS.* 159, fols. 268<sup>v</sup>-271, 11. 25-36, 67-78, 85-96, 175-180, 229-234, 247-252, 265-276. This is a Canterbury collection of Saints' Lives in Latin, beginning with St Dunstan. The book bears the signature of an owner who was dead in 1547. The poem has been printed in full by Furnivall,<sup>10</sup> who thinks that it, as well as the following poem, may not have been written by Langdon, and that he was perhaps merely the copyist. The English poems are written consecutively on the fly-leaves at the end; they are five in number, or six, if we count the version of *Nowe a dayes* printed by Furnivall as two poems. Neither is signed, but *The Seed of the Dragon* may have been signed, as the bottom half of its last page is cut off. Following *Nowe a dayes* is another long piece of promiscuous prosody, beginning, 'O thou hygh sonne of the hygh fiather,' which at the foot of fols. 265 and 266 has 'langdon,' and again at 266<sup>v</sup> 'thomas langdon. Amen.' Lastly comes a poem by one John Hartgyll with an Epitaph in the same hand which is a different writing from the others. The two poems we print are both in the same hand, and moreover bear an intrinsic resemblance to each other, though the structure and metre are not identical. The formal signature seems to apply inclusively to the group of poems which accompanies it. In regard to the estimated dates of both poems, 1525-6 and 1520, we differ, with all deference, from Furnivall for historical reasons cited further on.

O ynglond ynglond  
 thou hast worne the garlonde  
 Off tiwe fayth euet to me.

England had been celebrated from before Bede's time for its comparative immunity from heresy of any sort. King Henry VIII sent John Clerk, Bishop of Bath and Wells, as special ambassador to the Holy See in 1521, in order that he might offer to the Pope the King's work in defence of the Seven Sacraments against Luther. Clerk's presentation speech was made in full Consistory. He said: 'My Britain . . . has never yielded to any . . . nation, no, not even to Rome itself, in the service of God and . . . in the obedience due to the most Holy Roman Church; even as there is no nation which more opposes, more condemns, more loathes this monster [Protestantism] and the heresies which spring from it.'<sup>11</sup>

Langdon's 'loathing' is at any rate unmistakable. He speaks of

these errors condemnable  
 with other mo reprobable  
 these lutherions dispisith about  
 with cloked intentions  
 & new fangly inventions  
 thei multipli there rot;

and Henry is called upon, by the title bestowed on him by the Pope (in the course of the year just named), *Defensor fidei*, to restore in its integrity the faith Augustine brought to England, and this for the sake of his own peace:

for wher tru fayth lacketh  
 all goodnes slackythe.

Langdon is strong on this point of the political menace then believed, and with reason, to be contained in heresy. Gairdner has a comment applicable to all such utterances:<sup>12</sup> 'Sir Thomas More says expressly that it was the danger of civil disturbance that caused secular princes to punish heresy with death; for the punishment of excommunicated heretics was a secular matter, not an ecclesiastical one.'

An eighteenth-century author states, in language singularly akin to that of our poet, that about the time when Archbishop Warham's Lambeth synod of inquiry assembled in 1530 'the dawning of the reformation began to appear; which, being nursed up in corners, crawled about the kingdom for a while, till, majesty and men in power beginning to shine upon the embryo, and many temporal advantages concurring to cherish its growth, it started up to a surprising size, in the ensuing reign.'<sup>13</sup> This imagery the historian must have caught in the field of his studies, for 'that venomous sarpint the byshoppe of Rome' is commonplace in the official documents of Henry's reign.

The exact date of Langdon's poem is not clear. Lutheranism was already astir among the English in Wolsey's time. In 1530 much vigorous legislation issued from Warham at Lambeth as from Henry at Whitehall; 'heietical and blasphemous books' emanating from the disciples of 'Luther and other heretics' were called in five separate times before 1534 under threat of punishment; all 'erroneous sectaries' were banished the realm, and a committee was summoned from the two Universities to take counsel for the repression of error and sedition. These onslaughts on 'bookis . . . conteyning . . . dampnable opynions, . . . brought into . . . sundrye parties of this his realme of Englonde, and sawen abrode in the same, to the great decaye of our faith, and perylows corruption of his people,' may be followed in Wilkins's *Concilia Magna*.<sup>14</sup>

'It was no doubt easier in days gone by to close up the fountains of a literature esteemed as poisonous; but the task had become hopeless now with such an agency as the printing press for its diffusion.'<sup>15</sup>

Henry's course being inconsistent, its effects were bound to be impermanent. He inclined in 1535 towards a religious coalition with the Protestant Princes, and in 1538 the idea was revived. At Henry's invitation Lutheran divines arrived hopefully in London, to depart crestfallen. Nevertheless, their cause had been heard, and the odds against them were to decrease. Henry could control his own walk, but not the national seeds sown down every wind by the gross libels and the satirical balladry to which he had given a broad scope. Langdon writes as if the 'lutherions' were only threatening to work powerful harm, not as if they had already wrought it. He could not have uttered this tentative note after 1538. On the other hand, his lines cannot be earlier than 1535, the year which saw put into effect, all over the country, the measures passed in the preceding autumn, severing England completely from the Apostolic See; for Langdon, in his fortieth stanza, represents the Almighty as apostrophising the King:

therefore awak manfully . . .  
thi apostacy expell with spede.

Furnivall did not look closely into this passage which fixes the date of the long poem under discussion.

To his dying breath, Henry the Eighth of England, such as he was, had no formal 'apostacy' to 'expell' except his secession from what Langdon himself calls Peter's 'power & auctorite,' and his discovery at home of an automatic papacy vested in the Crown. This point about the King is made plain finally to our generation by Brewer and Gairdner's *Letters and Papers* and by Pollard's *Henry VIII*. It may be safe to suggest for these rough-shod rhymes the date of 1536. Furnivall's date, 1525-6, is disproven, if it were not so by internal evidence, by the fact that their author, who had not then entered religion, could hardly

have had access to the fly-leaves of the Christ Church scriptorium. In 1525, moreover, he was in all probability a child. Beneath his last line our Canterbury Benedictine has set his too sanguine 'Amen.'

11. NOWADAYS: *Now a dayes*. Text from *Lambeth MS.* 159, fols. 261-263<sup>v</sup>, ll. 1-72, 81-120, 137-144. The poem has been printed in full by Furnivall.<sup>16</sup> The poem is a lament over the economic changes of the English reformation, as *The Seed of the Dragon* is a lament over its religious changes. Immediately following, in the original, comes a set of adjurations, beginning 'Leve the law and use well,' which are in the same metre as *Nowadays*, and are just possibly intended to be part of it. As part of it, indeed, Furnivall prints them; but they go again over the whole ground, and are in style inferior.

In *Nowadays*, as in *The Seed of the Dragon*, Langdon tries to cover too many themes; a preacher's rather than a poet's fault. He is chiefly concerned with the decay of the virtue of charity, the decay of the only root of a sound social fellowship. Langdon, like every disinterested writer of the time, like those practical witnesses, the Pilgrims of Grace and the men of the Northern Rising, resents the abolition of what was always known then as 'belly cheer'—the free dole of food everywhere given to the needy by that 'old English hospitality' which was not organized patronage. Of this not 'the noble households,' but the monasteries, were the chief exemplars, as none could have known better than the writer, himself one of a great community. He dwells on the new 'mervelous statutes' by which the wealthy are made wealthier, to the prejudice of the common people; on the skilled craftsmen out of work who must now 'kepe a cure'; on the 'priors & abbottes' who, in immediate dread of ruin, were resorting to the popular tricks of trade and in other ways were abandoning their pristine ideals; on the buying up of benefices by lay capitalists; on the state of the starving and would-be industrious poor driven at last to 'stele ffor necessite,' and to hang for it.

Langdon lays his finger on other national grievances. 'Temporall lordes be almost gone.' The policy of Henry was to crush the peers one by one, as all the world knows. Buckingham, who perished in 1521, was the first victim of the crown's autocratic power; his grandson, the chivalrous Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, executed nine days before the King's demise in 1547, was the last; and when Surrey died, one solitary Duke remained alive in England, in the person of his aged and distinguished father, Norfolk, then languishing in the Tower. Of all the great 'capitayns' who in their strong conservatism upheld the honour of England, 'ther ys not left the X at home,' and their 'castels & towers hye' are in the dust, thanks to bills of attainder.

Castels now be not set by:  
The cawse is well knowen whi.

Canterbury itself, where Langdon was writing, was one of the dismantled towns, in a list which included, with many more, York, Lincoln, Salisbury, Bristol, Hereford, Oxford, Southampton, Winchester and Exeter. 'Many of the places . . . had been fortified. . . . The decay and depopulation were realities, and not a party cry.'<sup>17</sup> All that is said of the King personally is of great interest, and serves to fix approximately the date of the text. Those 'noble men and wyse' whom Henry once valued, by whose advice he governed himself and the Kingdom, the 'vytalle men' whose loss was long to be rued, were all routed, save 'my owne abbat' of Reading (executed the next year) by 1538, and venal characters and vile legislators reigned in their stead. Langdon was thinking of Fox and of Warham, of Fisher and of More. The last, at the end of his glorious public career, exclaimed aloud, with Rich and Audley before him: 'May God preserve you all, especially my sovereign Lord the King! and grant him faithful counsellors.'

The frightful social machinery of the Reformation was in full blast when Langdon grew hot at heart over it in the privacy of his yet unravaged cloister. *Nowadays* can vary but little in date from the other poem and must lie close about the year 1537. We have access now to a world of corroborative documents unknown to the generations between him and us. Every charge he brings, dishonesty, cruelty, grossness, impurity, greed; the unnatural children, unfaithful nominees to livings, unkind neighbours; a whole society rent asunder, 'more barbarous than Scythia'; and all this as a secret cumulation discovered suddenly and seeming new,—is borne out startlingly, and in minutest detail, by countless contemporary writers of all opinions: Colet, More and Pole being almost more outspoken than the Protestantizing party.

Two contemporary citations will serve to corroborate Langdon, both in verse, and neither hackneyed. One comes from *A Merye entrelude entituled Respublica*, written in the first year of Queen Mary's reign. In the course of it Peace says to Avarice:

Cale ye it peace sirrha whan brother & brother.  
cannote bee content to live one by an other.  
whan one for his howse, for his lande, yea for his grote,  
is readie to strive & plucke owte an others throte.<sup>18</sup>

The other is a long Surrey-like *Description of an ungodlye worlde*, beginning: 'Who loves to live in peace,' which figures among the work of 'Uncertain Auctours' in *Tottel's Miscellany*.<sup>19</sup> It gives a spirited category.

Such fayned flatteryng fayth, amongs both hye and low:  
Such great deceite, such subtell wittes, the pore to overthrowe.

. . . . .



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## RECUSANT POETS

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Such barkyng at the good, such bolstyng of the yll:  
Such threatnyng of the wrathe of God, such vyce embraced still.

Such traynes to trap the just, such prollying faults to pyke:  
Such cruell wordes for speakyng truth, who ever hearde the like.

Such plenty made so scarce, such cryng for redresse,  
Such feared signes of our decay, which tong dares not expresse.

Such bribyng for the purse, which ever gapes for more,  
Such hordyng up of worldly welth, such kepyng muck in store.  
Such folly founde in age, such will in tender youth,  
Such sundry sortes among great clarkes, & few that speake the  
truth  
Such falsched undercraft, and such unstedfast wayes,  
Was never sene within mens hartes, as is found nowadayes.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup>*ie Chronicle of John Stone*, etc. (ed. Searle, 1902), 196.  
<sup>2</sup>*ambeth MS.* 1503, f. 35.  
<sup>3</sup>igdale, *Monasticon* (1817), I, 112-113.  
<sup>4</sup>ewer and Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, xv, 186, 4 Apr. 1540.  
<sup>5</sup>*il. State Papers, Dom.*, 1547-80, 96.  
<sup>6</sup>*enetian Papers*, No. 78, June 6, 1559.  
<sup>7</sup>*ie Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, 131-132.  
<sup>8</sup>R.O., *State Papers, Dom. Hist.* xvi, 49, April 17, 1561.  
<sup>9</sup>8. <sup>10</sup>*Ballads from Manuscripts*, I, 281-290.  
<sup>11</sup>asquet, *Short History of the Catholic Church in England*, 75.  
<sup>12</sup>*ollardy and the Reformation* (1908), I, 308.  
<sup>13</sup>odd, *Church History of England* (ed. Tierney, 1839), I, 298.  
<sup>14</sup>737) III, 727-779, *passim*.  
<sup>15</sup>airdner, *The English Church . . . from the Accession of Henry VIII to the Death of*  
<sup>16</sup>1903), 91.  
<sup>17</sup>*Ballads from Manuscripts*, 93-96.  
<sup>18</sup>*ngland in the Reign of King Henry VIII* (E.E.T.S., 1871), Part I, cv, cvii.  
<sup>19</sup>l. Farmer, T.F.S. (1908), f. 383<sup>v</sup>.  
<sup>20</sup>d. Rollins, 1928), I, 196.

10. THE SEED OF THE DRAGON

. . . . .  
**A**POYSONUS Dragon  
hath infected my region  
of whom yong serpentis hath sprong  
his venemous inflations  
hath infectid many nations  
& moch of my people hath stong.

No Dragon of nature  
nor serpent feture  
to hym may be compared  
hys qualytyes be so  
that where he ryde or go  
he enflameth fyre inward.

. . . . .  
for this belleall I here mene  
passith all nature clene  
so sore infectid ys his case  
his complexion ys so wyld  
he corruptith both man & childe  
which he never saw in the face

What ys this dragons name  
Luther full off shame  
in germany ys his denne  
there he swellyth he blowyth  
he burnyth he glowyth  
agaynst all tru chrysten men

. . . . .

His byrdes be withoute shell  
which noryshyd are in hell  
among infernall progeny  
now are they flowne about  
my people stonde in dout  
so strong ys there company

In flaunders & in almayne  
& in my little bryttayne  
full sore infect thei the Ayere  
with false ipocrisi  
& corruption of heresi  
my flock begynneth to appayere

. . . . .  
O noble prince Henry  
thou prince of high progeny  
mak serch thorow thy realme  
this scysmatick collection  
subdew by correction  
for shame to the thei dreame

. . . . .  
this treson workyng wormes  
As the snake among greyne thornes  
prevyly to the people doth crepe  
ther lyeth owt hyssyng with the tong  
the venom boylethe out among  
thynkyng thou were aslepe

. . . . .  
O ynglond. ynglonde  
thou hast worne the garlonde  
Off trewe fayth ever to me  
Therefore swarve not asyde  
But be stredfast & not slyde  
and this new dysgysyng let be

. . . . .

That same Do thou ensue  
Exchaunge ytt for no newe  
yf thou wylt have my grace  
these blasphemying lutherions  
thes obstinat myscreons  
Out off thi Domynion chase

So shall thy subjectes all  
have my grace in specyall  
and joye after this  
And thou ther lovyng kynge  
Shalt be my Deare derlynge  
In my heavenly blysse

Amen

## II. NOWADAYS

WE Englisshemen beholde  
Our auncient customs bolde  
more preciouser then golde  
be clene cast away

And other new be fownd  
the which ye may understand  
that causethe all your land  
so gretly to decay

Mervell it is to here  
of noble men that were  
among us many a yere  
here in tyms past

The which toke in hand  
provision to be fond  
how to inhabit this land  
& this was all theyr cast

To bylde chirches strong  
With solempne belles Rong  
Devine service song  
mans life to amend

ther was dubbyd many a knyght  
with all ther powre and myght  
holy churchc Ryght  
sworne to defende

Than made they such ordynaunce  
that every man with Reverence  
under law and obedience  
ther prince should obay

And while this people pure  
ther goodnes Dede endure  
so long l yow ensure  
this lond myght not Decay

Then the kyng sett good price  
By noble men and wyse  
and after there Devise  
he did govern him self

He wold not forsake  
ther counsayll to take  
they wold no statute make  
But for the commen welth

then was he hold in honor  
the kyng loved in gret plesur  
& among his commons gret tresur  
ffor nothing wold thei care

then were men both freshe & bolde  
and kept noble housholde  
the people had what thei wolde  
few of them were bare

Mery hartes was than to Ryde  
thorough towne and cytees wyde  
Replenysshed on every side  
With castels & towers hye

But now are the capitayns goone  
ther ys not left the X at home  
the goodly towers of lyme & stone  
A long on the grownd thei lye

Castels now be not set by  
the cawse is well knowen whi  
Sithe thei be Down let them lye  
thei stopp nott my way

thei stode my fathers tyme before  
yf they do myne I aske no more  
and so of them men geve no store  
for which caus thei do decay

the people lyve in variaunce  
for lack of perseveraunce  
semple ys there governaunce  
and wors ys there intent

Every man is fayne  
On other to complayne  
yf thys long rayne  
we shall yt all repent

. . . . .

Men say that priors & abbottes be  
Grete grosyers in this countre  
they use bying & sellyng openlye  
the church hath the name

Thci are nott content with ther possession  
But gapyng ever for promotion  
& thus withdrawyng mens Devotion  
unto the landes grete shame

And in lykewyse the commynalte  
Apply themselff ryght mervelouslye  
to lerne craftes & subtilite  
ther neybour to begyle

The sister will begile the brother  
the childe wyll begyl the mother  
And thus on will not trust another  
Yff this world last awhyle

Temporall lordes be almost gone  
Howsholdes kepe thei few or none  
Which causeth many a goodly mane  
ffor to begg his bredd

Yff he stele ffor necessite  
ther ys none other remedye  
But the law will shortlye  
Hang him all save the hedd

And thus the people with gret cruelte  
use the law with extremyte  
The world ys withowt all pite  
On god thei have no dredd

In such pride this world ys brought  
That vytall men thei sett Ryght nought  
the which thing ons wyl be forthought  
Yff ever to them thei shall have nede

The grete mysorder of every cytee  
Cawsythe gret derth & poverttee  
Alas Alas yt ys gret pitee  
That Rych men be so blynd

Which for ther gret pride & fulsom fare  
They pluck & pull ther neybors bare  
And thus the people punyshed are  
And shortly browght be hynd.

The great men now take no hede  
How ill so even the commons spede  
the poore Dare not speke for drede  
for nowght thei can Recover

Some gracious man sett his hand  
that good provision may be fownd  
Or els farwell the welth of this land  
Cleane undone for ever.



## IV. *The* PILGRIMAGE of GRACE

12. A MARCHING SONG: Untitled poem. Text from *P.R.O. Treasury of Receipt, Miscellanea*, 65-6 (*S.P.* 12 157), no. 7, lines 1-40, 49-56, 65-80, 89-104, 113-128. The poem has been printed but twice before. *The English Historical Review*<sup>1</sup> has it in full, and with the original spelling but with several misreadings. The most important of these are 'the lyvyng grounde' for the 'lymyt grounde' and 'for amice' instead of that rare word 'soiaunce' in the plural. For the latter correction we are beholden to that prince of scholarly guessers, the late Henry Bradley, who had not seen the manuscript. The reading was corroborated at once, on examination of the manuscript, by the Deputy Keeper of the Records.

There is no title prefixed to this slogan of the men of the North who rose in revolt against the ethical and material changes brought about by Henry VIII. Its very authorship is unknown. One usually careful authority considers that the lines were composed by 'a monk of the suppressed St Mary's Abbey at York.'<sup>2</sup> Was it written, possibly, by Richard Estgate or Eastgate, chaplain and confidant of the Abbot of Sawley or Salley in Craven, and professed monk of that Benedictine house? The verses were suspected at the time to have emanated from Sawley, an old foundation of the Percys, isolated among forests and steep hills, and the original figures among Sawley papers in the Record Office. The Abbot, William Trafford, and some of the community, though only lightly implicated, if at all, were dragged off to execution; and Abbot Paslew of Whalley was hanged for nothing but for sheltering the fugitive Estgate, who was himself hanged with several notables, clerical and lay, the next day, March 11, 1536-7.

Whether Estgate or another had penned the challenging song, the head responsible for it, we know well, cannot long have remained poised on a pair of shoulders. The rude rhythms and hammer-stroke accents are eminently singable, with a lilt worthy of fighting men; but of their tune we know nothing. A modern musical composition which fits the words wonderfully is Schumann's *Nordischeslied* in the *Kinder-scenen*.

The course of the first of the three chief 'Papalist' insurrections, all highly romantic and pathetic, against the Tudor policy, may be followed by students in Brewer and Gairdner's *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII*.<sup>3</sup> The Pilgrimage of Grace has its standard historians in Madeline Hope Dodds and Ruth Dodds, from whose work the present account of the Pilgrimage is largely drawn.

The Lincolnshire rebels, who were the first to rise, and who ended in abject submission, had formulated their grievances with entire frankness, and their clauses were adopted without much extension by those who took up their cause. The accustomed liberties of the Church and

the Pope were to be restored, as were tenths and first-fruits, newly diverted from the Church to the Crown; no abbeyes should in future be suppressed; heresy must be put down with a firm hand, and Archbishop Cranmer and the heretical bishops deprived and banished; the King was to punish and dismiss Cromwell and the other 'new men,' his low-born counsellors, and call about him the great Catholic nobles now set aside: surely a statesmanlike, disinterested, and unsensational set of articles! Other demands attached themselves in time to these: a Parliament to deal with North Country legislation to be established at Nottingham or York; dissolved monasteries to be restored and repeopled; the Friars and Observants to be restored to their houses; Legh and Layton, the monastic commissioners in the North, to be condignly punished; the right of sanctuary to be restored; priests not to suffer by the sword unless degraded; the Princess Mary to be legitimized; electoral reforms; a general act of indemnity; the statute of the declaration of the crown by will to be repealed; and various legal and economic grievances to be redressed.

The poetical phrase always applied by the Northerners themselves to their action was given to them near Wighton on St Edward's feast by the remarkable man who led them and perished in their cause: Robert Aske of Aughton, a member of Gray's Inn. Their oath is preserved for us in the Record Office.<sup>4</sup> 'The Oath of the Honourable Men. Ye shall not enter into this our Pilgrimage of Grace for the Commonwealth, but only for the love that ye do bear unto Almighty God his faith, and to Holy Church militant and the maintenance thereof, to the preservation of the King's person and his issue, to the purifying of the nobility, and to expulse all villein blood and evil councillors against the commonwealth from his Grace and his Privy Council of the same. And that ye shall not enter into our said Pilgrimage for no particular profit to your self, nor to do any displeasure to any private person, but by counsel of the commonwealth nor slay nor murder for no envy, but in your hearts put away all fear and dread, and take afore you the Cross of Christ, and in your hearts His faith, the Restitution of the Church, the suppression of these Heretics and their opinions, by all the holy contents of this book.'

There is a reference in the opening line of the *Pilgrims' Marching Song* to their historic banner, the Five Wounds of Christ. This was a device of Aske's own devout choice, as against a motley crowd of symbols, not all religious, which he found in use together. The men who came from the Bishopric of Durham wore the emblematic Five Wounds as a Badge; at the Doncaster muster each bore it, scapular-wise on breast and back. A smaller badge, reputed to be that of Sir Robert Constable, is preserved at Everingham, Yorks, and is reproduced as a frontispiece to Rose Troup's *The Western Rebellion of 1549* (1913). It is shield-shaped and of crimson velvet embroidered in gold and

silver thread. The fifth wound, the Heart, is represented in the centre in the middle of a Host over a tall chalice surrounded with rays of glory. The sacred monogram I H S appears, with I.G. below for *Itinerarium Gratia*.

Aske was elected 'Captain' of from thirty to forty thousand men ('everye man a souldier and trayned to use arms'), the Yorkshire and Lancashire bowmen being the very best in England. The van was led by Sir Thomas Percy. Besides Sir Thomas Percy's invalided elder brother, one other Earl, and the ultra-loyal Cliffords and Eures, scarcely a noble nor gentleman of the families renowned in Border story refused to join in the insurrection; from sea to sea, North of the Lune and the Humber, it swept clear across the country.

The conduct of it was very nearly blameless, the leaders only too scrupulously honourable. They forbore their superior advantage in order to enter into negotiations with the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and through them got entangled and tricked by that shrewdest of all English diplomats, their royal master. A military victory was out of the question for a King with a scratch army of but eight thousand and of no unity of spirit.

The failure of the Pilgrims was disastrous. Not a single point was conceded; not a single leader escaped his martyrdom. The country folk were hanged in chains and by the hundred, in their own gardens, and on their own greens; those who would not conform and were able to escape took to a wild life on the moors for almost a generation. 'Wrong triumphed in the land. The religious houses were suppressed; the fountain of charity was dried up; the country was in the agonies of a change which must work its weal or its woe; and the poor wept, begged, stole, rebelled and died—often "like men".'<sup>5</sup>

The flame of zeal for 'the holy things of old' was stamped out for the time. It broke forth fiercely in seventeen shires in 1549, and again, in the North, twenty years later. 'Over half the counties of England the people rose, and fought one final battle for the vision of the Middle Ages.'<sup>6</sup>

The major protests and complaints in all these revolts were similar, and indeed all but identical. The *Marching Song* sets forth in its clanging rhymes those which seemed most urgent in 1536. The Misses Dodds point out that Aske himself with old Lord Darcy and the friars, had little to do at first with the social movement which the Pilgrimage certainly was. To Aske, it was for long purely religious; to Norfolk, who waveringly yet perfidiously crushed it, it had an aspect purely economic. He wrote to his enemy Cromwell, when all was over: 'What with the spoiling of them now and the gressing [*i.e.*, cozening, overreaching] of them so marvellously sore in time past and with increasing of lords' rents by enclosing, and for lack of the persons as such as shall suffer, this border is sore weakened . . . ; the more pity they

should so deserve, and also that they have been so sore handled in times past which, as I and all other here think, was the only cause of the rebellion.<sup>9</sup>

In the remarkable anonymous morality called *A Merye entrelude entitled Respublica* (1553), the unknown author's conception of the Reformation, shown throughout, is that it was an organized system against popular liberties. Of religion there is hardly a word. In truth the religious and economic aspects of the later sixteenth century in England were indivisible. Even the peasants could recognize this, if we may judge from some lines put into the mouth of Ignorance, from a contemporary tract against the monks reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*:

Vor when we had the old lawe,  
A merry world was then ;  
And everything was plenty  
Among all zorts of men.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,  
Bevore the vriers went hence,  
A bushell of the best wheate  
Was zold for vourteen pence;  
And vorty egges a penny.

This was in Somersetshire, as the dialect<sup>9</sup> shows.

In Cumberland, and Westmorland more especially, the Pilgrimage was a rising of the poor against the rich, and one of its aims was to abrogate all taxes except in war-time, and rents and tithes generally; above all, enclosures. Vast tracts of common land had in 1536 recently been enclosed by royal mandate, a measure which spelled the depopulation of the countryside. The free spirit of the English 'commonalty at that date could not be expected to assent quietly. (The same thing was to happen on a greater scale in the mid-eighteenth century, and raise not a hair on the back of the British lion.) Boundaries, public and private, were everywhere disturbed, without compensation, and with small regard to 'detronomio', which the bard of the *Marching Song* holds confidently over the heads of the offenders. His interest in the confiscation of lands is keenest where the Church and her charities are concerned; and here he touches on the burning question of the day, the suppression of the lesser (not yet the greater) monasteries.

That question meant everything to Aske, whose opinion it was that, taken alone, it was enough to justify the rebellion, and who has left us in manuscript a most beautiful and deep-thoughted statement on the uses of the monastic life and the reasons for its continuance: this he wrote in the Tower. It is well known that wherever his forces passed they restored monks and nuns to their convents.

The Pilgrims were out against the suppression of the monasteries because 'the service of God suffers thereby,' they said, and 'the poor can get no relief.' Our fifth, eighth, and ninth stanzas deal directly with the grievous new conditions created by the Suppression, and by the appropriation of chantry bequests, which had always hitherto been devoted, as Shakespeare tenderly says,<sup>10</sup>

to relief of lazars and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil.

The monks had been for nearly a thousand years of English history the great cultivators of the soil, the roadmakers, the bridge-builders, the directors of all arts and crafts, the employers and maintainers, especially in the country, of the bulk of the people. All the industries they fostered were set adrift with them; their acres sank back into pastures, to feed the new and monopolized wool-trade. Chapuys, the Imperial Ambassador, reported in July, 1536, that there were over twenty thousand homeless monks, nuns and persons dependent upon the suppressed monasteries, who knew not how to live.<sup>11</sup> 'Belly cheer,' as it was called in homely phrase all over the land, was ended, as the immediate tangible result of the first phase of the Reformation; or, as Froude puts it poetically, 'the once open hand was closed, the once open heart hardened.'

The 'new men' to whom the monastic lands fell as spoil, were presently enjoined to keep up hospitalities, and so allay conditions rapidly growing too difficult for the law to handle; not one among them obeyed. 'The myth of the "fine old English gentleman" who had a large estate and provided every day for the poor at his gate, was a reality in their [the monks] case and in their case only.'<sup>12</sup> Things went from bad to worse. For this army of derelicts there was no more opportunity of work, not even a 'bait' between town and town; nothing was left for them but crime. The twenty thousand adrift already in 1536 were the innocent founders of English pauperism and English trampism.

When God was stolen from out man's mouth,  
Stolen was the bread; then hunger and drouth  
Went to and fro; began the wail,  
Struck root the poor-house and the jail.<sup>13</sup>

These living wrongs lay hot at the heart of Aske's army. Small wonder that they hinted at the threat to 'Kynges' contained in 'Esayas saynges,' though to do so showed the rankest audacity of desperation, and a direct defiance of that noted student of Holy Scripture, the intense intelligence on the throne. Reginald Pole was doing the same thing at the same moment. In the second chapter of his *De Unitate Ecclesiastica* he applies the prophet's great metaphor of the vineyard<sup>14</sup> to his sovereign liege and cousin, Henry Tudor, as the remover of landmarks,

the destroyer of walls, the desolator of the planted lands. The Pilgrims, in referring to the 14th chapter of Isaiah, and its twenty-seven verses, did indeed, being 'harried,' take up the parable against the King of Babylon, 'that struck the people in wrath with an incurable wound, that brought nations under in fury, that persecuted in a cruel manner . . . the man that troubled the earth, that shook kingdoms; that made the world a wilderness . . . that opened not the prison to his prisoners.' The laws of Henry VIII were highly inventive in regard to treason, and any application like this was treason plain and square. The stern Hebraic phrases tower up and end in prophecy. 'And I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts: and I will destroy the name of Babylon, and the remains, and the bud, and the offspring, saith the Lord . . . I will destroy the Assyrian in my land . . . and his yoke shall be taken away from them, and his burden shall be taken off their shoulder.'

It is good Catholic doctrine to bear personal wrongs patiently, but to resent injuries to one's neighbour and to the cause of God. A seventeenth-century writer recognizes it as 'plain and palpable Poperie' for subjects, under any provocation whatever, to levy war upon their prince. 'The Papistes teach they may. The Church of England, doth, and ever did teach they may not.'<sup>15</sup> Aske and the rest were found guilty of depriving the King of his dignity, title, name and royal state, namely, of being on earth the Supreme Head of the English Church, and of endeavouring to force him to summon a Parliament and Convocation at York.

It remains only to notice some minor personalities of the Marching Song, open and contemptuous in the extreme:

Crim, crame, and riche  
With thre ell and the liche.

Gairdner detected in 'Crim' Thomas Cromwell, the arch-enemy of the monasteries, made this year (1536) Lord Privy Seal and Baron Cromwell of Wimbledon; 'Crame' as, of course, Thomas Cranmer, appointed to the see of Canterbury three years before, and identified with the establishment of the royal headship of the Church in England, and the divorce from Queen Katherine; 'Riche' as Sir Richard Rich, then Speaker of the House of Commons, and head of a royal commission created to deal with the monasteries, afterwards Lord Chancellor, a diligent time-server, deeply perjured in regard both to Fisher and to More. In the 'three ell' of the poem, Gairdner went on to recognize Legh, Layton and Latimer: the first two the famous Visitors of the monasteries, and the last the still more famous Bishop of Worcester, who perished with Ridley at Oxford in 1555. With all respect to so great an authority, may it be suggested that a more obvious third is the fellow-commissioner of the 'ineffably infamous'

Legh and Layton, John London, Canon of Windsor, and Warden of New College, Oxford? He was intimately known to Cromwell, in fact trusted by him as his own special 'ell'; and he was hated in particular by the Catholic conservatives from his first public appearance until his dishonoured age. He seems to have borne only a minor part in the work of defaming monks and nuns, but in the departments of robbery and devastation London came off an easy first. His field of action lay mostly in the Midlands, and northward to Lincoln and Derby, whereas Legh's and Layton's extended into Yorkshire itself. In office, commission, achievement, and viciousness of character, London was perfectly matched with the similarly-initialled destroyers of that which was so dear to the insurgents.

Now Hugh Latimer, though active as a Reformer, was a bird of a different feather. Not that the Pilgrims had no scores laid up against him. He had preached against their crusade at Paul's Cross, likening it to the devil who can put on at will the armour of light. He figured from the first among the 'heretic bishops,' those 'subverters of the faith of Christ,' who were to be given over to justice by the King as one condition of the submission of Aske and his men. Latimer stood, to the Pilgrims, with the wrongdoers who wore mitres, yet, for all his occasional malice, as by no means the worst of them. Was he not the one voice among them all, outside those of the party to which the Pilgrims themselves belonged, who had spoken out boldly in favour of the suffering poor, who had denounced the greed and exactions of 'you rent-raisers, I may say, you step-lords,' who had passionately deplored the ruin of the Abbeys, because that meant the decay of University scholarships and the death of English interest in education, who had in his honesty thereby made himself odious to the whole profiteering world of the New Learning? But, as Gasquet remarks, his voice was that of one crying in the wilderness.

It would seem far-fetched enough to bracket Latimer with Legh and Layton. If any bishop were to be specially objurgated in the North, Longland of Lincoln, once the King's confessor, might well have been chosen; he, yet another 'ell,' is written down by Aske among his *damnandi*, as 'the beginner of all this trouble.' Still more far-fetched is it to consider the third 'ell', as some writers do, to stand for the Bishop of London! The writer of the *Marching Song* was surely thinking of three 'ells' of one kind, and of 'the liche,' of Ap Rice, Bedyll, Ingworth, and the rest who followed and worked under Thomas Cromwell's principal 'monk-hunters.'

The last parenthesis is not quite so clear:

As sum men teache  
God theym amend!

Those who could read between the lines probably saw in it a compre-

hensive hit at the seven schismatical bishops. The parish clergy were sound; the Pilgrims found no fault with them. What stuck in their throat was 'new fangly' episcopal 'teaching.' This was constantly discussed and reprobated in all the conventions of the Rising; it would be curious if it figured nowhere in the very categorical Song.

The Pilgrimage, in its earlier mood, forbore not to strike hard at the injustice of Henry and at his chief lay agents, but apparently did spare its unfaithful Fathers in God from being too openly bandied about as a byword in the surges of a popular chorus. We shall see how very differently the Dominican friar, John Pickering, went to work, when he changed that old rhyme for a new one markedly deferent towards the terrible King, while prosaically violent in regard to the occupants of certain English sees.

13. O FAITHFUL PEOPLE! *An Eschortacyon to the nobylls and commons of the north*, by John Pickering, the Dominican, stanzas 1-5, 11-12, 23-25.<sup>16</sup> Text from Furnivall's *Ballads from Manuscripts*,<sup>17</sup> and there said to have been first printed at Ripon in 1843 from the original in the Record Office, which cannot now be found. Pickering's rhymes are interminable. He wrote as a critic and a propagandist, to correct a trend of public opinion, or at least an expression of that opinion to which he objected.

'John Hallam returned home to Watton after the disbanding at Pontefract [December, 1536], and brought with him "certain rhymes made against my lord privy seal, my lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the Augmentations and divers bishops of the new learning which rhymes had been sung abroad by minstrels." He showed them to Friar John Pickering, one of the Friars Preachers, who had taken refuge at the Priory of Bridlington. Pickering was inspired to write something better than these clumsy verses. . . . He "made the same rhyme by rhyme . . . but not that it might be sung by minstrels." Nevertheless, it soon spread abroad and "was in every man's mouth about Bridlington and Scarborough."'<sup>18</sup>

Now there is no proof that the wild half-secular carol which scandalized Bridlington Priory during that exciting Christmastide was identical with what has been called the *Marching Song*. There were many rhymes flying about the North during the less-than-year long Pilgrimage; the string of verses by one\* John Hogon, and no fewer than a hundred stanzas by Roger Vernon, had their day. But the *Marching Song* was the popular chorus; and as such, it could not be improved by Pickering. His uncouth decasyllabics hardly needed to be tagged as 'not [to] be sung.' Their character is so strikingly different as to suggest a wilful substitution of one *morale* for another.

The whole mood of the insurrection changed after the first months, when Henry had entered with seeming gentleness upon his treacherous



game. A wave of exaggerated confidence in his truth and honour took possession of the Pilgrims. It was an afterthought, and it was yet to bring all their tragedies upon them. Pickering threw himself between the King's Grace and the impudent chivalry who had at first crossed the moorlands shouting how 'Goddes woful yre' would be visited upon unjust rulers. He turned all the obloquy away from the throne, and centred it on 'alter Haman,' Cromwell. Sixty lines crammed with barbarian energy, barely suffice to finish the parallel.

Iff this A-man wer hanged, then der I well say  
this Realme then Redressyde full sone sholde be,  
And the byschoppes Reformyde in a new array:  
then stablyssyde shulde be our trewe crystianite.<sup>19</sup>

He ends this section with a sweeping gesture:

Agains them all for to fyght, I think yt convenient.<sup>20</sup>

He did not in the least realize the true state of the case: 'how successful Henry had been in throwing the whole responsibility for his measures upon Cromwell's shoulders. . . . Cromwell was the tool, not the principal.'<sup>21</sup>

The 'Chancellours' who, towards the end of the poem are mentioned with Cromwell (himself Chancellor of the Exchequer and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge) are Audeley and Rich. Thomas Audeley was More's successor, Baron Audeley of Walden, and always a most serviceable tool of the King until he died in 1544. Sir Richard Rich was Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations. Pickering's 'heretycall bysshoppys' are Cranmer (Canterbury); Longland (Lincoln); Goodrich (Ely); Hilsey (Rochester); Latimer (Worcester); Barlow (St David's); Browne (Dublin). This enumeration would have been accepted by the author of the *Marching Song*.

Pickering's great concern was the arrest of the progress of heresy. But he is arrogantly sectional. The 'boryalle Region' undervalued by the 'australl nacion' is now to have its innings in the vindication of orthodoxy. For this bitterness Pickering shows no cause, but he had cause enough. The Catholics of middle and Southern England were just then of a more timid mind, and felt no gratitude to the quick North for being first to see and grasp a common danger: this was true even of the religious orders. 'The Abbey of Reading, together with those of Glastonbury and Colchester, was on the list of contributors to the King's expenses in defeating the rebel forces.'<sup>22</sup> Such was the high-water mark of concession on the part of three great Abbots who in as many years were to die for conscience sake in resisting state aggression. Not in their time nor in Pickering's was help coming from 'a strang lande.'

All parties in the English state looked at that time to Continental

alliances, even in the most domestic matters; and the 'bellicous champions' believed that all Catholic Europe must feel for them. But Charles V made no move: 1536 was his disastrous year, the year of his great defeats in Provence and in Picardy. It is now known for certain that King Henry's government was in critical danger from the uprising. Chapuys reported at first hand that such was the settled indignation of the whole realm under the recent tyrannies that should the Emperor raise a finger to aid the Pilgrimage, the royal cause at home would be ruined at once.

• Pickering is torn between his own alternatives, for he tried with all his might to be loyal. His conscientiousness goes on to pay homage to the estate of the 'undowdyd wiff, qwen lady Jhane.' Such indeed was Jane Seymour: but what a marvel of tactlessness is that adjective, considering that Katherine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn had both died only within the twelvemonth, and that the bruit of the matrimonial 'doubts' which filled Europe had only just cleared away! The good Friar obviously possessed not a scrap of humour, of which Henry had plenty. But what we may perhaps call the autohistoric sense of the King was acute, and at no time inclined him to accept reminders, even of the most placating kind.

Beneath his final line Pickering wrote:

god save oure Kynge.  
*nam hoc cupit auctor.*  
*finis.*

His deference, his anxious hair-splitting, his fussy if sincere colophon, left nothing undone. But they did not save him from the gallows. He had fallen foul, equally with the author of the *Marching Song*, of prerogative.

It is Gillow's conjecture<sup>23</sup> that John Pickering may have been a younger son of Sir James Pickering, Kt, of Winderwath, Westmorland, and of his wife Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Lowther, Kt. He was born perhaps about 1490, proceeded B.D. at Cambridge in 1525, and was then, as the Grace Books show, Prior of the Dominican house in Cambridge. Later he became Prior of York. When arraigned, he was a simple friar of the monastery of the Friars Preachers at Bridlington.

In December, 1536, Pickering attended the congress at Pontefract, where he and the Prior of Pontefract, James Thwaites, were the only persons present not doctors, either of law or of divinity. (Nevertheless, he is alluded to as 'Dr' in several of the State Papers.) In the debate whether 'the kynges highnes ne any temporall man may not be supreme hedd of the church by the lawes of god' Pickering strongly maintained the traditional international jurisdiction of the Holy See.<sup>24</sup> He had done so before, in Convocation; and he was to do so again, before his own

diocesan, Archbishop Lee, a sympathetic but wholly ineffective character, who contended that the Papacy might not be 'necessary.'

The first phase of the Pilgrimage of Grace had been ended, not by force of arms but by fraud; Sir Francis Bigod's insurrection was an afterclap of protest against the action of the Government. In the latter Friar Pickering confessed having involved himself to this extent that he carried messages between the leaders. For some time he evaded arrest, but was at length captured and sent up to the Marshalsea.

He was brought to a nominal trial with his own Prior, William Wood; with Adam Sedbar, the last Abbot of Jervaux; with James Cockerell and William Thirsk, respectively the quondam Prior of Guisborough and the quondam Abbot of Fountains; with his namesake John Pickering of Lythe, Sir Francis Bigod's chaplain; and with Nicholas Tempest of Barshall. The chief charges against Prior Wood, the charges on which he was condemned to death, were that he had sent money to the insurgents, and had read and praised Pickering's song, *O faithful people*. There is no doubt that the latter's real offence consisted in having dared to try his hand at making the ballads of a nation, but nothing is said of this in the accusation.

As a 'false traytour' Pickering was condemned for conspiring to deprive Henry of his title of Supreme Head of the English Church, to force him to hold a Parliament and Convocation, and to 'annul divers wholesome laws made for the common weal.'<sup>26</sup> He was executed at Tyburn with Cockerell, Thirsk, Bulmer, Hamerton and Tempest on May 25, 1537. Their heads went to adorn London Bridge and the gates of London.

The parish priest of Lythe in Yorkshire, another John Pickering, who was Sir Francis Bigod's chaplain, is not to be confounded with 'Pickering Friar'; he was imprisoned at the same time, and condemned, but was eventually pardoned.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> v. 344-345.
- <sup>2</sup> Bienan and Statham, *The House of Howard*, I, 196.
- <sup>3</sup> xi and xii, *passim*.
- <sup>4</sup> Brewet and Gaudnei, *Letters and Papers*, xi, 705 (4).
- <sup>5</sup> Staikcy, *Dialogue*, ed. Cowper (E.E.T.S., 1878), cx.
- <sup>6</sup> Chesterton, *Short History of England*, 146.
- <sup>7</sup> *The Pilgrimage of Grace*, I, 226.
- <sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 121.
- <sup>9</sup> *Plain Truth and Blind Ignorance*, II, 29-32, 41-45.
- <sup>10</sup> *Henry V*, I, i, 15-16.
- <sup>11</sup> Hailes, *A Life of Reginald Pole*, 183.
- <sup>12</sup> Biewei, *Giraldus Cambrensis*, IV, xxxvi.
- <sup>13</sup> Francis Thompson, *To the English Martyrs*.
- <sup>14</sup> *Isaiah*, v.
- <sup>15</sup> *The Fallacies of Mr William Prynne, Discovered and Confuted*. Oxford, 1644 [1643],
- <sup>16</sup> *Letters and Papers*, xii, Pt I, No. 1021 (5), 24 April, 1537.
- <sup>17</sup> I, pt 2, 301, *sqq.*
- <sup>18</sup> *The Pilgrimage of Grace*, I, 281.
- <sup>19</sup> Stanza 19.      <sup>20</sup> Stanza 21.
- <sup>21</sup> *The Pilgrimage of Grace*, I, 358.
- <sup>22</sup> Gasquet, *Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries*, 381.
- <sup>23</sup> *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*, v, 308.
- <sup>24</sup> *The Pilgrimage of Grace*, I, 383.
- <sup>25</sup> *Letters and Papers*, xii, pt I, 1207 (8).

## 12. A MARCHING SONG

CRIST crucifyd  
For thy woundes wide  
Us commens guyde  
Which pilgrames be,  
Thrughe godes grace,  
For to purchache  
Olde welth and peax  
Of the spiritualtie.

Gret godes fame  
Doith Church proclame  
Now to be lame  
And fast in boundes,  
Robbyd, spoled and shorne  
From catell and corne,  
And clene furth borne  
Of housez and landes.

Whiche thynges is clere  
Agaynst godes lere,  
As doith appere  
In detronomio,  
Godes law boke.  
Open and loke,  
As moysez spoke,  
Decimo nono.

Ther may be founde:  
The lymyt grounde,  
May not lay dowyn  
Sesare nor kyng,  
Which olde fathers  
And the right heires,  
For ther welfares,  
At theyr endyng

Gaif to releif  
Whome soraunce greve  
Boith day and even,  
    And can no wirke;  
Yet this thay may,  
Boith night and day  
Resorte and pray  
    Unto godes kyrke.

. . . . .

Suche foly is fallen  
And wise out blawen  
That grace is gone  
    And all goodnes.  
Then no marvell  
Thoght it thus befell,  
Commons to mell  
    To make redresse.

. . . . .

Bot on thing, Kynges,  
Esayas saynges  
Like rayn down brynges  
    Godes woful yre,  
Harrying the subject  
Ther dewtis to forgett  
And pryncezet let  
    Of suche disyre.

Alacke alacke  
For the church sake  
Pore comons wake,  
    And no marvell.  
For clere it is  
The decay of this  
How the pore shall mys  
    No tong can tell.

. . . . .

In troubil and care,  
Where that we were  
In manner all bere  
    of our substance,  
We founde good bate  
At churche men gate,  
Withoute checkmate  
    Or varyaunce.

God that right all  
Redresse now shall,  
And that is thrall  
    Agayn make free,  
By this viage  
And pylgramage  
Of yong and sage  
    In this countre.

. . . . .  
Church men for ever  
So you remember,  
Boith fyrst and latter,  
    In your memento  
These pilgramcz poore,  
That take such cure  
To stabilisshe sure,  
    Wiche dyd undoo.

Crim, crame, and riche  
With thre cll and the liche  
As sum men teache.  
    God theym amend!  
And that Aske may,  
Without delay,  
Here make a stay  
    And well to endl

## 13. O FAITHFUL PEOPLE

O FAITHFULL pepull of the boryalle Region,  
cheiff bellicous champions, by dyvyn providens  
of god hie electe, to maike Reformatione  
off gret mysch[e]ves and horryble offence,  
goo ye forwarde valyently in your peregrinacyon!  
It is chryste plesur, and to your salvacion.

The northorne pepull in tyme longe paste  
haith lytyll beyn Regardyde of the awstrall nacione;  
But now I doo trust, evyn at the Last,

Renowne we shall wyne, to oure holle congregacyon,  
off thes Sothorne herytykes, devode of all vertu,  
and them over-thorwe: ther faithe is untrew.

desist not of your purposse both good and commendable,  
prosequwit your entent with power and mayne,  
Inspyryde of gode, by mocyon celycalle,  
thes heretykes to suppress, and tyranny Restrayne.  
It is wrytyn in the machabies—Loke well the Storie—  
Accingemini potentes que estote filii.

For us yt is better in battyl for to dye,  
and of oure mortayll lyve to maike a conclusyone,  
Then heresies extremly to Ryne with tyrannye,  
the nobilite off the Reame browght to confusione;  
Christes church very lyke ys spoilyd to be,  
And all abbays suppressit: it is more petye!

Abbas to suppress we have lytyll nede,  
the wyche off charyte gude men dyd fownde;  
to them yt wais thowght it wais great meide;  
but boldly now downe streght to the grownde  
many are besy them to deokay,  
And them profanyth: non dar say nay.

. . . . .





## V. JOHN HEYWOOD

1497-1578 (?)

JOHN HEYWOOD, called the epigrammatist (seemingly no relation to the Protestant dramatist, Thomas Heywood) was probably the son of William Heywood, who was temporary coroner of Coventry in 1505-6.<sup>1</sup> John Rastell, whose daughter our poet married, succeeded him as coroner. The date of his birth is fixed with reasonable accuracy by his letter to Lord Burleigh of April 18, 1575, in which he states that he is seventy-eight years of age. It is widely and incorrectly stated that he was a chorister of the Chapel Royal at the age of twelve, that a Court payment was made to him in 1515, that he was perhaps absent at Oxford after that year, and that he returned to Court in 1519. There is little or no evidence for these statements, one or all of which are made by Collier, Ward, Bolwell, and Wallace. Heywood appears to have joined the Court at Midsummer, 1519, for the first time, perhaps through the influence of Sir Thomas More. He was then twenty-two years of age. He was perhaps discharged from the Court in 1528 for reasons of economy. At any rate, he was granted an annual pension of ten pounds for life in that year. In January, 1532-3, he was on the list of recipients of the King's New Year's Gifts. It was probably before 1523 that he married Joan Rastell, granddaughter of More's sister, and granddaughter as well of that heroic woman Margaret Giggs, More's relative and adopted child. In that year he was admitted to the Freedom of the City and began to reside there.<sup>2</sup> His father-in-law, John Rastell, was a distinguished printer, and it was no doubt through his influence that Heywood was admitted to the Stationers' Company. He was for many years intimate with Sir Thomas More, and his association continued, though with haps and mishaps, with More's son John; with William Daunce or Dansey and William Roper, More's sons-in-law; with More's parish priest and his chaplain, John Larke and John Ireland; and with Bishop Gardiner and Dr John Clement, More's dear friends. Heywood is said by Anthony Wood<sup>3</sup> to have spent some time at Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College) in Oxford. There are no registers before 1570, and the assertion is possibly founded on his allusion to 'Broadgates' in *Of Verdingales*, in the *Fifth hundred of Epigrammes*.<sup>4</sup> In

another epigram<sup>5</sup> Heywood mentions 'Brasenose.' Very likely he was an Oxford man. In 1540 he recovered the Manor of Brookhall, near Tiptree in Essex; in 1550 he was granted a pension of forty pounds by Edward VI; later, he was awarded the reversion of certain leases in Romney Marsh forfeited to the Crown by Sir Thomas Wyat; in 1555 his pension was increased to fifty pounds; and in 1558 it was cancelled, and he was granted the Manor of Bulmer and other adjacent lands in Yorkshire.<sup>6</sup> Queen Mary died five days later, and Heywood then retired from his second period of Royal service, which had lasted through the short reigns of Edward VI and of Mary.

In 1533 and 1534, William Rastell, the poet's brother-in-law, printed four plays traditionally ascribed to Heywood: *A Play of Love, The Pardoner and the Frere, The Play of the Wether*, and *Johan, the Husband*. In 1535, while John Rastell and Sir Thomas More were in prison and on the eve of their deaths, Heywood seems to have begun *The Spider and the Flie*, although he did not publish it until 1556. Reed suggests that Cranmer was the spider and that Rastell was the fly.<sup>7</sup> Heywood's Ballad *Give Place Ye Ladies* was written in 1534. In January, 1536-7, the following entry appears in *Princess Mary's Book of Expenses*:<sup>8</sup> 'Item given to Heywood's servant for bringing my lady graces Regalles to Greenwich xx<sup>s</sup>.' In March, 1537-8, a later entry appears in the same book:<sup>9</sup> 'to Heywood playing an interlude with his children before my lady grace xl<sup>s</sup>.' A mask by Heywood entitled *King Arthur's Knights* was twice performed at Cromwell's expense—on February 11, 1538-9, at his own house, and on February 22 at Court.<sup>10</sup> An entry on February 13, 1551, in the *Household Expenses of Princess Elizabeth*<sup>11</sup> suggests that Heywood was then collaborating in a dramatic entertainment with the Paul's children, and the Revels accounts in the *Loseley MSS.*<sup>12</sup> have an entry in 1552 about 'a play of the state of Ireland and another of children set out by Mr Heywood.' During Queen Mary's progress through the City in 1553, we have records of a pageant at St Paul's School by Heywood in her honour, and in August, 1559, Machyn's *Diary* mentions a play by the Children of Paul's given at Nonesuch for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth. Heywood's name is again mentioned.<sup>13</sup> The entry has not been tampered with. It closes the list of references which we have to Heywood's dramatic activities.

When Cromwell was executed in 1540, there was a strong Catholic reaction, and in the next few years a general attack was

made on Cranmer by the Catholic party, culminating in formal accusations of heresy. Henry VIII made Cranmer his own judge, and as a consequence several of Cranmer's accusers were hanged, drawn and quartered in 1544, including More's friend and parish priest, John Larke. Heywood among others was condemned to death and forfeiture of his goods, but made a public recantation at Paul's Cross on July 6.<sup>14</sup> Shortly afterwards his play, *The Four PP*, seems to have been published. In 1546 appeared his *Dialogues conteyning the number of the effectual proverbs in the English towne*, which was reissued in 1562, together with six hundred epigrams, as *John Heywoodes Woorkes*.

Heywood's pardon refers to him as 'late of London, alias of North Mymmes.' The More family had an estate at North Mimms, near Saint Albans, and in 1540 Heywood had bought an estate there. There is no good evidence to show that he had any previous connection with the place. His elder son Ellis was made Fellow of All Souls in 1548 and later entered the service of Cardinal Pole. During Queen Mary's reign, his younger son Jasper became a Probationer-Fellow of Merton and was Lord of Misrule at Lincoln's Inn in 1558. Between 1559 and 1561 Jasper Heywood published his translations of three of Seneca's plays.

In 1564, John Heywood, his wife and his son Ellis were driven into exile in Flanders by the Elizabethan Settlement. Ellis Heywood joined the Society of Jesus about 1565. In 1573, his father was living at Mechlin, and in 1576 the General of the Jesuits gave him board and lodging at the College. In 1578, when disturbances broke out at Antwerp, the Jesuits sent him to Cologne under the protection of one of their order, but he was refused admission to the town. He returned to the Jesuit College at Antwerp, where he and his son were taken prisoners and sent to Mechlin. After a narrow escape from death there, they reached Louvain safely, where Ellis died shortly after.<sup>15</sup> The venerable old John Heywood seems to have outlived him. After 1578 there is no record of him, and perhaps he died in that year.

To all his children Heywood gave a liberal education. His two brilliant sons, both Jesuits, died abroad after chequered lives. His only daughter Elizabeth married and became the mother of Dr John Donne, the poet, and of Henry Donne, who perished in prison of gaol fever, aged barely nineteen, for a direct act of charity to a hunted priest. Elizabeth Heywood lived to a very great age, surviving by nine months her celebrated son, with whom she

had made her home in the Deanery of St Paul's. She had always kept loyally to her religion.

Heywood's copious literary output was conspicuously familiar to his own generation and the next one following. He founded himself largely on Chaucer, and he shows again and again the confident touch of the popular writer who employs saws and proverbs long domesticated in the language, and, by his usage, lends them a stronger vitality. He used no fewer than three hundred in this way in his epigrams. Desdemona knew the refrain of Heywood's ballad:

All a green willow, willow;  
All a green willow is my garland.

Preceding the *Three Hundred Epigrammes* (1562) is a woodcut portrait of Heywood, which he had used before. It has the initials *I.H.* on either side of the feet. It represents him in a small-buttoned doublet with dagger, double garters, surcoat and flat cap: a tall man with a large-featured face, plain and kind. Sir A. W. Ward describes his garment in this portrait as resembling an *M.A. gown*.<sup>16</sup>

A. W. Reed has endeavoured to establish the canon of Heywood's Interludes.<sup>17</sup> The result of his careful research appears to be that *Love* and *Weather* are certainly his, that *The Four PP* is probably his, and that *Johan Johan* and *The Pardoner and the Frere* are very likely to be his, though written under the strong influence of Sir Thomas More, and possibly composed by More, either alone or in collaboration with Heywood. *Gentleness and Nobility* is assigned by Reed to John Rastell. C. W. Wallace's ascription of some of these plays to William Cornish is rightly regarded as fantastic by Reed.<sup>18</sup>

Heywood was also the author of *A Dialogue . . . of Proverbs* (1546), *The Spider and the Fly* (1556), and six hundred epigrams, published between 1550 and 1560, and first issued in a complete collection in 1562. He is represented by one poem in *Tottel's Miscellany*, and numerous other minor poems exist in manuscript, especially in *Add. MS.* 15,233. The poems in this last manuscript were edited by Halliwell-Phillipps for the Shakespeare Society in 1848.

14. THE HAPPY MEAN: Text from *Cotton MS. Vesp. A. XXV. ff. 132<sup>v</sup>-133<sup>v</sup>*, British Museum, where it concludes: 'finis mr. haywoode.' It is reprinted in Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry*,<sup>19</sup> and its

autobiographical touch is noted. Another version of the poem is found in *Add. MS.* 15,233, and is reprinted in Halliwell-Phillipps's edition of John Redford's *Wit and Science* (1848). This version is signed 'Jhon Redford.'<sup>20</sup> In the same collection are nine poems ascribed to Heywood in the manuscript. Musician, poet, interlude-maker, probably organist and almoner of St Paul's and certainly Master of the Childien there, Redford was Heywood's rival and contemporary, predeceasing him it would seem by about a score of years. Every critic who reads attentively the songs of *Wit and Science* must (against Halliwell) recognize them as wholly unlike this poem, which has, on the other hand, the tinkling characteristic Heywood note. The poem may possibly be the work of Redford, however, as it resembles in some respects the poem beginning 'Where Power with Wyll can not agre,' which is signed as by Redford in *Add. MS.* 15,233.<sup>21</sup> The texts differ in no important way. Each has eight stanzas, but the version in *Add. MS.* 15,233 expands the sixth stanza of the present version into two stanzas and omits the third stanza of the present version. A somewhat similar poem of much the same date and purport, signed 'Johan Walles,' figures in *Ashmole MS.* 48, and has been edited for The Roxburghe Club by Thomas Wright.<sup>22</sup> It ends:

Amongeste all manner of men measur we may use.

15. WELCOME: Untitled poem. Text from *Add. MS.* 15, 233. ff. 59<sup>v</sup>-60, ll. 1-25, 47-53, British Museum. Reprinted in Halliwell-Phillipps's edition of John Redford's *Wit and Science*.<sup>23</sup> The jolly refrain rather suggests shouting than singing.

16. CHARITY: Text from *Add. MS.* 15,233, f. 62-62<sup>v</sup>, ll. 1-2, 11-18, 43-50, British Museum. Reprinted in Halliwell-Phillipps's edition of John Redford's *Wit and Science*.<sup>24</sup> The original has no title. The refrain has a double negative in correct Marian style. Another poem of Heywood's in the same manuscript<sup>25</sup> having the undersong, 'Call sclander downe I say!' is akin to this, and seems to more than hint at the calumnies, official and private, which Catholics had to put up with in the days of Walsingham and of Cecil.

17-20. FOUR EPIGRAMS: Text from *Woorkes*, 1562 (*S.T.C.* 13285) Bodleian, Sigs. T3<sup>v</sup>, R3<sup>v</sup>, Dd. 4-4<sup>v</sup>, and Bb 2<sup>v</sup>.

I. *Good Beginning and End: Good begynnyng and ende.* No. 141 in the section called *Three hundred Epigrammes, upon three hundred proverbes.* No. 21, *Of begynnyng and endyng*, dedicated to rogues, is similar:

Of a harde beginning, comth a good endyng:  
Truth, on this terme is not alway dependyng.  
Some hardely begin, by the feete to sit fast:  
That ende with harde hangyng, by the neckes at last.

And No. 171, *Praise of good ende*, runs:

All is well that endth well, a good saynge (wyfe)  
But I would see it proved, by thende of thy lyfe.

II. *Of Sorrows: Of sorowes*. From the same section, No. 41. In *Add. MS.* 15,233, f. 56<sup>r</sup>,<sup>22</sup> Heywood's gay song beginning 'Be merye frendes' has a seventh stanza like this epigram:

Make ye not too sorowes of wone  
for of wone greefe graffedd alone  
to graffe a sorowe ther upon  
a sowrer ciabbe we can graffe none  
be merye frendes.

III. *Cuckoo: Of use*. No. 95 in *A sixt hundred of Epigrammes*. These amusing lines are quoted in White's *Natural History of Selborne*, in a note to Better XLV.

IV. *The Sad Jester: Of Heywood*. No. 100 in *The fifth hundred of Epygrams*. Gabriel Harvey wrote in his copy of Speght's *Chaucer* (1598): 'Sum of Heywoods Epigrams, are supposed to be the conceits, & devises of pleasant Sir Thomas More.'<sup>27</sup> Our author calls himself 'Heywood with the mad mery wyt,' and so is he mentioned by some contemporaries; but his true charm lies not in wit but in cheerfulness. More, his Mæcenas and his model may have impacted on the young Heywood's natural high spirits his own deliberate and lifelong habit of cultivating joy. The disciple comes back with birdlike iteration to this counsel:

Bee meery in god saynt powle sayth playne  
& yet sayth he be mery agayne.

A famous poem by John Heywood on Queen Mary is printed on p. 121

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> A. W. Reed, *Early Tudor Drama*, 29-30.
- <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 35-46.
- <sup>3</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss, 1813), I, 348.
- <sup>4</sup> No. 55.      <sup>5</sup> No. 56.
- <sup>6</sup> *Early Tudor Drama*, 51.      <sup>7</sup> 54.
- <sup>8</sup> *Royal MS.*, 17 B. xxviii, f. 7<sup>v</sup>.
- <sup>9</sup> f. 42.      <sup>10</sup> *Early Tudor Drama*, 61-2.
- <sup>11</sup> *Camden, Misc.*, II.      <sup>12</sup> ed. Feuillerat, 1914.
- <sup>13</sup> *Early Tudor Drama*, 59-60.
- <sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, 63.      <sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, 64-71.
- <sup>16</sup> D.N.B., art. John Heywood.
- <sup>17</sup> *Early Tudor Drama*, 118-47.
- <sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, 95.      <sup>19</sup> (1831), I, 70-2.      <sup>21</sup> *Id.*, 86.
- <sup>20</sup> Halliwell-Phillipps, 80-2.
- <sup>22</sup> *Songs and Ballads . . . of the Reign of Philip and Mary* (1860), 153-6.
- <sup>23</sup> (1848), 111-3.      <sup>24</sup> *Id.*, 118-9.
- <sup>25</sup> ff. 60<sup>v</sup>-61<sup>r</sup>. Halliwell-Phillipps, 114-8.
- <sup>26</sup> *Id.*, 105.
- <sup>27</sup> G. C. Moore Smith, *Gabriel Harvey's Marginalia*, 234.
- <sup>28</sup> *Add. MS.* 15,233, f. 57.



## 14. THE HAPPY MEAN

LONGE have I bene a singinge man,  
 and sondrie partes ofte I have songe,  
 yet one parte since I first began /  
 I colde nor can singe olde nor yonge /  
 the meane I mene which parte shuwthe well  
 above all partes moste to excell. /

The base and treble are extremes  
 the 'Tenor standethe sturdellie /  
 the counter reignethe then me semes /  
 the meane muste make our melodie /  
 This is the meane who meanthe it well /  
 the parte of partes that dothe excell. /

Of all our partes if anve Jarre  
 blame not the meane beinge songe trewe  
 the meane must make it maye not marre /  
 lackinge the meane our mirthle adewe /  
 Thus showthe the meane not meanelle well  
 yet dothe the meane in this excell. /

marke well the mannour of the meane /  
 and therbie tyme and tune your songe /  
 Unto the meane where all partes leane /  
 all partes are kepte from singinge wronge /  
 though singingen men take this not well  
 yet dothe the meane in this excell.

the meane in compasse is so large  
 that everye parte must joyne therto /  
 it hathe an oer in everie barge /  
 to saye to singe to thinke to do /  
 of all thes partes no partes dothe well /  
 withoute the meane which dothe excell.

To highe to lowe to loude to softe /  
to fewe to manie at a parte alone /  
the meane is more melodious [ofte]  
then other partes lackinge that one /  
wherbie the meane comparethe well  
amonge all partes most to excell. /

The meane in losse the meane in gaine /  
in welthe or in adversitie  
the meane in healthe the meane in paine /  
the meane meanethe alwaies equitie  
the meane thus ment may meane full wel[l]  
of all other partes most to excell /

To me and myne withe all the reste /  
good Lorde graunte grace withe hartie voice /  
to singe the meane that meanethe best  
all partes in the best for to rejoyse /  
which meane in meaninge meanethe well  
the meane of meanes that dothe excell.

## 15. WELCOME

**Y**E be welcum / ye be wellcum  
ye be wellcum won by wone /  
Ye be hartely wellcum /  
Ye be hartely wellcum evrychone.

when freendes lyke freendes / do frendlye showe  
unto ech other hie or low  
what cheere encrece of love doth growe  
what better cheere then they to knowe  
thys is welcum  
to bread or drynke / to flesh or fyshe  
yet wellcum is the best dyshe

In all our faree / in all our cheere  
 of deintye metes sowght far or nere  
 most fyne most costlye to apeere  
 what for all thys yf all thys geere

Lak thys welcum  
 thys cheere lo is not wurth won ryshe  
 for welcum is the best dyshe

Where welcum is, thowgh fare be smalle  
 yet honest hartes be plese with all  
 where wellcum wanthe thowghe grete fare fall  
 no honest hart content it shall

c wythout wellcum  
 for honest hartes do ever wyshe  
 to have wellcum to the best dyshe

. . . . .

What is thys wellcum now to tell  
 ye are wellcum ye are cum well  
 as hatt can wysh youre cumyng fell  
 your cumyng gladth my hart ech dell  
 thys is wellcum

wherfore all dowtes to relynquishe  
 youre wellcum is your best dyshe

. . . . .

## 16. CHARITY

Man yf thow mynd heven to obtayne  
bere no males to no wyghte humayne

IF he be nowght to whom thow art foe  
& shall here after so amend  
that he be savid & thow allso  
then shall he love the tyme without end  
then why shouldest thow thys tyme pretend  
in mallys towards him to persever  
that shall hereafter love the for ever  
man yf thow

And where we suppose ani man in hart  
to bee any wurse then wee woold he were  
let us I say set malles apart  
& loovynly fall we to prayer  
for hys amendment in thys maner  
as by our owne fawte we see in deede  
our owne amendment of prayer hath neade  
man yf thow

## FOUR EPIGRAMS

## 17. GOOD BEGINNING AND END

OF a good begynnyng, there cumth a good énde:  
 Nay, Lucyfer began well, and now a fêende.  
 But of good begynnyng and endyng, truth to tell,  
 The best way to ende well, is to begyn well.

## 18. OF SORROWS

MAKE not two sorowes of one, if thou can:  
 Lest makyng of two sorowes, marre one man.

## 19. CUCKOO

USE maketh maistry, this hath bene said alway:  
 But all is not alway: as all men do say,  
 In Apryll the Koocoo can syng hir song by rote,  
 In June out of tune she can not syng a note.  
 At fyrst, kooco, kooco, syng styll can she do,  
 At last kooke, kooke, kooke: syxe kookes to one ko.

## 20. THE SAD JESTER

ART thou Heywood with the mad mery wit?  
 Ye forsooth maister, that same is even hit.  
 Art thou Heywood that applieth mirth more then thrift?  
 Ye sir, I take mery mirth a golden gift.  
 Art thou Heywood that hath made many mad plaies?  
 Ye many plaies, fewe good woorkes in all my daies.  
 Art thou Heywood that hath made men mery long?  
 Ye: and will, if I be made mery among.  
 Art thou Heywood that woulde be made mery now?  
 Ye sir: helpe me to it now I beseche yow.

## VI. HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

1517?-1547

THE birth-date of Surrey (the title is but a courtesy one) is roughly fixed by a portrait of him by William Stretes, dated 1546, and inscribed *ÆTATIS. SVE. 29*. This portrait has been fully described by M. A. Tierney.<sup>1</sup> The date on the portrait is confirmed by a contemporary letter in the Record Office from Surrey to his servant.<sup>2</sup> Surrey's father was Thomas Howard, afterwards third Duke of Norfolk, a magnificent soldier, but ready to sell his soul to the King's will; his mother, the Lady Elizabeth Stafford was daughter of the last Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, done to death for imaginary treason during Surrey's boyhood.

Surrey was educated at home by the accomplished John Clerk, a zealous Catholic, and then was chosen in 1529 by Henry VIII to pass his youth, first at Windsor and afterwards abroad, with the King's greatly loved natural son, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, who, it was thought, was about to be declared Prince of Wales and heir to the throne when he died in 1536 and was buried at Thetford Priory.

Our poet was a lover of letters from the cradle, and became a most munificent patron of poets; he early lost his heart to Italy, which, however, he never visited. Surrey and Richmond went to France in 1532, and spent a year there, after Surrey had married Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. Richmond married Surrey's sister in 1533. In 1536 he was Earl Marshal at the trial of his cousin, Queen Anne Boleyn, and assisted his father unwillingly to crush the Pilgrimage of Grace. He was confined at Windsor about this time for striking a courtier. In 1541 he was made Steward of the University of Cambridge. In 1542 he was again confined for a short time after striking a courtier, but was released in the autumn and assisted his father in the campaign which culminated at Solway Moss. In April, 1543, he was in the Fleet for rioting in the London streets, but was soon set free again. During 1543 and 1544 he distinguished himself in military operations on the Continent. He was Governor of Boulogne and Lieutenant-General of the English possessions abroad on land and sea. His rival, afterwards Somerset the Protector,

succeeded in supplanting him. In October, 1546, he and his father were committed to the Tower on charges of high treason.

Surrey's proud lofty character and independent mind came to what was, in a time-serving age and under a despotic rule, their natural end, on January 19, 1547, on Tower Hill. The charges against him were malicious, trivial, and untrue. On one of these in particular, that of having borne (as he had every ancestral and heraldic right to do) the arms of Edward the Confessor, he was convicted by a common jury. The death of the King, a few days after Surrey's execution, availed to save the life of the Duke, his father, intellectually and morally much his inferior, with whom he had lived in close sympathy.

To Surrey English literature owes the introduction of the Shakespearean sonnet form, the first practice of blank verse, and the first attempt at translating Virgil. He shares with the elder Wyatt a sweetness and refinement of expression new to that generation; in fire and concentrated emphasis he stands alone. His poetry has been variously valued. To Bolton, in his *Hypercritica*, and to most critics afterwards, he is a landmark and a light; but Mr Arthur Symonds in making his *Sixteenth Century Anthology* (1905) could find nothing good enough to include from that century's 'incomparable Earle of Surrey'!

Surrey's religious views have been for long needlessly obscured. Warton in one century and G. F. Nott in another recognize in him a valuable pioneer Protestant, on the strength chiefly of his admiration for Wyatt, and of his own poetical paraphrases from Scripture. Nothing is clearer than that his whole course of thought ran counter to the King's schismatical innovations, and to the trend of the times. He was suspected, as a very young man, of too open a sympathy with the Pilgrims of Grace in the North; he was accused, at the end of his short life, of having employed a former servant of Reginald Pole, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and of plotting to restore the Papal jurisdiction and the monastic observance in England. No close student of the times will doubt that these charges were the real grounds of Surrey's arrest and execution. His sister, the Duchess of Richmond, witnessed against her brother at his so-called trial that he had put up an altar in a church at Boulogne, and that he had dissuaded her from studying the Bible!

Two of Surrey's editors see confirmation of his Protestantism in the fact that his sons had for governor Foxe, the future marty-

rologist. The truth is that these children, then aged about eleven and seven, were taken from their mother while Surrey lay in the Tower, and were confided by the rising Somerset faction in the Government to the Duchess of Richmond, who chose Foxe for their tutor. On the accession of Queen Mary, six years later, their grandfather, the old Duke of Norfolk, was released from prison, claimed control of the children, and promptly dismissed Foxe. Those who know how perseveringly the Crown commandeered the orphans of Catholic noblemen down into the early part of the reign of Charles I, as in the case of the young Lords Villiers, 1628, will accept this last fact as certain proof that Surrey was, as *The Dictionary of National Biography* succinctly concludes on slighter grounds than those here given, 'no friend of the Reformation.'

21. THE GREATNESS OF GOD: Untitled poem. Text from *Add. MS.* 28,635, f. 28-28<sup>v</sup> Ll. 1-2, 17-22, 39-52. This is a translation of Psalm 8. The last eight lines have little basis in the psalm.

22. CLERE: AN EPITAPH: Text from Aubrey, *The Natural History and Antiquities of the County of Surrey* (1719), v. 247; Camden's *Remaines, Concerning Britain*<sup>3</sup> also prints it, in an obviously inferior text. Surrey's kinsman, squire and confidential friend Thomas Clere was a younger son of Sir Robert Clere of Ormesby in Norfolk, and was descended through his mother Alice, daughter of Sir William Boleyn of Blickling, Norfolk, from the Butlers, Earls of Ormonde. Alice's brother, Sir Thomas Boleyn, created Earl of Wiltshire (father of Queen Anne), was a co-heir of the senior line of Ormonde; only the partiality of King Henry VIII, however, secured to him the Ormonde title. The Counts of Cleremont in Normandy were not really Sir Thomas Clere's ancestors, though there was some tradition to that effect. The distinguished antiquary, Mr Walter Rye, has shown that the Norfolk Cleres had no such splendid origin. Surrey was 'over-anxious to shed a lustre upon the name of one he loved.'<sup>4</sup>

Clere's cousin crowned in his sight, of course, was Anne Boleyn, his first cousin; crowned alone, in Westminster Abbey, on Whitsunday, June 1, 1533, when Surrey, another first cousin of the Queen's, was also present at that Mass and anointing 'under circumstances the most unprecedented in the history of England's Sovereignty.'<sup>5</sup> It is curious that none of Anne Boleyn's four successors in that long reign was ever crowned Queen-consort.

'*Shelton for Love.*' The reference is to Mary Shelton of the ancient Norfolk house of that name, a member of the Richmond-Surrey circle, all poets and musicians; she was daughter to Sir John Shelton and Margaret, daughter to Henry Parker, Lord Morley, the scholar and



poet; Sir John Shelton being first cousin to Clere. This Mary married one John Scudamore of Herefordshire. Francis Blomefield says Thomas Clere 'married a Shelton,'<sup>6</sup> but of this marriage we have found no trace in any pedigree or Visitation. Blomefield's account of Clere is full of errors; following Camden, he quotes his age in the sonnet as 'Summers, Seven times Seven,' and then attributes it to 'Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton,' who was Surrey's celebrated second son.

'*Kelsall . . . Lanndersey . . . Bullen . . . Muttrel*': Kelso, Landrecies, Boulogne, Montreuil. The allusions cover three campaigns, in Scotland, the Netherlands, and France, 1542-1545.

'*Batter'd Bulleyns*': mines were sprung at Boulogne to make a breach in the castle wall. Endeavouring to storm Montreuil as marshal of the field at the head of his troops on September 19, 1544, Surrey outran his supports and found himself surrounded by the enemy. Clere saw his danger, hastened to his relief, and fought until Surrey was free. It is not clear whether the word 'Will' refers to his surrender of himself to Clere's assistance or to his last testament which Clere was ordered to convey out of danger. Whatever was Clere's mission, in the discharge of it he was mortally wounded. The young squire's 'pining death' lasted through seven months of suffering.

'*Lambeth holds thee dead*.' Surrey buried his friend in the Howard Chapel of Lambeth Church. His tomb was still there in King Charles II's time, but has since disappeared. Over it then hung a tablet inscribed with a Latin epitaph followed by Surrey's sonnet; this commemorative piety was the work of Surrey's grandson, 'beted Will' Howard. The epitaph on Clere, packed as it is with biography as well as with passionate affection, will be its own excuse, the editors hope, for this lengthy annotation.

23. THE NOBLE VOYAGE: *Prolog to Psalm 73*. Text from *Add. MS.* 36,529, f. 63<sup>v</sup>. 'King David' refers to the metrical rendering, with which Surrey cases his heart, of Psalm 73 (Psalm 72 in the Vulgate) *Quam bonus Israel Deus*. 'My Blage' was the sympathetic George Blagge or Blage, a Kentish man of Cambridge University, born in 1512, who had gone soldiering as a squire of Surrey's in the Low Countries, where he had a narrow escape before the trenches of Landrecies. He was afterwards knighted and became a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Henry VIII. He died in 1551. There is an anecdote regarding his condemnation for supposed heresy and his pardon to be found in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*.<sup>7</sup> G. F. Nott, in his edition of Surrey and Wyatt,<sup>1</sup> reprints a bitterly anti-Catholic poem by Blagge on Lord Wriothesley. Blage or Blagge is a very frequent name in the Recusant Rolls of the next generation.

24. THE ARRAIGNMENT OF LONDON: Untitled poem. Text from *Add. MS.* 36,529, f. 52-52<sup>v</sup>. First published by Thomas Park. We have

borrowed for title here that of a lost tragedy written in 1613 by Cyril Tourneur and Robert Daborne.

This strange little poem in terza rima is doctrine hot from the heart, and not only satire; autobiography, and not in the least fancy. It has always been misunderstood. To the historian Green it is 'whimsical' and 'humorous excuse'; to the writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography* 'eccentric defence' and afterthought; to Padelford a 'waggish satire'; and even to the authors of that admirable work, *The House of Howard*, 'amusing.' How could anyone ever have missed the passion and moral indignation of these lines written in the Fleet! Their history can be traced from the legal record of the arraignment of their author. Surrey was newly home from a rough campaign on the Scottish border. He was lodged in the house of Mistress Arundell in St Lawrence Jewry Lane, Cheapside. Thence with very few companions, armed with stone bows, he sallied forth on an unique expedition through London streets, early in 1543. There followed the smashing of panes in the windows of Gresham and other City magnates who favoured German ideas of religion, and much waterside worrying of City apprentices, who were anti-Catholic. Surrey was up before the Privy Council on April 1 (a suitable date, indeed). He pleaded guilty and confessed, in his usual frank manner, that he 'hadde verye evyll done therein.' He was sent to prison, and there seems to have given his protest permanence by composing the poem. The whole romantic tale is vividly told in Brenan and Statham's *House of Howard*,<sup>9</sup> and by Froude.<sup>10</sup> Every detail of it meant a great deal ultimately to Surrey; and he perished on the scaffold January 19, 1546-7, almost four years from the date of his too allegorical crusade. By July, 1543, we know that Surrey was out of the Fleet again.

'The arraignment of London,' deadly sin by deadly sin, is borne out a hundredfold in the writings of all the Reformers, notably by Latimer. Popular ballads, such as *Little John Nobody* (1548) in the Pepys Collection, which is by no Reformer, offer like witness:

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,  
And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed hel.

The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:  
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.<sup>11</sup>

In the year of Surrey's high-handed comment made with stonebows, 1543, irreligion and immorality were especially rampant in England, as is remarked by both Gairdner and Froude. The one stainless man at Court had a right to his censure, and the odd manner of it was entirely characteristic.

The 'Babylon' passages, with their 'proud towers . . . enemies to God,' Surrey took straight from Petrarch, as G. F. Nott did not

fail to notice, although he saw in them further 'clear proof' of Surrey's adhesion to the Reformation. A similar interpretation is of course put upon 'Thy martyrs' blood.' Edmond Bapst well observed, in his *Deux Gentilshommes-Poètes de la Cour de Henry VIII*,<sup>12</sup> that Surrey could hardly be expected to wax hot over the fate of the poor Lutherans executed at Tyburn when his theme is the City, and when there on Tower Hill had recently perished many men mostly of his own high station. Something may be added to grace that probability. The Duke of Norfolk's son and heir, looking back over great names and tragic deaths of the past eight years, would remember Sir Thomas More (1535), whom he had venerated and loved, and not a few other lofty personalities doomed to execution at that date. More sharply yet, perhaps, would he recall seven of his own near relatives and dear friends, all beheaded victims of Henry VIII and his terrorism. These were George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford the poet, and his sister, the unfortunate Queen (1536); Henry Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire (1538); Sir Henry Pole, Baron Montague, and Sir Adrian Fortescue (1539); the great Countess of Salisbury, Margaret Pole (1541); and the young Queen Catherine Howard (1542), all sound Catholics, all but one entirely innocent of the crimes charged upon them, and three of the group since raised to the altars of the Catholic Church! When Surrey uses the word 'martyrs,' as he does in this satire, surely he is in a serious mood, and surely he need not look for martyrs so far afield as his non-Catholic editors make him do?

25. OF THE OPEN AIR: *Complaint of a lover, that defied love, and was by love after the more tormented*, ll. 1-8, 15-18. Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557, (S.T.C. 13860), sig. A4, Bodleian. The choice of subject in our excerpt is a very modern touch, though the influence of Chaucer is clear. The context lets us suspect that Surrey's health, like Strafford's or Nelson's, was but frail. *Add. MS.* 28,635, f. 126-126<sup>v</sup>, has an incomplete sequel to this poem.

26. MY LORD BEING AT SEA: *Complaint of the absence of her lover being upon the sea*, ll. 1-4, 9-14, 17-44. Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557, (S.T.C. 13860), Bodleian, Sigs. C 1<sup>v</sup>-2, A couple of pages before occurs another on the same theme also by Surrey.

I stand the bitter night,  
In my window, where I may see,  
Before the windes how the cloudes flee.  
Lo, what a mariner love hath made me.

Both poems are obviously written for a wife lonely at home, while Surrey was serving in France from September, 1545, to March, 1546. One line, which we print from the text of 1557 as

—playeing, where I shall him find with his faire little sonne,  
has an interesting variant in the Harington MS., *viz.*, 'with T., his little

sonne.<sup>13</sup> This increases the personal interest of the lines, as the allusion must be to the infancy of Surrey's eldest child, Thomas Howard, afterwards fourth Duke of Norfolk, born in 1536, and executed for the cause of Mary Queen of Scots in 1572. Clearly our poem sprang from Surrey's sympathy with his plain-featured, gentle, and timid Countess during his own too frequent absences. That sympathy was chivalrous and lifelong. This point needs to be established, as too many modern writers follow the foolish fictions about Surrey invented by Nash and Drayton, unfortunately accepted by Wood, and greatly strengthened by the uncritical enlargements of G. F. Nott, who gave 'Geraldine' titles to most of Surrey's poems. The latter wrote his 'Geraldine' sonnet for a sad little girl at Court, the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, not yet ten years old, six of whose relatives had been recently hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn. There was no question whatever of any attachment between the two, Platonic or other, then or afterwards. The Countess of Surrey was the Lady Frances Vere, daughter to the fifteenth Earl of Oxford, married in her sixteenth year. She survived Surrey, and even took another husband; but she lies, by her own request, at his side at Framlingham. The very beautiful tombs, still extant, were erected to his parents' memory by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton.

27. A PORTRAIT OF A KING: *Of Sardinapalus dishonorable life, and miserable death.* Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557, (S.T.C. 13860), Bodleian, sig. D3. The inversions in the opening lines are Surrey's worst, but the whole is most significant. As a satirist, Surrey, proud and pure, had an unassailable advantage. He used it to the full. *Zelavit in peccatoribus, pacem peccatorum videns.* His interest in the King of Niniveh, conquered by Arbaces, was probably slight enough except by way of connotation. It has never been noted how continually in his then private manuscripts 'Henry of Surreye' fell foul of his liege lord. Again and again he gives to a translation from the Bible an expert turn which brings the royal portrait into the text, as in a mediæval illuminated capital. We get Holbein's prosperous sitter in

Whose glutton cheks slouth feads so fatt as scant their eyes be sene,<sup>14</sup>  
and a whole polity in

aged kyngs wedded to will, that worke with out advice.<sup>15</sup>

It has not been noted either, but it is, we think, beyond doubt that this sonnet records the anger of a true soldier against headquarters and against fate. Surrey had been suddenly and causelessly removed from 'the Captenship of High Boleyn and Boloignoyse' by an Act of the Privy Council during March 1546. He was deceitfully told that the King had another appointment in store for him. The real reason was probably that the King, by this time elderly, low-spirited, notoriously gluttonous, and so gross and heavy of body that he could no longer

move about, had determined to give up Boulogne, and needed to get the commanding officer, with his known love of fight and his certain protest against the shameful bargain, well out of the way. 'Henry, . . . deserted by his ally, and with a treasury ruined by the cost of the war, was ready at last to surrender his gains in it. In June, 1546, a peace was concluded by which England engaged to surrender Boulogne on payment of a heavy ransom.'<sup>16</sup> The best comment ever made on the Sardanapalus lines is that of Leigh Hunt.<sup>17</sup> 'The boldness of the sonnet,' he says, 'is wonderful, if we consider the times and the two men. Is it not probable that it was the real death-warrant of Surrey? Henry picked an ill-founded quarrel with him on an assumption in his coat of arms; but what was that assumption, had it even been illegal, compared with this terrible invective? One imagines Henry, with wrath-white lips, putting the copy of it into his pocket, and saying internally, 'I'll murder *you*, at all events.'—*And he did.*

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *The History and Antiquities of . . . Arundel* (1834), I, 90-92.

<sup>2</sup> Information supplied by Mr B. R. Casady.

<sup>3</sup> (1674), 514.

<sup>4</sup> Bieman and Statham, *The House of Howard*, II, 391.

<sup>5</sup> S. H. Burke, *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, I, 266.

<sup>6</sup> *History of Norfolk* (1807), VI, 394, n. 7.

<sup>7</sup> ed. Pratt (4th ed.), V, 564.

<sup>8</sup> (1815), I, xcvi, n.

<sup>9</sup> II, 362-379.

<sup>10</sup> *History of England* (1873), IV, 254-5.

<sup>11</sup> *Percy's Reliques* (ed. Wheatley, 1876), II, 135-136.

<sup>12</sup> p. 272, n.

<sup>13</sup> *Add. MS.* 28,635. <sup>14</sup> *Psalms* lxxiii, 7.

<sup>15</sup> *Ecclesiastes* iv, 13.

<sup>16</sup> Green, *History of the English People*, Bk VI, ch. I.

<sup>17</sup> Hunt and Lee, *The Book of the Sonnet* (1867), I, 141, n.

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HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

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21. THE GREATNESS OF GOD

THIE name O Lord howe greate / is fownd before our  
sight  
yt fills the earthe and spreades the ayre / the great workes of  
thie might

but yet among all theise / I aske what thing is man  
Whose tourne to serve in his poore neede / this worke thow  
first began

Or whate is Adames sonne / that beares his fathers marke  
for whose delyte and compforte eke / thow hast wrought all  
this warke

I see thow mynd'st hym moche / that doste rewarde hym so  
beinge but earthe to rule the earthe / wheare on hymself  
doth go

and thus thow mad'ste hym Lord / of all this worke of thyne  
of man that goes, of beast that creapes / whose lookes doth  
downe declyne

of ffysshe that swymme below / of ffowles that flyes on hye  
of Sea that fyndes the ayre his rayne / and of the land so drye  
and underneath his feete / thow hast sett all this same,  
to make hym know and playne confesse / that marveilous is  
thie name

and Lord whiche arte our Lord / how mervelouse is it  
fownd

the heavens doth shew, the earth doth tell / and eke the  
world so rownd

Glorie therefore be geven / to thee first whiche art three  
and yet but one almightie God / in substaunce and degree  
as first it was when thow / the darcke confused heape  
Clottid in one, didst part in fowre / whiche Elementes wee  
cleape

and as the same is now / even heare within our tyme  
and ever shall here after be / when we be filth and slyme. /

## 22. CLERE: AN EPITAPH

NORFOLKE sprung Thee, *Lambeth* holds Thee dead,  
 Clere, of the Count, of *Cleremont* thou hight:  
 Within the Wombe of Ormond's Race thou bred,  
 And sawest thy Cosin crowned in thy Sight.  
 Shelton for Love, Surrey for Lord thou chase,  
 Aye me, while Life did last, that League was tender,  
 Tracing whose Steps thou sawest Kelsall blase,  
 Laundersey burn't, and batter'd Bulleyns render.  
 At Muttrell gates hopeless of all recure,  
 Thine Earle halfe dead, gave in thy Hand his Will,  
 Which Cause did thee this pining Death procure,  
 Ere Summers four times seven, thou couldst fullfill;  
 Aye, Clere, if Love had bootéd Care or Cost,  
 Heaven had not wonne, nor Earth so timely lost.

## 23. THE NOBLE VOYAGE

THE sowdden stormes that heave me to and froo  
 had welneare perced faith my guying saile  
 for I that on the noble voyage goo  
 to succor treuthe and falshed to assaile  
 constrayned am to beare my sayles ful loo  
 and never could attayne some pleasaunt gaile  
 for unto such the prosperous winds doo bloo  
 as ronne from porte to porte to seke availe  
 this bred dispayre, whercof such doubts did groo  
 that I gan faint and all my courage faile  
 but now my blage myne error well I see  
 such goodlye light King David giveth me. /

## 24. THE ARRAIGNMENT OF LONDON

**L**ONDON, hast thou accused me  
 Of breche of lawes the roote of stryfe,  
 within whose brest did boyle to see  
 (so fervent hotte) thy dissolute lief  
 that even the hate of synnes that groo  
 within thy wicked walles so rife  
 for to breake forthe did convert soo  
 that terror colde it not repress  
 the which by wordes syns prechers knoo  
 what hope is lest for to redresse  
 by unknowne meanes it liked me  
 my hydden burden to expresse  
 wherby yt might appere to the  
 that secret synn hath secret spight  
 from Justice rodd no fault is free  
 but that all such as wourke unright  
 In most quyet & next ill rest  
 In secret sylence of the night  
 this made me with a reckles brest  
 to wake thy sluggardes with my bowe  
 a fygure of the lordes behest  
 whose scourge for synn the sceptures shew  
 that as the fearfull thonder clapp  
 by sodayne flame at hand we knowe  
 Of peoble stones the sowndles rapp  
 the dredfull plage might mak the see  
 of goddes wrath that doth the enwrap  
 that pryde might know from conscyence free  
 how loftye workes may her defend  
 and envye fynd as he hath sought  
 how other seke hym to offend  
 and wrath tast of eche crewell thought  
 the just shapp hyer in the end  
 and ydell slouthe that never wrought



to heven hys spirite lift may begyn  
& gredye lucre lyve in drede  
to see what haate ill gott goodes wyyn  
the lechers ye that lustes do feed  
perceve what secrecy is in synne  
and gluttons hartes for sorow blede  
awaked when their faulte they fynd  
In lothsome vyce eche dronken wight  
to styrr to godd this was my mynd  
thy wyndowes had done me no spight  
but prowde people that drede no fall  
clothed with falshed and unright  
bred in the closures of thy wall  
but wrested to wrathe in fervent zeale  
thow hast to strief my secret call  
endured hartes no warning feale  
Oh shameles hore is dred then gone  
by suche thy foes as ment thy weale  
Oh membre of false Babylon  
the shopp of craft, the denne of ire  
thy dredfull dome drawes fast uppon  
thy martyres blood by swoord & fyre  
In heaven & earth for Justice call  
the lord shall here their just desyre  
the flame of wrath shall on the fall  
with famyne and pest lamentable  
stricken shalbe they lecheres all  
thy prowde towers and turretes hye  
enmyes to god beat stone from stone  
thyne Idolles burnt that wrought iniquitie  
when none thy ruyne shall bemone  
but render unto the rightwise lord  
that so hath judged Babylon  
Immortall praise with one accord

## 25. OF THE OPEN AIR

WHEN sommer toke in hand the winter to assail,  
With force of might, & vertue gret, his stormy blaststo  
quail,

And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,  
And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene:  
Mine hart gan new revive, and changed blood dyd stur  
Me to withdraw my winter woe, that kept within the dore.

Abrode, quod my desire: assay to set thy fote,  
Where thou shalt finde the savour swete: for sprong is  
every rote.

. . . . .  
So on a morow furth, unwist of any wight,  
I went to prove how well it would my heavy burden light.  
And when I felt the aire so pleasant round about,  
Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.

## 26. MY LORD BEING AT SEA

GOOD Ladies, ye that have your pleasures in exile,  
Step in your foote, come take a place, & moorne with  
me a while

And such as by their lordes do set but little price,  
Let them sit still: it skilles them not what chance come on the  
dice.

. . . . .  
My love and lord, alas, in whom consistes my wealth,  
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas in hazarde of his health.

Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde  
Is now amidde the forping floods at pleasure of the winde.

Where God well him preserve, and sone him home me  
send  
Without which hope, my life (alas) wer shortly at an end.

The fearfull dreames I have, oft times do greve me so:  
That when I wake, I lye in doute, where they be true, or no.

Sometime the roring seas (me semes) do grow so hye:  
That my dere Lord (ay me alas) me thinkes I se him die.

Another time the same doth tell me: he is cunne;  
And playeng, where I shall him find with his faire little  
sonne.

So forth I go apace to se that leefsom sight.  
And with a kisse, me think, I say: welcome my lord, my  
knight:

Welcome my swete, alas, the stay of my welfare.  
Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, & my care.  
Then lively doth he loke, and salweth me againe,  
And saith: my dere, how is it now, that you have all thys  
paine?

Wherwith the heavy cares: that heapt are in my brest,  
Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my huge  
unrest.

But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreame,  
The anguishe of my former wo beginneth more extreme:

And me tormenteth so, that unneath may I finde  
Sum hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my  
mind.

Thus every way you se, with absence how I burn:  
And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good return.

Save whan I think, by sowre how swete is felt the more:  
It doth abate som of my paines, that I abode before.

And then unto my self I say: when we shal meete.  
But little while shall seme this paine, the joy shal be so  
sweete.

Ye windes, I you conjure in chiefest of your rage,  
That ye my lord me safely sende, my sorowes to asswage:

And that I may not long abide in this excesse.  
Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liveth in distresse.

## 27. THE PORTRAIT OF A KING

**T**HASSIRIAN king in peace, with foule desire,  
And filthy lustes, that staynd his regall hart  
In warre that should set princely hartes on fire:  
Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall art.  
The dint of swordes from kisses semed strange:  
And harder, than his ladies syde, his targe:  
From glutton feastes, to souldiars fare a change:  
His helmet, farre above a garlands charge.  
Who scace the name of manhode did retayn,  
Drenched in slouth, and womanish delight,  
Feble of sprite, impacient of pain:  
When he had lost his honor, and his right:  
Proud, time of wealth, in stormes appalled with drede,  
Murthered himself, to shew some manful dede.

## VII. NICHOLAS GRIMALD

1519(?) - 1559(?)

THE inclusion of Grimald in this book rests on his known return to Catholicism early in 1555 and the publication of his English verses in 1557. It is perhaps not unreasonable to assume that several of the latter were written between the two dates: in fact, one or two are so indicated by the author. Oblivion and misstatement, in about equal measure, have gathered thickly around this scholar and man of letters, deservedly conspicuous in his day, and by all evidence much beloved. There are good accounts of him in *The Dictionary of National Biography*; in *Chorus Vatufi*;<sup>1</sup> in a modern manuscript volume now in the library of Merton College, Oxford, which in 1892 was presented to the late Warden by the compiler, the Rev. A. B. Grimaldi; in Merrill's *The Life and Poems of Nicholas Grimald* (1925), which embodies and amplifies the results of all previous researches; in Rollins's edition of *Tottel's Miscellany* (1928-30); and in an article by H. J. Byrom in *The Modern Language Review*.<sup>2</sup> But in most of these are gaps and, in some, strange discrepancies.

No certain light has been thrown on Grimald's birth or death; for a long time Ridley's chaplain and Thirlby's 'orateur' were taken to be two men; *Athenæ Oxonienses*, only a century after the events, is silent on his profession, imprisonment and conversion; 'Milton's extensive knowledge did not embrace Nicholas Grimald for his nephew's *Theatrum Poetarum*,' as Reed notes in his Shakespeare; and he is claimed as 'a German humanist,' with 'nothing known of his life,' in Gōdeke.<sup>3</sup> He is accepted as of near foreign origin by Sir Sidney Lee; he is always, and absurdly, called Grimaldi in the very detailed catalogue, privately printed in 1863 by the Rev. A. B. Grimaldi, of books, etc., by writers bearing the name of Grimaldi. Yet Grimald, with its alternative forms, Grimold, Grimoald, Grimbald, Grymbold, Grumball, is thoroughly English, from its long-ago Anglo-Saxon sources. In the Oxford neighbourhood it was not unfamiliar, one of the name having been a benefactor of Thame Abbey,<sup>4</sup> and another, long after, obtained his B.A. at Oxford in 1514.<sup>5</sup> London parish registers will be found to supply numerous entries under the name, some of them contemporary with Nicholas. He himself is unanimously said to be of Huntingdonshire, and the parish

register of Winwick, which is in Huntingdonshire, not far from Leighton Bromswold, records the death in 1555 of one Agnes Grymbold, who would seem to have been the poet's mother.<sup>6</sup>

Grimald was of both universities, and both deal waveringly with his dates. Wood places his birth in 1520, by recording that he became Fellow of Merton in 1542, 'he being then in the twenty-third of his age.' For the Fellowship the Merton Books give May 5, 1542.<sup>7</sup> Grimald came to Oxford in 1540-41 as B.A. from Christ's College, Cambridge, wrote *Christus Redivivus* then while at Brasenose College, and received the B.A. degree from Oxford on April 22, 1541-2. Boase<sup>8</sup> allots Grimald's license and incorporation as M.A. to 1543-4, and his disputation to Michaelmas term, 1546. Grimald came to Oxford originally at the request of Gilbert Smith, Clerk Prebendary of Leighton Bromswold, to whom he owed his financial support at this time, as he confesses in the prefatory letter of *Christus Redivivus*. He stayed first at Brasenose College, because Matthew Smith, its first principal, was a relative of Gilbert Smith. He was enrolled as lecturer in 1547 at the then newly refounded Christ Church, Oxford, at the age of twenty-eight.<sup>9</sup> This places his birth in 1519-20. The original copy of his drama, *Archipropheta*,<sup>10</sup> in the British Museum, is, however, dated from Exeter College.<sup>11</sup> It varies much from the text printed at Cologne in 1548, and is interestingly described by A. B. Grosart.<sup>12</sup>

A few facts in regard to Grimald's youth are to be gleaned from the touching threnody on his mother Annes (the old phonetic form of Agnes). He tells us he was an only son, with several sisters, all young at the death of the 'dearworth dame.' The family were of humble origin, vainly to be sought for in Visitations: two references in these very lines seem to assert that they were by trade weavers. Nicholas, cradled in what was soon to be the most Puritanized section of England, had his early education at 'Browns hold' (the late Canon W. N. Noble, Rector of Wiston, Hants, the possessor of unrivalled local knowledge, first recognized in this Leighton Bromswold, often still called Brooms-hall), and payment for it came, not by patronage, but by the self-denying industry of his own people. Thence he proceeded to Cambridge, where he remained five years, after which he dwelt 'twyse as long by that fayr foord,' the rival University; and by many future associations he was to figure chiefly as an Oxford man. Country-born, Nicholas Grimald continued to prefer the country. He alludes to himself as a 'rural poet,' and girds delight-

fully, in passing, at 'peoplepestered London.' He paid compliments in verse to Mistress 'Carie' Day of the Court, according to Arber's conjecture, and to Damascene Audley, who may have been one of the Awdleys of Staffordshire. Eccles, where Grimald was licensed to preach in 1551, is in Staffordshire.

On coming to man's estate, Grimald cast in his lot with the rising sectaries. This seems partly due to what may be called the royalist-obedience view of religion, expressed by himself, and partly to the influence of a senior Cantabrigian, John Bale, who, living at Cologne, possibly saw through the press there, in 1543, his *Christus Redivivus*, and five years later, *Archipropheta*, another Latin drama, remarkably attractive, lyrical in spirit, and free of pedantry, written by Grimald in England. C. H. Herford,<sup>13</sup> noting that Grimald's English verse, appearing with that of Wyat and Surrey, is not unworthy of its association, says that 'he is entitled . . . to an equally distinguished position in the history of the English [*i.e.*, English Latinist] drama, as the author of the first extant tragedy. For such, beyond question . . . is his *Archipropheta*, *sive Johannes Baptista*, printed at Köln in 1548, probably performed at Oxford in the previous year. . . . It is stamped in every page with an extreme sensitiveness to the various intellectual influences which then agitated the Oxford air. . . . But the chief beauty of the drama lies in a . . . feature, for which neither Seneca nor Terence can be held accountable—the passionate love—wholly romantic and modern—which unites Herod and Herodias.' Tracing some resemblances to Schoepper's *Johannes Decollatus*, brought out by Grimald's publisher, Gymnicus of Cologne, in 1546, Herford conjectures that Bale had sent the book to Grimald. Merrill has successfully demonstrated that *Christus Redivivus*, which was published and performed in Germany, is the direct ancestor of the Oberammergau Passion Play.

In welcome contrast to Bale and Coxe, who lived by invective, Grimald could be anti-papal without grossness: this shows clearly in his sermon, *Oratio ad Pontifices*, preached in St Paul's in 1553 and published in 1583, and in his prefatory verses to William Turner's *A Preservative or Triacle agaynst the Poyson of Pelagius* (1551), where Grimald's worst is but

*Perge igitur Papas animo contemnere toto.*

At Oxford he lectured on the *Georgics* and other classical literature in Christ Church Hall, the Schools being dismantled.<sup>14</sup> He gives an

instructive account of Cecil in 1549 of the state of the University under the shadow of the Reformers, which shows that at this time he was a spy against Catholics. The letter<sup>15</sup> has been privately printed, and is inaccurately reprinted by Merrill.<sup>16</sup> Another document in his hand remains to prove how he himself, a distinguished scholar of the dominant party, was grateful in 1550 for 'v<sup>l</sup> as a reward to helpe me att my necessitye by Mr deans goodnes upon consyderatyons movyng hym.'<sup>17</sup>

Grimald probably left the University in January, 1551-2, and as chaplain to Bishop Ridley about a year later undertook under his direction work useful to the Protestant cause. While Ridley lay in Bocardo, Grimald, then in London, was charged with heresy, under the revived Marian Statute, and was thrown into the Marshalsea, apparently under sentence of death.<sup>18</sup> There he was visited by the overbearing Dr Hugh Weston, Dean of Westminster, (afterwards suspended by Cardinal Pole) and with apparent suddenness embraced again the faith of his boyhood early in 1555. Another of Ridley's chaplains, West, took the same course at the same time.<sup>19</sup>

It is hardly possible that Grimald's action was uninfluenced by fear, but it is probable that he had never, in his heart, strayed far from his first principles. The Reformers who had been his admiring associates were naturally perturbed, as may be seen in Foxe, Strype's *Memorials of Cranmer* and the *Writings* of John Bradford.<sup>20</sup> 'Grimbold was caught by the heele . . . but now is at libertie againe, but I feare me he escaped not without some beeking and bowing (alas) of his knee unto Baal.' Ridley did not know the full extent of Grimald's step, and went<sup>21</sup> on urging him to translate certain books of Laurentius Valla and Æneas Sylvius which should confound the Catholic disputants.<sup>22</sup>

Foxe has made well-known the anecdote of Grimald's encounter with Laurence Saunders, the Vicar of All Hallows, Bread Street, at St Albans, when Saunders, on February 5, 1555, was being taken to Coventry, there to be burned at the stake, and how Grimald, 'shrugging and shrinking,' got 'a lesson meete for his lightnesse.'<sup>23</sup> It is Warton who makes the remark that 'theology does not seem to have been his talent, nor the glories of martyrdom to have made any part of his ambition.'<sup>24</sup>

Grimald's memory should be cleared from the suspicion of spying at this time, and from other treacheries to his former friends. Several writers, with sage generalizations hardly called



for, have laid the blame on Grimald for the miscarriage of copies of Ridley's writings. These were confided by Ridley to his devoted brother-in-law Shipside, who sent them by a messenger to Grimald, but they came into the hands of hostile authorities, and bred trouble. Ridley himself expresses in a very pathetic phrase his total disbelief in Grimald's guilt, and attributed the fatal transfer to 'one whiche my brother trusted.'<sup>25</sup>

Merrill has argued that Grimald was undoubtedly a traitor to his Protestant associates, and goes so far as to call him 'the Judas of the Reformation.' As his life of Grimald is the most extensive yet written, this view is likely to be generally accepted unless contradicted. The only direct evidence against Grimald is that of Strype,<sup>26</sup> which C. R. Baskerville<sup>27</sup> calls 'rabid and unjust' and successfully refutes by pointing out that the evidence leads in the opposite direction, since Grimald was arrested immediately after Ridley's betrayal, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, according to all reports,<sup>28</sup> while Ridley's fate was still undecided. Grimald's testimony, furthermore, was unnecessary and supererogatory, since Ridley's own published works and his refusal to recant were sufficient to convict him. Finally, if Grimald had betrayed the Reformers, his name would have been execrated by them in after years, while in fact it was alluded to by Bale and Googe, not to mention others, with esteem. A. W. Reed supports Baskerville's view with similar arguments,<sup>29</sup> and it may be said with confidence that Merrill's accusation has not met with general favour among scholars.

As for the poet, he was taken very soon afterwards under the wing of the Catholic Bishop Thomas Thirlby, of Ely; for Grimald the 'orateur' alludes to him as his 'singular good Lord' in the preface to his *Cicero* (1556): a phrase which at that time was used, not as a random term of compliment, but only of a special patron. Thirlby had thought and experienced in his chequered lifetime much that would have drawn him towards Grimald with especial sympathy and understanding.

Grimald's vernacular output seems to have begun with his Catholic life: he has left us, as a witness to his learning, taste and industry, many things in Latin, but in English one perfect book of prose, and one beautiful book of verse. *Marcus Tullius Ciceroes thre bookes of duties . . . turned . . . into English* by Nicolas Grimalde first appeared in 1556, so far as we know. The fragments, lacking a title-page, of another edition in the Bodleian have been

dated conjecturally 1553, but they include the epistle to Thirlby, who was not appointed Bishop of Ely until July, 1554.<sup>30</sup> The printer was Richard Tottel, with whom Grimald's relations seem to have been close. Tottel produced other editions in 1558, 1568, 1574 and 1583. In 1596 and 1600 (?) the book was brought out by Thomas Este.

In the 1556 edition, which is the first of which a nearly complete copy survives, it is a little black-letter octavo having a preface or address to the reader which is of remarkable beauty, and should alone make it worth reprinting. Grimald shows in it a true love of his 'Tullie,' as well as of quiet and meditation, and a most racial and patriotic spirit as well.

Grimald's dedication of his translation to Thomas Thirlby, Bishop of Ely, raises a question of considerable interest. About this time Thirlby started a paper-mill, which was the only mill in England which manufactured paper. We know that such a mill existed at Fen Ditton, near Cambridge, in 1577, and that Fen Ditton was one of the manors belonging to the See of Ely. When Thirlby was deposed in 1559, the mill was leased to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, probably for use as a corn-mill. About 1585, according to Arber, but more probably about 1573 or 1574, according to Plomer, Richard Tottel, Grimald's publisher, wrote to Lord Burghley on a scheme for a paper-mill. In the course of his letter, which Arber has reprinted, he says that a similar previous effort of his had failed because his partners had deserted him, alarmed by the failure of all previous attempts. Bearing in mind the fact that Grimald was a native of Huntingdonshire, which is not remote from Ely, is it not possible that he was associated with Thirlby and Tottel in a business way, that Tottel, who had the monopoly of law-book publishing, was supplied with paper by Thirlby, that Grimald was the connecting link between the two men, and that as an active business associate of Tottel, he edited the first edition of *Songes and Sonettes*?<sup>31</sup> Early manuscripts by Grimald exist watermarked with the hand and star which later became Tottel's emblem, but it must be confessed that this emblem was a common watermark at the time.

In between the two earliest appearances of his Cicero, came a great service to English letters, on June 5, 1557. This was the production, *cum privilegio*, of the famous anthology commonly known as *Tottel's Miscellany*, and entitled by its projectors *Songes and Sonettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Haward late*

*Earle of Surrey, and other.* 'It may . . . be fairly guessed that Grimald, if not the Originator, was the chief editor of this collection of poetry upon a plan then new to English literature.'<sup>32</sup>

The 'buoyant book,' striking throughout a note of lofty morality, reached its second edition on July 31. Here, instead of forty poems credited to Grimald and signed in full, we have ten by him signed 'N.G.,' and an addition of forty pieces to the section by 'uncertain auctours.' Sir Sidney Lee thinks the change 'difficult to understand.' Is it so? May not Grimald have been a modest and most friendly man, glad, as occasion offered, to replace his own work (and only his own) by material which he believed superior? The preface to the *Songes and Sonettes* had promised the 'good reder' his 'profit and pleasure' in obtaining 'moe hereafter.'

Among Grimald's contributions are two translations in blank verse, almost the first English blank verse to see the light.<sup>33</sup> In writing these he was second in point of time to that 'Haward late Earle of Surrey' for whose memory, if he was the editor of the collection, he did much. Grimald was also a pioneer in using the closed heroic couplet, a verse form which he obviously borrowed from the Latin Elegiac distich.<sup>34</sup>

There are some conspicuous Catholic touches in these pages of 1557, not least among them Grimald's translation of Dr Haddon's Latin lines on Lord Maltravers, heir of the last Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, the date of whose death was so recent that the tribute must have been penned as the book went to press. Grimald added, on the same subject, an epigram paraphrased from Beza.

These were Grimald's busiest and most profitable days, but the night fell without warning. Barnabe Googe's rare *Eclogs, Epytaphes and Sonettes* (1563), the contents of which are known to have been completed before May, 1562, contains *An Epytaphie of the Death of Nicolas Grimaold*. It is the one contemporary mention of that event. Affecting and affectionate, it closes in a strain recalling Surrey's lament for Clere. The year 1562 is accepted on all sides as the date of Nicholas Grimald's death: thus it is printed, without query, in *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Now if Grimald died in 1562, he was probably in his forty-fourth year. Googe's lament utters its passion of sorrow over the untimeliness of Grimald's passing: he is most explicitly angry that not the Muse's 'fyne Floure' in its bloom, his dear friend, but the 'doltyshe geese . . . for whom no man had carde' shall

live on, and see 'full many an aged yeare.' Will any one who knows that period contend that a man over forty could be mourned as too young to die? A marginal note by Foxe states: 'This Doct. Weston and M. Grimoald dyed both about the coronation of Q. Elizabeth.'<sup>35</sup> The Queen was crowned on January 15, 1559 (modern reckoning). Were this date accepted as one roughly synchronous with Grimald's death in 1558-9 (that is, between January 1 and March 25, 1559, of our modern reckoning) it would in a striking and exact manner accord with an abrupt break, destined to last five years, in Grimald's almost continuous series of publications. Googe's elegy would then be applicable indeed to one who could not (according to the old calender) have reached his fortieth birthday. The date would, incidentally, nearly coincide with the end on December 8, 1558, of the troubled career of Dean Weston, liable as Grimald's 'seducer' to the same penalties as himself; and with the dawn of the final difficulties of 'my old lord the byshope of Ely, doctur Thurlbe,' deprived in June, 1559, of his see, the richest one in the country, and because of his firm opposition to the Royal Supremacy Bill, thrown a year later into close confinement in the Tower.<sup>36</sup> That lauded first Elizabethan winter, a winter of Catholic discontent, was crowded with exciting events,

the tragicall turmoyles of haynous hell.

It would be the most natural thing in the world had so sensitive a spirit as Nicholas Grimald fled abroad to die in exile; or had he found himself committed to a cell at home, there to perish forgotten, like many hundreds more of the flower of England.

Grimald was always of a recluse temperament, and of his movements and mental changes after 1555 nothing seems to have been known. The abusive Bale calmly describes him in September, 1557, as 'shining' there, where 'the great Anti-Christ is reigning in a woman'; he is regarded as 'an extraordinary ornament' of Christ Church, Oxford; he is 'mindful of the Divine Glory, not his own.'<sup>37</sup> Googe, writing Grimald's elegy before May, 1562, is obviously unaware of the latter's conversion or rather reversion, abhorrent to so stout a Calvinist; William Turner, the physician and herbalist, an Oxford man, out against the infectious spread of 'the Romyshe pokkes,' in his *A new booke of spirituall Physik or . . . the nobilitie and gentlemen of Englande* (1555) records the condemnation of Latimer and Ridley, yet of his own friend Grimald has never a word of news!

All this is negative evidence of a strong kind not only that Grimald remained a Catholic, but that he had died in the stormy transitional year when so many Englishmen lost sight of one another. Had he relapsed into heresy, or survived into the more settled world of 1562, the Protestant circle who had known him must somehow have rediscovered him and recorded their comments. Anthony Wood, and many pens following him, report of Grimald that he was in great repute in this or that year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, but the repute obviously should apply to the dead scholar's books.

Grimald's poetry is attractive and imperfect. His prose has never received its due. A single sentence of his, chosen almost at random, is characteristic of a writer who not merely has attained to a good style, but proves himself to be of the very blood-royal of English letters. 'Mannes minde,' he says, 'is contented, and satisfied with nothing somuch, as the clerc understanding, and the undeceavable science of soothc. Chiefly standeth his minde in contemplation of immortall, & perdurable thinges.'<sup>38</sup>

28. THE GARDEN: *The Garden*. ll. 3-6, 13-14, 17-22, 25-26. Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557 (S.T.C. 13860), Bodleian, Sig. O2. The poem was dropped after the first edition. It is a paraphrase of a Latin poem *De laude Horti*.<sup>39</sup>

29. AN EPITAPH: *An Epitaph of the ladye Margaret Lee*. 1555. Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557, (S.T.C. 13860), Bodleian, Sigs. O2<sup>v</sup>-3. The poem was dropped after the first edition. Lady Margaret Lee was the daughter of Sir Henry Wyat of Allington Castle, Kent, and his wife, Anne Skinner. She was sister to the poet and diplomatist, Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, and wife to Sir Anthony Lee. She is also remembered as the faithful friend of Queen Anne Boleyn from childhood to the foot of the scaffold and afterwards. Grimald must have had relations with the Wyat family: doubtless they gave him access to the manuscript of the ninety-six poems by Wyat which head his collection. In *Songes and Sonettes*, directly following upon this epitaph of 1555, is another by Grimald *Upon the tomb of A.W.*, also dropped after the first edition. It is of much charm, and the initials seem to the editors clearly recognizable. Margaret Lee's mother was Anne, daughter of John Skinner, Esq., of Reigate, Surrey. The date of her death is not recorded, but as it occurred before that of her husband Sir Henry Wyat, it was previous to 1537. Grimald was then a boy, and could hardly have known long or well the 'A.W.' whom he celebrated in such heartfelt lines, to please and console his friends.

*Upon the tomb of A.w.*

Myrrour of matrones, flowr of spouslike love,  
 Of fayr brood frutefull norssse, poor peoples stay,  
 Neybours delite, true hert to him above,  
 In yeelding worlds encreas took her decaye;  
 Who printed lives yet in our hertes alway:  
 Whose closet of good thews, layd here a space,  
 Shall shortly with the soull in heaven have place.

30. A NEW YEAR'S WISH: *An othe to l.M.S.* Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557, (S.T.C. 13860), Bodleian, Sig. N3<sup>r</sup>. The poem was dropped after the first edition. A little before and after it we find poems *To L.I.S.*, and *To l.K.S.*, and *To l.E.S.*, all obviously addressed to young persons and all dropped after the first edition. The editors hazard the guess that the initials stand for the Ladies Jane, Margaret, Mary, Katherine and Elizabeth Seymour, daughters of the Protector Somerset, nieces of Queen Jane Seymour and nieces by marriage of Queen Katherine Parr.<sup>40</sup> Grimald seems to have had personal relations with the Protector, to whom, on his release from the Tower, he had apparently sent a volume of congratulatory poems, mentioned by Bale, which has not survived. The latter had by his second wife six daughters in all, then known far and wide for their learning, little as they are remembered to-day. Grimald, omitting the Lady Anne, eldest of all, lists their initials in the order of their ages: the Lady Mary, the fourth daughter, and subject of the poem we print, would in 1557 have been not fourteen. She (like her sisters Anne and Elizabeth, and unlike the other three) lived to be married: first to Andrew, heir to Sir Richard Rogers of Bryanstone, Dorset, and secondly to Sir Henry Peyton. Grimald's sweet and painstaking wishes, written out for these little girls, would almost suggest that he was their tutor.

31. OF FRIENDSHIP: *Of frendship*, ll. 1-4, 11-18, 21-22, 29-30, 33-34, 39-40. Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557 (S.T.C. 13860), Bodleian, Sigs. O1<sup>r</sup>-2. The poem was reprinted in later editions.

32. A FUNERAL SONG UPON THE DECEASE OF ANNES, HIS MOTHER: *A funerall song, upon the deceas of Annes his moother*. Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557, (S.T.C. 13860), Bodleian, Sigs. O4-8. The poem was dropped after the first edition.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Add MS.* 24, 487, pp. 228-231.
- <sup>2</sup> Nicholas Grimald as writer of 'Tottell's Miscellany,' April, 1932, xxvii, 125-43.
- <sup>3</sup> *Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung aus den Quellen* (1862), §113, no. 30.
- <sup>4</sup> Lee, *History of the Prebendal Church of the Blessed Virgin of Thame* (1883), 364.
- <sup>5</sup> Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses* (1891), I, 614.
- <sup>6</sup> Merrill, 6-7.
- <sup>7</sup> *Merton College Register*, f. 287.
- <sup>8</sup> *Register of the University of Oxford* (1885), I, 203.
- <sup>9</sup> *Wood MS.* C. 8, f. 2<sup>v</sup>.
- <sup>10</sup> *Royal MS.* 12 A. xlvI.
- <sup>11</sup> f. 3.      <sup>12</sup> *N. & Q.*, 7 ser., xii, 285-6.
- <sup>13</sup> *Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century* (1886), 113-119.
- <sup>14</sup> Tanner, *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica* (1748), 344.
- <sup>15</sup> *Lansdowne MS.* 2, no. 31.      <sup>16</sup> 39-43.
- <sup>17</sup> *Tanner MS.* 106, f. 43.
- <sup>18</sup> Ridley to Bradford and to Berneher, in Coverdale, *Certain most godly, fruitful, and comfortable letters of such true Saintes and holy Martyrs* (1564), 70-71.
- <sup>19</sup> Hone, *Lives of Eminent Christians* (1837), III, 70.
- <sup>20</sup> Edited for the Parker Society, 1853.
- <sup>21</sup> Foxe, *The Ecclesiastical Histories* (1631), III, 448.
- <sup>22</sup> Strype, *Memorials of Thomas Cranmer* (1812), I, 492.
- <sup>23</sup> Foxe (1631), III, 139.
- <sup>24</sup> *History of English Poetry* (ed. Hazlitt, 1871), IV, 50.
- <sup>25</sup> Coverdale, 57.
- <sup>26</sup> *Memorials of . . . Thomas Cranmer* (1854), III, 130.
- <sup>27</sup> *M. Phil.* Feb., 1926, xxiii, 377.
- <sup>28</sup> Merrill, 47.      <sup>29</sup> *R.E.S.* II, 483.      <sup>30</sup> *S.T.C.* 5280.
- <sup>31</sup> McKerrow, *An Introduction to Bibliography*, 98-99; Jenkins, *Early Attempts at Paper-making in England*, 1495-1586, in *Library Association Record*, II, 577-88; Nichols, *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, II, 594; Churchyard, *Spark of Friendship* (1588); Arber, *Transcript of the Stationers' Register*, I, 242; *Bibliographica*, III, 383; Byrom, *The Case for Nicholas Grimald as Editor of Tottell's Miscellany*, in *M.L.R.*, xxvii, 125-43.
- <sup>32</sup> *Tottell's Miscellany* (ed. Arber, 1903), xv.
- <sup>33</sup> *M.L.R.*, xiv, 163-7.
- <sup>34</sup> G. P. Shannon in *P.M.L.A.*, June, 1930, xlv, 532.
- <sup>35</sup> Foxe, *The Ecclesiastical Historie* (1583), 1496. The 1583 edition appeared in Foxe's lifetime. The note does not appear in the edition of 1563.
- <sup>36</sup> Machyn's *Diary* (ed. Nichols, 1848), 237.
- <sup>37</sup> *Scriptorum illustrium maioris Brytannie . . . Catalogus* (1557), 701-2.
- <sup>38</sup> Grimald, *Cicero* (1556). 'N.G. to the reader.'
- <sup>39</sup> W. P. Mustard in *M.L.N.*, March, 1926, xli, 202. See *Anthol. Lat.* (ed. Riese), 635.
- <sup>40</sup> Miss Guiney's conjecture was seconded by Merrill in 1925. See also *N. & Q.* II ser. IV, 384.

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NICHOLAS GRIMALD

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28. THE GARDEN

. . . . .  
THE garden gives good food, and ayd for leaches cure:  
he garden, full of great delite, his master dothe allure.  
Sweet sallet herbs bee here, and herbs of every kinde:  
The ruddy grapes, the seemly frutes bee here at hand to  
finde.

. . . . .  
Beez, humming with soft sound, (their murmur is so small)  
Of blooms and blossoms suck the topps, on dewed leaves  
they fall

. . . . .  
Trees spred their coverts wyde, with shadows fresh and  
gaye:  
Full well their branched bowz defend the fervent sonne  
awaye.  
Birds chatter, and some chirp, and some sweet tunes doo  
yeeld:  
All mirthfull, with their songs so blithe, they make both ayre,  
& feeld.  
The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the sprite:  
From heavy harts all doolfull dumps the garden chaseth quite.

. . . . .  
O, what delites to us the garden ground dothe bring?  
Seed, leaf, flowr, frute, herb, bee, and tree, & more, then I  
may sing.



## 29. AN EPITAPH

MAN by a woman lern, this life what we may call;  
Blod, frendship, beauty, youth, attire, welth, worship,  
helth & al

Take not for thine: nor yet thy self as thine beknow.  
For having these, with full great prayse, this lady did but  
show

Her self unto the world: and in prime yeres (bee ware)  
Sleeps doolfull sister, who is wont for no respect to spare,  
Alas, 'withdreew her hence: or rather softly led:  
For with good will I dare well saye, her waye to him shee  
sped:

Who claymed, that he bought; and took that erst hee gave:  
More meet than any worldly wight, such heavenly gems to  
have.

Now wold shee not return, in earth a queen to dwell.  
As shee hathe doon to you, good friend, bid lady lce,  
farewell.

## 30. A NEW YEAR'S WISH

SO happy bee the course of your long life:  
So roon the yere intoo his circle ryfe:  
That nothyng hynder your welmeanyng minde:  
Sharp wit may you, remembrans redy fynde,  
Perfect intelligence, all help at hand:  
Styll stayd your thought in frutefull studies stand,  
Hed framed thus may thother parts well frame,  
Divine demeanour wyn a noble name:  
By payzed doom with leasure, and good heed.  
By upright dole, and much awayling deed:  
By hert unthirld, by undiscoomfite chere,  
And brest discharged quite of coward fere:  
By sobermood, and orders coomly rate:  
In weal, and wo, by holdyng one estate.  
And to that beauties grace, kynde hath you lent,  
Of bodies helth a perfite plight bee blent.  
Dame fortunes gifts may so stand you in sted,  
That well, and wealfully your lyfe be led.  
And hee, who gives these graces not in vayn,  
Direct your deeds, his honour to maintain.

## 31. OF FRIENDSHIP

OF all the heavenly gifts, that mortall men commend,  
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a  
frend?

Our helth is soon decayd: goodes, casuall, light, and vain:  
Broke have we seen the force of powr, and honour suffer  
stain.

. . . . .

What sweeter solace shall befall, than one to finde,  
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the secrets of thy  
minde?

Hee wayleth at thy wo, his tears with thine be shed:  
With thee dothe hee all joyes enjoye: so leef a life is led.  
Behold thy frend, and of thy self the pattern see:  
One soull, a wonder shall it seem, in bodics twain to bee.  
In absence, present, riche in want, in sicknesse sownd,  
Yea, after death alive, mayst thou by thy sure frend be  
found.

. . . . .

O friendship, flowr of flowrs: O lively sprite of life,  
O sacred bond of blisful peace, the stalworth staunch of  
strife.

. . . . .

Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith, his frend to finde:  
O that the wives, in these our dayes, were to their mates so  
kinde.

. . . . .

Recount thy race, now ronne: how few shalt thou there see,  
Of whome to saye: This same is hee, that never fayled mee.

. . . . .

Wherefore sins nothing is more kindly for our kinde:  
Next wisdom, thus that teacheth us, love we the frendful  
minde.

32. A FUNERAL SONG UPON THE DECEASE  
OF ANNES, HIS MOTHER

YEA, and a good cause why thus should I playn.  
For what is hee, can quietly sustayn  
So great a grief, with mouth as styll, as stone?  
My love, my lyfe, of joye my jeewell is gone.  
This harty zeale if any wight disproove,  
As womans work, whom feeble minde doth moove:  
Hee neither knowes the mighty natures laws,  
Nor touching elders deeds hath seen old saws.  
Martius, to vanquish Rome, was set on fire:  
But vanquisht fell, at moothers boon, his ire.  
Into Hesperian land Sertorius fled,  
Of parent aye cheef care had in his hed.  
Dear weight on shoulders Sicil brethren bore,  
While Etnaes gyant spouted flames full sore.  
Not more of Tyndars ymps hath Sparta spoke,  
Than Arge of charged necks with parents yoke.  
Nor onely them thus dyd foretyme entreat:  
Then, was the noorsse also in honour great.  
Caiet the Phrygian from amid fireflame  
Rescued, who gave to Latine stronds the name.  
Acca, in dubble sense Lupa ycleaped,  
To Romane Calendars a feast hath heaped.  
His Capra Jove among the sterres hath pight:  
In welkin clere yet lo she shineth bryght.  
Hyades as gratefully Lyai did place,  
Whom, in primetide, supports the Bulls fayr face.  
And should not I expresse my inward wo,  
When you, most lovyng dam, so soon hence go?  
I, in your frutefull woomb conceyved, born was,  
Whyle wanderyng moon ten moonths did overpasse.  
Mee, brought to light, your tender arms sustaynd:  
And, with my lips, your milky paps I straynd.  
You mee embraced, in bosom soft you mee  
Cherished, as I your onely chylde had bee.

Of yssue fayr with noombers were you blest;  
Yet I, the bestbeloved of all the rest.  
Good luck, certayn forereadyng moother have,  
And you of mee a speciall judgement gave.  
Then, when firm pase I fixed on the ground:  
When toung gan cease to break the lispyng sound:  
You mee straightway did too the Muses send,  
Ne suffered long a loyteryng lyfe to spend,  
What gayn the wooll, what gayn the web had braught,  
It was his meed, that me there dayly taught.  
When with Minerve I had acquaintance woon:  
And Phebus seemd to love mee, as his soon:  
Bfowns hold I bad, at parents hest, farewell:  
And gladly there in schools I gan to dwell:  
Where Granta gives the ladies nyne such place,  
That they rejoyse to see theyr blisful case.  
With joyes at hert, in this pernassee I bode,  
Whyle, through his signes, five tymes great Titan glode:  
And twyse as long, by that fayr foord, whereas  
Swanfeeder Temms no furdre course can passe.  
O, what desire had you, therwhile, of mee?  
Mid doutfull dreeds, what joyes were wont to bce?  
Now linnen clothes, wrought with those fyngers fyne,  
Now other thynges of yours dyd you make myne:  
Tyll your last thredes gan Clotho to untwyne,  
And of your dayes the date extreem assygne.  
Hearyng the chaunce, your neybour made much mone:  
A dearworth dame, they thought theyr coonifort gone.  
Kinswoomen wept: your charge, the maydens wept:  
Your daughters wept, whom you so well had kept.  
But my good syre gave, with soft words, relcefe:  
And clokes, with outward chere, his inward greife:  
Leste, by his care, your sicknes should augment,  
And on his case your thoughtfull hert be bent.  
You, not forgetting yet a moother mood,  
When at the dore dartzthirling death there stood,  
Did saye: Adeew, dear spouse, my race is roon:

Wher so he bee, I have left you a soon,  
And Nicolas you naamd, and naamd agayn:  
With other speech, aspiring heavenly raign:  
When into ayre your sprite departed fled,  
And left the corps a cold in lukewarm bed.  
Ah, could you thus, deare mother, leave us all?  
Now, should you live: that yet, before your fall,  
My songs you might have soong, have heard my voyce,  
And in commodities of your own rejoyce.  
My sisters yet unwedded who shall guide?  
With whose good lessons shall they bee applyed?  
Have, mother, monumentes of our sore smart:  
No costly tomb, areard with curious art:  
Nor Mausolean masse, hoong in the ayre:  
Nor loftie steeples, that will once appayre:  
But waylful verse, and doolfull song accept.  
By verse, the names of auncient peres be kept:  
By verse, lives Hercules: by verse, Achil:  
Hector, Ene, by verse, be famous still.  
Such former yeres, such death hath chaunced thee:  
Closde, with good end, good life is woont to bee.  
But now, my sacred parent, fare you well:  
God shall cause us agayn together dwell,  
What time this universall globe shall hear  
Of the last troomp the ryngyng voyce: great fear  
To soom, to such as you a heavenly chear.  
Till then, reposde rest you in gentle sleep:  
While hee, whom to you are bequeathd, you keep.

# VIII. THOMAS VAUX, BARON VAUX *of* HARROWDEN 1510-1566

THE Herald's commonplace of "came over with the Conqueror" is reality with the Vauxs.<sup>1</sup> Our poet, born in 1510, succeeded to his father's briefly enjoyed title as second Baron Vaux of Harrowden, Northants, in his thirteenth year. The first Baron Vaux seems to have written no verse; yet father and son were long confused, and quite unnecessarily. Even modern writers have fallen into odd errors on the subject. G. E. C.'s *Complete Peerage*<sup>2</sup> calls Nicholas Vaux the poet, and says *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises* is 'one of his reproductions.' When it was first published in 1576, the Baron Vaux of the day was William, then aged about thirty-four; his father, Thomas, was naturally and properly alluded to as 'Lord Vaux the elder,' to distinguish the deceased poet from his living son. Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie* (1589),<sup>3</sup> started the tradition that Nicholas (who died in 1523) was the poet, a mistake repeated nearly a century later by so careful an annalist as Anthony Wood, and handed down by Brydges. Ritson suggested that William, third Baron Vaux, who died in 1595, was the author of the poems ascribed to Lord Vaux in the *Paradyse*. Warton was the first to detect these errors.

Thomas, Baron Vaux, seems to have been educated at Cambridge. He was summoned to the House of Lords in 1531, having attended Wolsey on his great embassy to France in 1527. In 1532 he went in the King's train to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He attended the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn in 1533, and was then created a Knight of the Bath.

*Cotton MS. Otto C. X*<sup>4</sup> contains a letter from him to the Duke of Norfolk, dated April 18, 1532. The manuscript has been damaged by fire, but the purport is clear. Writing from Ampthill, he begs that his report may be taken only as an instance of the goodwill he is in duty bound to bear to the 'monycion' of the King that henceforth Queen Katherine shall be known as the Princess Dowager; that nevertheless his officers 'daily . . . serve and call for the Quene'; and that 'our maistres the princess here doth often . . . protest that she ys Quene crowned . . . and

. . . Wiff & quene of England,' not willing to 'lose her name or dignytie . . . nor divorced.' He asks for a mandate 'hider directed,' to keep the household in order, and to discharge Lord Mountjoy and himself from the 'blame & suspect' which they are under for trying to enforce the royal injunctions laid upon them, . . . 'insomoc[h] that for my part I had rather dye' in some other office 'then here to contynew moche longer,' where he is sick of correcting and rebuking, for 'men wax here very straunge.' It is clear that Vaux's sympathies are with Katherine, and the post extremely irksome to a naturally loyal mind.

Baron Vaux was present in Queen Mary's train when she passed in state from Whitehall to Westminster Abbey to be crowned by Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of the realm. He was at one time Captain of the Isle of Jersey. It was his only public office, and he gave it up in 1536. He took to wife Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Cheney; by her he had among other children, William, third Baron Vaux.

William Vaux was in all things his father's son. He married first a Beaumont, then a Tresham, and carried on in his own person, and in that of his heroic children, the traditions of a strongly Catholic house, best known in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Elizabeth Cheney, Lady Vaux, died in the same year as her poet husband, 1556. Machyn, recording his funeral in October of that year, calls him 'lord waus of Northamptonshyre.'<sup>5</sup> Arber<sup>6</sup> says that Vaux died in 1562. Machyn's *Diary* is unimpeachable evidence to the contrary. It was his grandson, Henry, eldest son and heir to William, third Lord Vaux, who died young about this time. Lord Vaux's publications were all posthumous. His portrait is among Holbein's drawings preserved at Windsor, and shows a thoughtful head of exquisite refinement.

33. THE IMAGE OF DEATH: *The aged lover renounceth love.* . . . Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 5 June, 1557, (S.T.C. 13860), Bodleian, Sig. X 3-3<sup>v</sup>. This contains another poem certainly by Vaux, and two poems which he may have written. The poem also occurs in *Ashmole MS.* 48, f. 23<sup>v</sup>; *Harleian MS.* 1703, f. 100-100<sup>v</sup>; *Add. MS.* 38,599, ff. 134<sup>v</sup>-135, and, in a shorter form, in *Add. MS.* 26,737, f. 107<sup>v</sup>. It is assigned to Lord Vaux on the authority of the first two manuscripts and of Gascoigne. *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises* contains twelve, or perhaps thirteen of his poems, but does not give his Christian name. Another poem is attributed to him in *Add. MS.* 28,635, fol. 70<sup>v</sup>.



Popular tradition seems to have held that Vaux wrote the present poem upon his deathbed. George Gascoigne in an epistle prefixed to his *Poesies* (1575) alludes to this tradition.

It is curious that he who wrote so much and so movingly of 'age' died four years short of fifty; but at the time fifty was considered patriarchal, quite apart from the fact that the more sensitive spirits of that time had much to weigh them down prematurely.

Sir Egerton Brydges finds in all Vaux's lines 'an awful sense of religion,' and adds that they seem to 'spring from the fulness of a heart, sick of the bustle of a turbulent, inconstant, and treacherous world.'<sup>7</sup> Most readers will at once recognize Vaux's mournful lyric as supplying the original of three stanzas mouthed by the old First Gravedigger in *Hamlet*.<sup>8</sup> It is a great witness to their popularity. Goethe introduces two stanzas of the poem into the Second Part of *Faust*.<sup>9</sup>

34. CAPTIVITY: *No pleasure without some paine*. Text from *The Paradise of Daynty Devises*, 1576, (S.T.C. 7516), Huntingdon Library, as collated by Hyder E. Rollins, where the poem is signed 'L. Vaux.' It also appears in William Barley's *New Booke of Tabliture* (1596); in *Harleian MS.* 6910, f. 168<sup>v</sup>; in *Add. MS.* 24,665; and elsewhere in manuscript. These verses appear to have been written in confinement.

35. THE SINS OF YOUTH: *Of the instabilitie of youth*, ll. 19-36. Text from *The Paradise of Daynty Devises*, 1576, (S.T.C. 7516), Huntingdon Library, as collated by Hyder E. Rollins. Another version of the poem is printed in *Nugæ Antiquæ*, where it is improbably assigned to John Harington. A third unsigned version appears in *Add. MS.* 28,635, f. 12<sup>v</sup>-13.

36. THE LATTER DAY: *Bethinking hym self of his ende, writeth thus*. Text from *The Paradise of Daynty Devises*, 1578, (S.T.C. 7517), Bodleian, Sig. L3-3<sup>v</sup>. It is signed 'FINIS. L. Vaux.'

37. OF A CONTENTED MIND: *Of a contented mynde*. Text from *The Paradise of Daynty Devises*, 1576, (S.T.C. 7516), Huntingdon Library, as collated by Hyder E. Rollins. This charming poem is somewhat in Jasper Heywood's vein, but is more successful than anything of his. It is signed 'Finis L. Vaux.'

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *The Poems of Thomas, Lord Vaux* (ed. Grosart), 5.

<sup>2</sup> (1898), VIII, 18. <sup>3</sup> ed. Aibei (1906), 2477.

<sup>4</sup> f. 177-177<sup>v</sup>. <sup>5</sup> *Diary*, 115.

<sup>6</sup> *Tottel's Miscellany* (1903), IX and XII.

<sup>7</sup> *Paradise of Daynty Devises* (1810), VIII-IX.

<sup>8</sup> V, 1, 69-82. <sup>9</sup> V, 6.

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THOMAS VAUX

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33. THE IMAGE OF DEATH

I<sup>o</sup>LOTHE that I did love,  
In youth that I thought swete:  
As time requires for my behove  
Me thinkes they are not mete,  
My lustes they do me leave,  
My fansies all be fledde:  
And tract of time begins to weave,  
Gray heares upon my hedde.

For age with stelyng steppes,  
Hath clawed me with his cowche:  
And lusty life away she leapes,  
As there had bene none such.

My muse dothe not delight  
Me as she did before:  
My hand and pen are not in plight,  
As they have bene of yore.

For reason me denies,  
This youthly idle rime:  
And day by day to me she cryes,  
Leave of these toyes in time.

. . . . .

The harbinger of death,  
To me I see him ride:  
The cough, the colde, the gaspyng breath,  
Dothe bid me to provide.

A pikeax and a spade,  
And eke a shrowdyng shete,  
A house of claye for to be made,  
For such a gest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,  
That knols the careful knell:  
And bids me leave my wofull warke,  
Er nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,  
 That youth did laugh to scorne:  
 Of me that clene shalbe forgot,  
 As I had not ben borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,  
 Whose badge I long did weare:  
 To them I yelde the wanton cup  
 That better may it beare,

Loe here the bared scull,  
 By whose balde signe I know:  
 That stoupyng age away shall pull,  
 Which youthfull yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her bande  
 These croked cares hath wrought:  
 And shipped me into the lande,  
 From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,  
 Have ye none other trust:  
 As ye of claye were cast by kinde,  
 So shall ye waste to dust.

#### 34. CAPTIVITY

**H**OW can the tree but wast, and wither awaie,  
 That hath not sometyme comfort of the Sonne:  
 How can that flower but fade, and sone decaie,  
 That alwaies is with darke clouds over ronnc.  
 Is this a life, naie death you maie it call,  
 That feeles eche paine, and knoweth no joye at all.

What foodles beast can live long in good plight,  
 Or is it life, where sences there be none:  
 Or what availeth eyes without their light?  
 Or els a tonge, to hym that is alone.  
 Is this a life? naie death you maie it call,  
 That feeles eche paine, and knowes no joye at all.

Whereto serve eares, if that there be no sounde,  
 Or suche a head, where no devise doeth growe:  
 But all of plaints, since sorrowe is the grounde,  
 Whereby the harte doeth pine in deadly woe.  
 Is this a life, naie death you maie it call,  
 That feeles eche paine, and knowes no joye at all.

### 35. THE SINS OF YOUTH

THOU that dydst graunt the wyse king his request?  
 Thou that in Whale, thy prophet didst preserve:  
 Thou that forgavest the wounding of thy brest?  
 Thou that dydst save the theefe in state to sterve.  
 Thou only God, the geuer of all grace?  
 Wipe out of mind, the path of youthes vaine race.

Thou that by power, to lyfe didst rayse the dead.  
 Thou that of grace restorest the blinde to sight:  
 Thou that for love, thy life and love out bled,  
 Thou that of favour, madest the lame goe ryght.  
 Thou that canst heale, and helpe in all assayes,  
 Forgeve the gilth, that grewe in youthes vayne wayes.

And nowe since I, with faith and doubtlesse minde,  
 Doo fly to thee by prayer, to appease thy yre:  
 And since that thee, I onely seeke to finde,  
 And hope by faith, to attayne my just desyre.  
 Lorde, minde no more youthes error and unskill,  
 And able age, to doo thy holy wyll.

## 36. THE LATTER DAY

WHEN I beholde the baier, my laste and postyng horsse,  
That bare shall to the grave, my vile and carren corse.  
Then saie I seely wretche, why doest thou put thy truste,  
In thyngs eithe made of claye, that sone will tourne to duste.

Doest thou not see the young, the hardie and the faire,  
That now are paste and gone, as though thei never were:  
Does<sup>t</sup> thou not see thy self, drawe hourly to thy laste,  
As shafts whiche that is shotte, at birds that flieth faste.

Doest thou not see how death, through smiteth with his  
launce,  
Some by warre, some by plague, and some with worldlie  
chaunce;  
What thyng is there on yearth, for pleasure that was made,  
But goeth more swifte awaie, then doeth the Sommer shade.

Loe here the Sommer floure, that sprong this other daie,  
But Winter weareth as faste, and bloweth cleane awaie:  
Even so shalt thou consume, from youth to lothsome age,  
For death he doeth not spare, the prince more then the page.

Thy house shall be of claie, a clotte under thy hedde,  
Untill the latter daie, the grave shall be thy bedde:  
Untill the blowyng trumpe, doeth saie to all and some,  
Rise up out of your grave, for now the Judge is come.

## 37. OF A CONTENTED MIND

WHEN all is doen and saied, in the ende thus shall you  
finde,  
The moste of all doeth bathe in blisse, that hath a quiet  
minde:  
And clere from worldly cares, to deame can be content,  
The swetest tyme, in all his life, in thinkyng to be spent.

The bodie subject is, to fickle Fortunes power,  
And to a million of mishapps, is casuall every hower:  
And death in tyme doeth chaunge it to a clodde of claye,  
When as the mynde whiche is devine, runnes never to  
decaie.

Companion none is like, unto the mynde alone,  
For many have been harmde by speache, through thinking  
fewe or none:  
Fewe oftentimes restraineth words, but maks not thoughts  
to cease,  
And he speaks best that hath the skill, when for to holde his  
peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave,  
But vertues of the mynde, unto the heavens with us we have:  
Wherefore for vertues sake, I can be well content,  
The sweetest tyme of all my life, to deme in thinkyng spent.

## IX. THOMAS PRIDEAUX

1525?-1592?

THE ancient, well-known, and very literary Devonshire family called in old pedigrees Predyokys and Prydieux, and in the Oxford matriculation registers even Prydis, had very few Catholic members in post-Reformation times. Information in regard to the others is accessible and abundant: whereas our poet is obscure. Westcote, the Devonshire county historian, names a Thomas Prideaux, son by Editha Hatch, a second wife, of Humphrey Prideaux, Esq., of Thewborough, now Sutcombe. He gives this Thomas several half-sisters, one of whom is a Mary, and an eldest half-brother Richard, married to a daughter of that great Catholic, Sir John Arundel.<sup>1</sup> On another page the same Thomas Prideaux appears as 'of Madrid in Spain.'<sup>2</sup> It is stated that he 'travelled to Madrid and there married a lady called Helena and died there s.p.'

We shall find out more about him if we consult that wonderfully accurate book, full of rare information, *The Chronicle of the English Augustinian Canonesses Regular of the Lateran, at St Monica's in Louvain*, 1548-1625.<sup>3</sup> Thomas Pridcaux, this old record tells us, was a Devonshire gentleman living abroad in exile for his religion in 1574. He married Helen, daughter of John Clement of London and Mechlin: of him who as a boy was loved by More and by Erasmus, and became later 'reader of the Physic lecture at Oxford.' This Dr Clement's wife, once his pupil, was Margaret Gigs, Sir Thomas More's young kinswoman and dear adopted daughter, the 'singular learned woman' whose epitaph John Leland wrote in his best Latin.

A daughter of hers was Winifred (Donne's ancestress), who married William Rastell, nephew and great lover and disciple of More. This Winifred is mentioned by George Ballard as Mrs Clement's 'one daughter . . . , on whose education she bestow'd the same care as had been taken of her own.'<sup>4</sup> Mrs Clement had three daughters to whom this will apply. One was the great foundress Margaret, for thirty years Prioress of St Monica's; and one was 'the lady named Helena,' Helen (Clement) Prideaux, a quite forgotten person. It will be seen from a passage in her husband's letter from Ghent, presently to be quoted, how full and fruitful had been her mental training.

It is probable enough that Thomas Prideaux and Helen Clement were, as Westcote assumes, married in Madrid, but they were not childless. Their only child Magdalen set out with her mother to visit Thomas Prideaux's half-brother Richard in England. To him the husband and father wrote a long letter, the letter of a literary man. The original, written from Ghent on the 1st of September, 1574, is in the Record Office.<sup>5</sup> The sporadic preachiness of it, interspersed with Vulgate texts, would suggest that Richard Prideaux (despite his Catholic marriage) was either an indifferent Christian or not of the household of the faith. The English 'seminaries' and other exiles had a convention of exhorting thus at intervals, and with energy and confidence, if not always with humour, their Protestant kin at home.

Of the times, the writer gives a pessimistic account, and laments that 'derth dessolation & danger both boddely & gostly occopy the world, where wyll workes at wyll, and grace hath dysgrace.' Thomas assures Richard that he prays daily for him and his, 'and procure you to be offerd to god . . . surly brother yo ar happy for worldes favor; and I happy to have yo my brother so belovyd & estemyd.' The letter is signed 'Offen infortunat never unfaithfull, your loving brother Thomas Prydeaux.' Below the signature is '*Sit amor dei omni necessitate fortior*,' and the endorsement reads: 'To his right worshipfull . . . r Mr Rychard Prydeaux . . . n-borrough in Devonshire.'

But the great interest of these old pages is the description of Helen Clement, the writer's wife, and of their 'belovyd doghter and Juell.' The former is said to be deeply desirous to make this visit to England, and love and welcome are bespoken for the 'moar then my selff.' 'Not withowt gret cost and danger,' he goes on, 'she enterprysyth this long voyage, and sorrofful to us both by our separatyon: . . . long cold we hardly endure to be asonder.' He begs his brothers Roger and Richard to guide her in all business matters. 'For I have made her (as yo shall se) a letter general of attorney . . . I pray gyve credit to her as to my selff in all thinges.' She is to remain chiefly with Roger Prideaux, 'to thend she shalnot burden yo over mych'; but Richard is asked to 'be to her a husbond, brother, frend and conductor. . . Helpe to horse & man her to ryd and se my kin.' Helen is, says her poet, 'the tressoresse of my hart . . . wyse, descret secret & vertuous; and so well lernyd & skild in most thinges as I dobt whether she hath many felloes (if any).' And thus the 'too partes of my selff'



set out across the Channel, at a time when land and sea were 'possesst with theves and pyrotes . . . god better yt.'

All went well. Magdalen Prideaux was again living in Spain with her parents when she was won in marriage by the valiant young Recusant Squire, William Copley of Roughway in Sussex. She died in 1619, leaving a Jesuit son and two daughters in religion, and a widower who long survived her.

Thomas Prideaux stands among the *nobiles exules* of Bridgewater's *Concertatio*. He was living at Antwerp in 1573, in Ghent in 1574, and went to Madrid in the latter year to secure a pension. From entries in the State Papers, both Foreign and Domestic, we find him a follower or colleague of Sir Francis Englefield, sharing all his views, in 1587 and again in 1591. By the latter date Englefield had long been an exile in Valladolid, where he died about 1596, Queen Elizabeth about twenty years before having seized by a remarkable trick his manor of Englefield in Berkshire, where his family had been seated for centuries.<sup>6</sup> Prideaux's own death may have occurred before then, but certainly neither long before nor long after.

From the pedigree printed at the end of the *Chronicle of St Monica's* we see the intensely Catholic character of the whole Prideaux-Clement connexion. Mary Prideaux, sister to Thomas, married into the West Country house of Tremayne, illustrious for generations for a constancy in religion maintained at all costs. Two of her daughters were professed nuns at St Ursula's Convent, Louvain.

38. AN ELEGY FOR STEPHEN GARDINER, LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER: Untitled poem. Text from Sir John Harington's *A Briefe View of the State of the Church of England*, 1653, Bodleian, pp. 49-53, ll. 1-14, 17-24, 29-32, 49-52, 57-60, 81-84, 97-104. This Sir John Harington was Queen Elizabeth's godson. He died in the same year as Prince Henry (1612), to whose household he was attached. The poem is doubtless contemporary with the event it celebrates, which took place in 1555. Harington states that it was written 'by one Mr Pridcaux, in commendation.' Ritson and Halliwell-Phillips, in referring to this poem, make the curious mistake of allotting its praises to Bonner. It is followed in the *Briefe View* by another poem, 'the same answered verse for verse by an Ill-willer of the said Bishop.' The ever-cautious Harington (who heartily disliked Gardiner) adds: 'Which of these write truest I will not take upon me to judge, lest I should be thought partiall.'

The parody begins:

The Devils in Hell do dance,

and is really an able effort, as this rendering of the thirteenth stanza shows:

In all these turns of joy and woe  
he turned with the best,  
And never left the surer side  
till breath did leave his brest.

Little need be said here of the great Bishop (1483?-1555). His uncertainties of action ended with the death of King Henry VIII; from that hour he showed towards all the innovations in religion 'a consistent and uncompromising resistance.' 'Henry VIII's attempt was not fully understood by the majority either of churchmen or of laymen . . . I think it is necessary to bear this important distinction in mind in dealing with the Tudor defection, and to explain the change of front exhibited by men like Archbishop Heath and Bishops Gardiner and Tunstall. What took place in the later years of Henry's reign and in that of Edward VI had opened their eyes.'<sup>8</sup> Of Gardiner as a humane man there is a magnificent vindication by Gairdner in *Typical English Churchmen*.<sup>9</sup>

The authorship of the elegy is made almost certain by circumstances. 'One Mr Prideaux' was, beyond caption, a Catholic. There is no Catholic 'Mr Prideaux' discoverable in 1555 save Thomas, son of Humphrey Prideaux of Thewborough, who is not unlikely to have had a special feeling for Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, as just about this time he had married into the interesting More circle, where Gardiner's fame and memory were in benediction. Nor need it be doubted that in this Thomas Prideaux we have also the author of *The Lamentation of Dido*. 'I suspect it to be the original ballad which gave the name of "Queen Dido" to a very celebrated tune, often employed by the authors of songs in the reign of Elizabeth.'<sup>10</sup>

The *Lamentation* is signed Thomas Pridioxe in *Add. MS.* 15,233, f. 47-47<sup>v</sup>. There are five not very superior stanzas beginning:

Behowlde of pensyfixes the pycture here in place.

The third stanza runs:

as the whyte swan dothe singe towards her dieng day  
& as the turtle tru her mone doth make alwaye  
so I pore dido do my myseries here bewraye  
& with my death my dolefull desteny display  
o lawles love no hearbe is fownd  
to salve the sore wher thou dost woond.

The British Museum catalogue attributes all the contents of this manuscript to the first half of the sixteenth century.

Halliwell-Phillips, in the preface to his reprint of the manuscript, observes that it perhaps adds new names to the list of English poets. 'Thomas Prideaux may be the same person who wrote an elegy on Bonner [!]. . . but I question whether the MS. is not of too early a date to warrant that supposition.' Yet he goes on immediately to list pieces by Myles Hogarde (*ob.* 1556?), 'a tradesman of London, in the service of Queen Mary,' and of 'Edwards, a native of Somersetshire,' not then known as the author of some delightful verses on the younger Maids of Honour in Queen Mary's Court, written in or very near 1555. This last was the year of Prideaux's mature elegy on Gardiner; the more romantic *Dido* may well have been written somewhat earlier.

As W. F. Prideaux pointed out in 1878,<sup>11</sup> there were at least three other Thomas Prideaux contemporary with Heywood. Seeking to learn whether any of these might claim to be the author of the *Lamentation of Dido* by 'that hitherto unknown poet Thomas Prideaux,' the Colonel never sees upon his own ancestral tree a candidate of the same name who is far more likely than any of the rest. But the invisibility of Recusants to the literary eye, and even the historical eye, of the Great Protestant Tradition is one of their most highly developed qualities.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Westcote, *A View of Devonshire in MDCXXX, with a Pedigree of Most of its Gentry* (1845), 471.

<sup>2</sup> 473.

<sup>3</sup> (ed. Dom. A. Hamilton, 1904), I, 89, 112-13.

<sup>4</sup> *Memoirs of Celebrated Ladies* (1752), 151.

<sup>5</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers Dom. Lit.*, xcvi, no. 17, ff. 486 sqq.

<sup>6</sup> D.N.B., art. *Englefield*. <sup>7</sup> D.N.B., art. *Gardiner*.

<sup>8</sup> Birt, *The Lane of Cleavage under Elizabeth*, 10-11.

<sup>9</sup> 2 ser. No. 6.

<sup>10</sup> Collier, *History of English Dramatic Poetry* (1831), II, 384, n.

<sup>11</sup> N. & Q., 5 ser. x, 367.

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THOMAS PRIDEAUX

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38. AN ELEGY FOR STEPHEN GARDINER,  
LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

THE Saints in Heaven rejoyce,  
this earth and we may waile;  
Sith they have won, and we have lost  
the guide of our availe.

. . . . .

A Judge most just in judgement seat,  
of parties no regard;  
An Eye to see, an Eare to heare,  
a hand that shunn'd reward.

A heart to help, and not to harm;  
his will was wisdomes law,  
A minde that malice could not move,  
such was of God his awe.

. . . . .

Not light of credit to reports,  
revenge he never sought,  
But would forgive, and did forget  
the wrongs that were him wrought.

. . . . .

In all these turns of joy and woe,  
he turned to the best;  
and held him to the tried truth,  
which now hath won him rest.

. . . . .

Who can give tears enough to plaine  
the losse and lack we have;  
So rare a man, so soon bereft,  
when most we did him crave.

. . . . .

The Prince may plaine his death,  
the Realm his lack may rue;  
All men may say, O *Winchester*,  
most worthy wight adue.

. . . . .

O Pastor past this *Pilgrims* pain  
in earth thine Acts do live,  
In skies thy vertues written are,  
all penne thee praise shall give.

Which after all these heaps of hap  
a happy life hast led,  
And in the happiest hap of all  
in fame and love art dead.

## X. POEMS ON MARY I QUEEN *of* ENGLAND

OUR excerpts touch only on Mary's girlhood, her accession, her restoration of Catholic religion. These two events are naturally important milestones in the course of this book.

In regard to Heywood's poem, *Geve place, ye Ladyes all*, Warton greatly admires its general prettiness, while W. C. Hazlitt, annotating Park's edition of Warton,<sup>1</sup> finds it 'dull and fulsome,' and says he feels sure that Warton's favourable view could never have been formed if only he 'had been aware to whom it was meant to apply'! So does the smoke of the Smithfield fires still choke and blind true discernment, perhaps inevitably: though Tudor reigns were all of a piece in this regard, and though the one Marian crime and blunder, as is well understood at last, was in no degree the natural outcome of the character of the sovereign. This was made perfectly clear, long ago, by Agnes Strickland in her elaborately careful sketch of Mary in her *Lives of the Queens of England*; and it has been made clear to a later generation by the incontrovertible researches of Gairdner.

W. T. Brooke, in his valuable edition of Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victory and Triumph*, printed a poem on the accession of Queen Mary which gave him occasion to remark: 'The recovery, at this distance of time, of an original contemporary poem written by one who gladly welcomed Mary's accession is matter for congratulation.'<sup>2</sup> That there is, however, no lack of such poems the following pages will show.

39. A DESCRIPTION OF A MOST NOBLE LADY: *A discription of A most noble Ladye, advened by John Heywoode: presently who advertisinge her graces, as face [sic] saith of her thus, in much eloquent phrase.* Text from Harl. MS. 1703, ff. 108-109. With one other exception, all the poems in this bulky manuscript are by William Forrest, and in holograph. His is the inscription just cited, and his also, no doubt, are the concluding stanzas:

This worthye ladye to beewraye  
a kings doughter was shee,  
Of whom John Heywoode lyst to saye,  
in such worthye degree,

And Marye was her name weete yee,  
 with these graces Indude,  
 at eightene yeares, so flourisht shee,  
 so doth his meane conclude.

If Mary at eighteen is the subject of the lines, the date of these is 1534. They share their bright opening phrase; the laud of Penelope; the pleasant Italian conceit about Nature's making, then losing, the perfect mould of Beauty (echoed successfully by Dryden, and again by Byron); —they share, in fact, their whole vein of comparison with Surrey's *Prayse of his Love*. As Surrey was only seventeen in 1534, it is clear that the greater poet was the borrower. Both poems are in *Tottel's Miscellany*, where Heywood's figures in the section from 'Uncertain Auctours'; and Heywood's poem is found also in that very Catholic collection, *Add. MS.* 15,225, f. 16<sup>r</sup>, to which we shall have occasion to allude frequently in the course of this book.

A point which has escaped all editors is the very precise and rather complicated metrical structure of the poem as it stands in Forrest's manuscript. After the clumsy introductory lines which attribute the authorship to Heywood, the first quatrain of the poem proper has four feet in its first and third verses where the second and third quatrains have only three feet. The fourth quatrain has again four feet in its first and third verses; the fifth and sixth but three; and so on. This complex stanza of three quatrains is repeated with exactness to the end of the poem. The arrangement, once the ear catches it, is most effective, and is beautifully adapted for singing. In *Tottel's Miscellany* this arrangement was entirely destroyed: four of the quatrains in the Forrest manuscript were omitted and others displaced. This made it necessary to fill up many first and third lines, in order to reduce all the quatrains to one shape. Thus 'Shee maye bee well comparde' became 'She may be very well compared,' and 'More ruddye then the rose' was changed to 'More ruddier, too, than doth the rose,' which makes nonsense. That the Forrest manuscript is, or may in parts be, nearly thirty years later than *Tottel's Miscellany* (the date 1581 occurs on one of the folios) seems unimportant in view of the above facts. To maintain that the alterations are the other way round would be to run up against incongruities of all kinds.

Hannah, in his *Courtly Poets*, noted that the verses were ascribed to Heywood by Forrest, and added: 'It can scarcely be doubted that Heywood has simply laid hands on a popular poem<sup>3</sup> for purposes of flattery, and utterly destroyed its beauty in the process.'<sup>4</sup> This charge is repeated by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in *The Golden Pomp*,<sup>5</sup> where reference is made to 'two execrable stanzas . . . tagged on to adapt the poem to Queen Mary.' But if the final stanzas just quoted are Forrest's, Hannah's assertion falls to the ground. Moreover, what motive could

Forrest have had in labelling the verses as Heywood's, if they were not really such? Notice even the reference to Heywood's celebrated catch-word, the 'meane.' The two men must have known each other well: both were of artistic tastes and residents at Court; both ardent devotees of the Queen. Walpole was pioneer to the modern editors above-mentioned in falling foul of the whole theme as 'poetick policy.'<sup>6</sup>

Nobody seems to have remembered the friendless circumstance of the royal girl at eighteen. It was no hour for the fluttering of 'flies of estate and sunshine.' She had that very year been declared illegitimate by a servile Parliament, which settled the succession upon the heirs, male or female, of her father and of Anne Boleyn. Mary's stately household at Beaulieu, consisting of one hundred and sixty persons, headed by her great kinswoman and governess, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, was dispersed, and Mary herself was sent to live in obscurity in the nursery court at Hunsdon, which centred around her supplanter, the infant Elizabeth, then less than one year old. Such words as Heywood's, if addressed to Mary, were obviously based not on 'flattery' but on love, and on a desire to bring a breath of pleasure and consolation into days singularly overcast.

In regard to Mary's personal appearance, we get corroborative testimony from many pens, if not quite from Holbein and Moro. The verdict is practically unanimous, from John Roy, who found her as a child of eleven,

both wyse and sage  
And beauty full in favour,

to Michele, the Venetian Ambassador, who in the last year of her sad and sickly life, and with every reason to warrant a hostile or indifferent report, wrote of her as still moderately handsome, and never to be contemned as ugly. Faliero, Chapuys, the Duca de Nejara, and Soranzo praise her noble appearance and kind aspect; some of them do so at a time when she was sinking under long suffering, mental and physical. Pollino tells us how Mary, as a girl, was much celebrated for her beauty, and how her lucent brown eyes had something in them extremely touching when their pure direct glance fell upon one. Heywood is almost photographic in his allusion to 'the vertue of her lookes,' and her celebrated complexion, 'more ruddye then the rose.'

In short, as Agnes Strickland has observed, praise of Mary's person formed the constant theme of her contemporaries in her youth, and up to her miserably unhappy marriage. 'Fayre in verey deede of outwarde beautye, much fayrer of inwarde vertue,' Edward Parker, Lord Morley, found his beloved Princess in 1536, when he dedicated to her his translation of John de Turre Cremata's *Exposition of the Thirty-Sixth Psalm*.<sup>7</sup> Heywood had anticipated him. In his commendation of his royal mistress as witty, sage, steadfast, shamefast, honest, unspotted,



and the rest, do not all modern historians 'from the documents' endoise him? It is indeed curious that he praises a princess of England for not 'wandering, as a straye': yet this may be discounted as precisely the sort of convention common to the pastoral moralities of the time. His last lines echo the '*quia hodie nomen tuum ita magnificavit, ut laus tua non recedat de ore hominum*' of *The Book of Judith*, xiii, 25.

40. A PRAYER FOR QUEEN MARY: Untitled poem. Text from MS. Cotton Titus A.24, f. 79. The writer's point of 'dubul dark dissaye' is well-taken. Mary was not apprised of her brother's death until four days after the event. The Council issued a proclamation, startling to the whole kingdom, that the late King had altered the succession, and that his young cousin, the Lady Jane Grey, was now Queen Regnant. It was only through the initiative of Lord Arundel or Sir Nicholas Throckmorton that Mary was forewarned of the plot to capture her and imprison her in the Tower, and of the march northward from London of John Dudley, created in 1551 Duke of Northumberland, who, though personally detested, was looking for powerful aid from many quarters as he advanced. With Tudor courage, Mary took horse and rode down to Kenninghall, and from Kenninghall to Framlingham, in defence of her birthright. She was proclaimed Queen at Norwich on July 12. As she came nearer London, her little party grew. Her progress culminated in the magnificent pageantry of her entry, without opposition, into London (she having disbanded all her army save an escort of horse) on August 3, 1553.

'Northumberland's faint-hearted failure even to attack the tumultuous host of the royalists . . . ; his own proclamation of Mary at Cambridge when he saw that his bubble had burst; his escape prevented by the vigilance of his own men, and his arrest by Arundel; Mary's proclamation by the Council and the Lord Mayor, and her triumphant entry into London, rapidly made up a veritable nine days' wonder—that short span having seen the reign of Jane, hapless victim of the ambition of her husband and his kin.<sup>38</sup> 'No English sovereign ever ascended the throne with larger popularity than Mary Tudor.'<sup>39</sup> The Queen's courage and address at the critical moment are well commented upon by Agnes Strickland.<sup>40</sup> 'Mary had neither money, soldiers, nor advisers. . . . Had she been surrounded by the experienced veterans in arms and council that rallied round her sister Elizabeth at Tilbury, and had Elizabeth been the heroine of the enterprise instead of Mary, it would have been lauded to the skies as one of the grandest efforts of female courage and ability the world had ever known. And so it was, whether it be praised or not.'

Of the author of this poem we know nothing save that he was apparently a Catholic, and a practised hand in the writing of verse.

41. QUEEN MARY'S ACCESSION: Extract from a long poem of fifty-seven stanzas. Text from *A compendious treatise in metre declaring the*

*firste originall of Sacrifice, and of the buylding of Aultares and Churches, and of the firste receavinge of the Christen fayth here in Englande* by G.M. (George Marshall), 1554, (S.T.C. 17469), Lambeth Palace Library, stanzas 50, 51 and 56. Reprinted as No. XV in Huth's *Fugitive Tracts, First Series*. There is also a copy of the book in the Huntington Library. The poem is a sort of rudely rhymed Church history of England, with the conventional opening:

As I lay musing in my bedde alone  
My pyllowe removinge. For slepe was gone;

and there are introductory lines, the initial letters of which give the author's name in full: Georgeus [*sic*] Marshall.

The assertion of the Queen's personal strong desire for the avoidance of bloodshed is worthy of notice, and well borne out now, after centuries of calumny, by Gairdner and all lesser supplanters of the hearsay school of historians. To her prayer alone Marshall attributes the peaceful issue, at a time when the army, the fleet, and almost all the great noblemen were for Queen Jane. He congratulates the realm on getting a 'lamb' in exchange for the conscienceless wolves of the Seymour ascendancy in King Edward VI's reign, exponents of the very lowest moral and political status the nation had known. A female sovereign regnant, though a 'lamb' by comparison, was a novelty in England which Parliament regarded with some nervousness; and it insisted that, in addressing it, Queen Mary (always notable for her deep strong voice) should wear spurs and a sword! These were carried at her funeral.

Of George Marshall nothing is yet ascertained beyond the fact that he was the author of the metrical tract from which our stanzas are taken. He was evidently a thorough-going Catholic, and a devoted supporter of Queen Mary.

42. ISRAEL REDEEMED: *Of the troubled comon welth restored to quiet by the mighty power of god*. Text from *Songes and Sonettes*, 31 July, 1557, (S.T.C. 13861), British Museum. In general tone the lines are strongly suggestive of Grimald, but he was not a Catholic at the date of Wyatt's rebellion and Northumberland's execution. No guess has ever been made about the authorship of this poem.

43. CHRIST BROUGHT HOME: Extracts from a long poem. Text from *A Treatise declaring howe Christ by perverse preachyng was banished out of this realme: And howe it hath pleased God to bryng Christ home againe by Mary our moost gracious Quene*. Imprinted at London by Robert Caly within the precinct of the late dissolved house of the graye Freers, nowe converted to an Hospitall, called Christes Hospitall, 1554, Lambeth Palace Library (Press-mark 30.4.18), Stanzas 1, 2, 6, 30, and 112, Sigs. A4-4<sup>r</sup>, B3<sup>v</sup>, E2. The poem has one hundred and thirteen stanzas, and the dedicatory lines are signed 'Your highnesse humble servaunt Myles Hogarde.' The book is not recorded in the *Short Title Catalogue*.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *History of English Poetry* (1871), iv, 85 n.<sup>2</sup> 175.<sup>3</sup> What popular poem? <sup>4</sup> (1870), 237.<sup>5</sup> 342.<sup>6</sup> *Royal and Noble Authors* (1806), i, 80, n.<sup>7</sup> *Royal MS.* 18 A. xv.<sup>8</sup> Haile, *A Life of Cardinal Pole*, 375.<sup>9</sup> Froude, *History of England*, (1867), vi, 527.<sup>10</sup> *Queens of England* (1872), ii, 559.

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POEMS OF QUEEN MARY I

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39. A DESCRIPTION OF A MOST NOBLE LADY

GEVE place, ye Ladyes all bee gone,  
shewe not your selves att all,  
for whye? behoulde, there cometh one  
whose face, yours all, blanke shall.

The vertue of her lookes,  
excelles the precious ston  
yee neede none other bookes  
to reade, or looke upon

In each of her twoe eyes,  
ther smiles a naked boye,  
It woulde you all suffice  
too see those lampes of joye.

If all the worlde were sought full farre,  
who coulde finde such a wyght.  
Her beutye twinkleth like a starre,  
within the frostye night.

Her couler comes and gose,  
with such a goodly grace  
More ruddye then the rose  
within her lively face,

Amongs her youthfull yeares,  
shee tryumphes over age,  
And yeat shee still appeares,  
boath wyttie, grave, and sage,

I thinke nature, hath lost her moulde,  
wher shee her forme dyd take,  
or ells I doubt that nature coulde,  
so faire a creature make.

Shee maye bee well comparde,  
unto the Phenix kinde,  
whose like hath not byn harde,  
that anye nowe can finde,

In Lyfe a dyane chaste,  
in truth Penelopeye,  
In worde and deede steedfaste,  
what neede I more to seye,

At Baccus feast: none may her mcete,  
or yeat at anye wanton playe,  
Nor gasinge in the open streete,  
or wandringe, as a straye,

The mirth that shee doth use,  
is mixt with shamfastnesse,  
All vyces shee eschues,  
and hateth Idelnes.

Yt is a worlde to see,  
how vertue can repaire,  
And decke ssuch honestee,  
in her that is so faire,

Great sute to vyce, maye some allure,  
that thinkes to make no faulte,  
Wee see a forte hadde neede bee sure,  
Which manye doth assaulte,

They seeke an endlesse waye,  
that thinke to wynne her love,  
As well they maye assaye  
the stoney rocke to move.

ffor shee is none of those,  
that settis not bye evill fame,  
Shee will not lightly lose,  
her truth and honest name,

How might wee doo to have a graffe,  
of this unspotted tree,  
ffor all the rest they are but chaffe  
in prayse of her to bee.

Shée doth as farre excede,  
these women now a dayes,  
As doth the floure, the weede,  
and more, a thousande wayes.

This prayse I shall her geeve,  
when death doth what hee can,  
her honest name shall live,  
with in the mouth of man.

#### 40. A PRAYER FOR QUEEN MARY

O RIGHTFULL rule and lyghte of lyghte  
whose beams bene fulgent brighte  
whiche all the rounde worlde dothe posses  
and rule the ronghte be righte  
Whose workes bene all so wonderous  
withe mercy meynt his myghte  
That tonge ne witte by worde or thoughte  
may them declare a ryghte

Whiche art returne to suche as erre  
forwandred in exile  
whose mercy longe time dothe endure  
his ire a litel whylle.

Unto that lorde we clepe and calle  
whiche heare in ingland wone  
that he preserve our noble Quine  
righte as he hathe begonne

Wherefore o lorde now graunt that in  
her seate imperial  
The fiklnes of fortunes whele  
may beare no rulle at all.

But as from dubul dark dissayte  
Thow didest her deliver  
So throwghe thy myghti majesti  
be thow her guyd for ever.

And give o lorde untill her grace  
from thy supernall throne  
longe lyfe to rayne and rule in rest  
her subjects all and one

#### 41. QUEEN MARY'S ACCESSION

JUDYTH with wyne, & eke with fayre promise,  
*Holofernes* overcame, & slewe him in his dronknesse  
Werby she the cite of Bethulia hath preserved  
But Mary our Quene, by prayer devoute  
Overcame her enemies, beinge never so stoute  
Withoute fayre promyse, or any gifte profered  
God right wel heard her chast & humble praier  
That sodenly stroke her enemies, and caused them retier.

*Hester* made her prayers for the Jewes onlye  
Which a man wente about by enyy to destroye  
Whose prayer god heard, & the Jues delivered  
But Mary our Quene, prayed in generallye  
That no bloude myght be shedde, of her frende or enemy  
God heard her praier, and the matter so ended  
A wonderfull myracle, ever to be remembred  
That God wrought for our Quene, he ever be prayscd

Let us al praie God bothe more and lesse  
that hath sent us a quene, our thralles to relese.  
Wher with we were captyve bothe in soule & body  
We may be right glad, that god hath now chaunged  
A lambe for wolves, that unsatiably devoured  
The realme & the commons without pitie or mercye  
God save and preserve our noble Quene Mari  
Over us longe to raygne, let us al pray hartlie  
God save the Quene.

. . . . .

## 42. ISRAEL REDEEMED

THE secret flame that made all Troy so hot,  
Long did it lurke within the wooden horse.  
The machine huge Troyans suspected not,  
The guiles of Grekes, nor of their hidden force:  
Till in their beds their armed foes them met,  
And slew them there, and Troy on fire set.  
Then rose the rore of treason round about,  
And children could of treason call and cry.  
Wives wroung their hands, the hole fired town through out,  
When that they saw their husbands slain them by.  
And to the Gods and to the skies they shright,  
Vengeance to take for treason of that night.  
Then was the name of Sinon spread and blowne,  
And wherunto his filed tale did tend.  
The secret startes and metinges then were knowne,  
Of Troyan traitours tending to this end.  
And every man could say as in that case:  
Treason in Anthenor and Eneas.  
But all to long such wisdom was in store,  
To late came out the name of traytour than,  
When that their king the aultar lay before  
Slain there alas, that worthy noble man.  
Ilium on flame, the matrons crying out,  
And all the stretes in streames of blood about.



But such was fate, or such was simple trust,  
That king and all should thus to ruine roon,  
For if our stories certein be and just:  
There were that saw such mischief should be doon  
And warning gave which compted were in sort,  
As sad devines in matter but of sport.

Such was the time and so in state it stoode,  
Troy trembled not so careles were the men.  
They brake the wals, they toke this hors for good,  
They demed Grekes gone, they thought al surety then,  
When treason start & set the town on fire,  
And stroied Trojans & gave Grekes their desire.

Like to our time, wherein hath broken out,  
The hidden harme that we suspected least.  
Wombd within our walles and realme about,  
As Grekes in Troy were in the Grekish beast.  
Whose tempest great of harmes and of armes,  
We thought not on, till it did noyse our harmes.

Then felt we well the piller of our welth,  
How sore it shoke, then saw we even at hand,  
Ruin how she rusht to confound our helth,  
Our realme and us with force of mighty band.  
And then we heard how treason loud did rore:  
Mine is the rule, and raigne I will therefore.

Of treason marke the nature and the kinde,  
A face it beares of all humilitie.  
Truth is the cloke, and frendship of the minde,  
And depe it goes, and worketh secretly,  
Like to a mine that creepes so nye the wall,  
Till out breakes sulphure, and oreturneth all.

But he on hye that secretly beholdes  
The state of thinges: and times hath in his hand,  
And pluckes in plages, and them againe unfolds.  
And hath apointed realmes to fall and stand:  
He in the midst of all this sturre and rout,  
Gan bend his browes, and move him self about.

As who should say, and are ye minded so?

And thus to those, and whom you know I love.  
Am I such one as none of you do know?  
Or know ye not that I sit here above,  
And in my handes do hold your welth and wo,  
To raise you now, and now to overthrow?

Then thinke that I, as I have set you all,  
In places where your honours lay and fame:  
So now my selfe shall give you eche your fall,  
Where eche of you shall have your worthy shame.  
And in their handes I will your fall shalbe,  
Whose fall in yours you sought so sore to see.

Whose wisdom hie as he the same foresaw,  
So is it wrought, such lo his justice is.  
He is the Lord of man and of his law,  
Praise therfore now his mighty name in this,  
And make accompt that this our ease doth stand:  
As Israell free, from wicked Pharaos hand.

#### 43. CHRIST BROUGHT HOME

HERODE by his great crueltie,  
Compelde Mary with Christ her sonne  
Into Egypt full fast to flye,  
Tyll God his wyll for her had done,  
Whiche wyll so wrought, her wyll she wonne  
This tyrant soone himselfe had slaine,  
Then Mary brought home Christ againe.

Herode the devil by his malyce,  
Founde servaunte<sup>s</sup> mete for his intent  
To banishe Christ, as seen it is,  
In darkenes to be parmanent:  
But God his light to us hath sent,  
Truth is not hyd, syth we se plaine  
Mary hath brought home Christ againe.

Christ beyng as him selfe doth say,  
The way for christen men to trace,  
Hath been shut up many a day,  
By carnal men lacking Gods grace:  
Yet they profest to runne the race,  
In perfite lyfe laymen to traine,  
Yet Mary did bring Christ againe.

. . . . .

Many thinges more myght here be saied,  
In this, to prove Christ trueth to be,  
The whiche so many hath denaid,  
By frantike infidelitie:  
But now o lorde we do prayse the,  
That by thy grace trueth to maintaine,  
Mary hath brought home Christ againe:

. . . . .

Whiche that her grace may here long do,  
Let us by grace to God styll pray,  
Whiche our conscience doth bind us to,  
As by Gods worde plaine learne we may,  
Upon the whiche let us all stay,  
And thinke her graces knowledge not vaine,  
In bringyng home true Christ againe.

. . . . .

## XI. MYLES HOGARDE

1505 (?)–1556 (?)

**M**YLES HOGARDE or HUGGARDE was a layman. Not much is known of him. Apparently his origin was humble. He is set down by Tootel as a 'learned Merchant' who died in 1556,<sup>1</sup> and there is a manuscript note by a contemporary in a Bodleian copy of his book<sup>2</sup> which alters 'Merchant' to 'Hosier.' Warton calls him a 'shoemaker of London,'<sup>3</sup> and we learn from Foxe that he lived in Pudding Lane.<sup>4</sup> Bale, in his expected manner, calls him '*insanus Porcarius*.' Hogarde could at least read Cicero and Virgil, as Bale rates him well for pressing their contexts into his service controversially. His active mind started its defensive work for the true Faith before the Council of Trent. One of the earliest protests against him came from Robert Wisdome, then prisoner in the Lollards' Tower. 'One Hogard,' he complains, has 'swinishly accused' him of preaching against the necessity of good works.<sup>5</sup>

The author of the contemporary *A Pore Help* (1547?)<sup>6</sup> finds that

maister huggarde  
Doth shewe hym selfe no sluggarde  
Not yet no dronken druggarde  
But sharpeth up his wyt.<sup>7</sup>

His loud verbose efficiency was, in its own day, much to the fore. Though he was cried down and contemned by his opponents, 'it is plain,' says Thompson Cooper,<sup>8</sup> 'that Huggarde was noticed by leading men on the protestant side.' In fact, to quote an elder authority, 'Huggard was one of the most indefatigable enemies the Reformation had to contend with.'<sup>9</sup> Hogarde seems to have been well-known to Bishop Bonner, and appears on some of his title-pages as 'servant to the Queenes most excellent Majestie,' which suggests that he held some appointment at Court. He was living in the last year of Queen Mary's reign.

Many of Hogarde's exercises in rhyme survive, notably in a volume of songs and religious poems<sup>10</sup> in the British Museum.<sup>11</sup> His pages have their touches of prettiness. Nine stanzas of his, beginning:

O lorde whych art in hevyn on hye,

and ending 'finis qd myles huggarde,' may be specially noted.<sup>12</sup>

They have been reprinted by Halliwell-Phillipps.<sup>13</sup> In the Huth Library was Hogarde's *A Myrroure of miserye* (1557), a most beautiful script on vellum with a drawing and an illumination. *Harleian MS.* 3,444 contains 113 seven-line controversial stanzas in a manuscript once the property of Queen Mary. *A Mirroure of love* (S.T.C. 13559), published in 1555, survives in two copies, one of which is in the Cambridge University Library and the other in the Huntington Library.

Hunter says that 'the name is so rare that it may be fairly suggested whether he might not be of the same family with a Hogard who lived in Westmorland or Cumberland and wrote several dramatic pieces in which he used himself to perform with any lads who were clever that way. One of them was *The Destruction of Troy*. He was born about the year 1668 and was uncle to Hogarth the artist.'<sup>14</sup> This must be an allusion to 'Auld Hogart o' Troutbeck.' Certainly Myles is a North Country name, and a 'Hoggart' is listed among the prisoners taken in the return from Jedworth in our Hogarde's lifetime.<sup>15</sup> But in Queen Elizabeth's reign, if not before, Mayfield and East Grinstead in Sussex were full of Huggats and Howgetts who had some property to devise by will.

44. A BIRD FOR GUIDE: Untitled extracts from a long poem of 153 stanzas. Text from *A Treatise entitled the Path waye to the towre of perfection*, 1554, (S.T.C. 13561), Bodleian, sigs. A3-4<sup>v</sup>, B2<sup>v</sup>, E4<sup>v</sup>, stanzas 8, 10-12, 24, 39 and 152. The argument is well analysed by 'B.W.' in Brydges and Haslewood's *The British Bibliographer*.<sup>16</sup> It was a common mediæval literary device to write of falling asleep out of doors, and to extract from the ensuing dream matter for a poem. Drayton followed it as late as 1604 in his *Owle*, and he hears all the birds talking, as Hogarde does.

45. THE DOCTRINE OF THE EUCHARIST: Text from *The Confutation of the mishapen aunswer to the misnamed wicked ballade called the Abuse of the Blessed Sacrament of the Aultare. . . . Compiled by Robert Crowley, Anno 1548*, (S.T.C. 6082), Bodleian, sigs. E2-3<sup>v</sup>. The confuter, an active controversialist, reprints the *Aunswer* (Hogarde's poem) in its entirety, and thence our jolting extracts have been taken.

46. THE ENVOY: *The Lemoy of the Auctor*, ll. 1-8, 17-24, 33-40. Text from *A new treatyse in maner of a Dialogue, which sheweth the excellency of mannes nature, in that he is made to the image of God, &c.*, 1550, (S.T.C. 13560), British Museum, sig. D4.

A poem by Hogarde of considerable historical interest, which we call *Christ Brought Home*, will be found on p. 127.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Certamen utriusque Ecclesiae* (1724).      <sup>2</sup> Press-mark l.e. 50.  
<sup>3</sup> *History of English Poetry* (1824), iv, 20.  
<sup>4</sup> *Acts and Monuments* (ed. Townsend), vii, 111, 759.  
<sup>5</sup> Brewer and Gairdner, *Letters and Papers*, xii, 1, 539.  
<sup>6</sup> *S.T.C.* 13052.  
<sup>7</sup> Sig. A 7.      <sup>8</sup> *D.N.B.*, article *Huggarde*.  
<sup>9</sup> 'B.W.' in *The British Bibliographer*, iv, 67.  
<sup>10</sup> *Add. MS.* 15,233.      <sup>11</sup> His tracts are fully listed in *D.N.B.*  
<sup>12</sup> *Add. MS.* 15,233, ff. 57<sup>v</sup>-58.  
<sup>13</sup> Redford, *Wyt and Science* (1848), 107-9.  
<sup>14</sup> *Chorus Vatum*, *Add. MS.* 24,489.  
<sup>15</sup> *Letters and Papers*, xix, ii, 684 (2, ii).  
<sup>16</sup> (1814), iv, 67-73.

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## MYLES HOGARDE

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### 44. A BIRD FOR GUIDE

CALLINGE to my minde, in my bedde as I laye,  
This my former custome taken of olde,  
Knowing it was the mery moneth of Maye,  
The luste of slepe could me no longer holde,  
But that abrode for my pastyme I woulde,  
Immediatly into the feldes I went,  
Where I thought moost byrdes to be resident.

. . . . .

In their kinde our lord thei praise night & day  
Keeping perfection in their degree,  
In whiche study for a time I did stay,  
And laying me downe a while to rest me,  
Under the shadowe of a Cypresse tree,  
What with this study and the birdes singinge,  
Into a sounde slepe these two dyd me bryng.

Now than as I in to this slepe ded fall,  
Anone by vision appered to me,  
The byrde whiche of olde I had talkte withall:  
Aryse man arise for very shame quod she,  
And remember where of thou diddist be thinke thee,  
When thou diddist lye down, & abide the blame,  
Whiche maye turne thy thought, to thine owne shame.

Thou diddist while eyre quod she revolve in thy minde,  
The perfection of us in our estate,  
Now if thou thy selfe accordinge to kinde,  
Wilt not labour that way to emytate,  
Which mought bring the unto a perfite rate,  
What great shame shal we byrdes bring thee unto,  
If thou praise in us that thy selfe wylte not do.

Longe joy after this, I rather require,  
Then after short joy, quod I, to have a long pain  
Then quod she if thou wylt have thy desyre,  
Ryse and go with me it is for thy gaine,  
Nay tary a while, quod I, for I thinke plaine,  
Their is no joy to this to here these byrdes sing,  
And to lie wher so many swet floures doth spring.

. . . . .

Nowe come on quod she, & I wyll flye be fore,  
Not to faste quod I, and if thou love me,  
So frowarde quod she, thou art ever more,  
To do that whiche to thy great comforte shalbe,  
Thy corrupte nature by this thou maiste se:  
With that towarde the East she toke her flight,  
And I went after as fast as I mighte.

. . . . .

After that we went through a woode longe & thicke,  
Among raginge beastes which were very wyld,  
Where thornes to the very bones did me pricke,  
So that my strength was almost cleane excyld,  
Alas quod I howe thou hast me begyld,  
Ys this the true way unto perfection,  
Ye for sothe quod she, by Christes derection.

. . . . .

Thus in joying this joy even sodainly,  
Out of this traunce, then I did awake,  
And found my self ther wher I first down did lye  
For sorowe and shame all my bones did shake,  
Because this journey on me I do not take,  
And as I homewarde went, to God I did pray,  
That he would graunte us all to walke this true way.

. . . . .



## 45. THE DOCTRINE OF THE EUCHARIST

WHO is more blind then those that wil not se  
 What botes it to shew you any scripture  
 Syth to no part therof ye wil agre  
 Which to your reasone is harde or obscure  
 But yet once a gayne to do you pleasure  
 Ye shall heare if Christ made no relacion  
 In scripture of the consecration  
 Christ to his disciples these wordes dyd saye  
 I longe to eate the pascall lambe sayth he  
 Wyth you my disciples for now is the daye  
 Of the swete bread, I praye you note and se  
 Howe the trueth wyth the figure doth a gre  
 Christe was the true lambe which the prophetes saw  
 Shuld truly fullfyl the Moysaical law  
 Christe eat the lambe ther as the law did will  
 Then to shewe that that law was expired  
 He ordayne his lawe, that lawe to fulfil  
 Which whil the world lasts shal not be finished  
 That lambe was him self which he ordained  
 To be offred dayly in remembraunce  
 Of his bitter death and paynfull suffraunce.

Christ at his last supper as I before saye  
 Toke bread and blessed it and brake it truly  
 Gave yt to his disciples and without stay  
 Bad them take and eate this is my body  
 Then to shew them what body he ment, truely  
 He added these wordes to those he had spoken  
 Saieng, which for your sinnes shalbe broken  
 What body was broken for our trespass?  
 No signe of a body I thinke ye wyl saye  
 But even the same body which borne was

Of the virgin mary, voyd this if ye may  
Then toke christ the cup, bleste it the same waye  
As before saing: this is my bloud truely  
Which shalbe shed for the synnes of many  
What bloud did christe shedde for our sakes  
I thinke ye wyll saye his bloud natural  
This agaynst your errours very much makes  
Which to a voyde be able ye never shal  
Then christe bad them do this in his memorial  
What (this) was it that he bade them do  
Was it not to blesse, to breake, and to geve to  
And to speake the same words that he ther spake,  
When he the bread into his hand did take  
Which wordes were the words of consecracion  
And then bad that on the same facion  
His apostles shuld do, nowe thus ye se  
That the true wordes of consecracion be  
In scripture, though you those wordes skan  
To be but only thenvencion of man.

. . . . .

#### 46. THE ENVOY

GO forthe my booke, speake thy mynde  
And flatter none, of no degre  
All men, be men of Adams kynde  
Without any diversite  
For all mens soules created be  
To gods ymage, as thou dost tell  
Which they foule blotte, as they may se,  
Yf that they do, peruse the well.

. . . . .

And where, as lacketh eloquence  
To make the pleasaunt, for to rede  
Axe pardon, for my negligence  
For I confesse, in very dede  
That of lernynge, surely I nede  
To make the, a more pleasaunte style  
But a rude wytte, rudely doth lede  
So rudely nedes, I must compyle.

. . . . .

But now an ende, of the to make  
Trustynge thou shalt, be taken well  
God graunt us all, vyce to forsake  
And to thynke on both, heven and hell  
With feare and love, not to rebell  
Agaynst gods lawe, in any case  
And then no doute, but we shall dwell  
With hym, in his moost joyfull place.

## XII. WILLIAM FORREST

fl. 1530-1581

NOTHING seems discoverable about William Forrest's parentage. A well-to-do citizen of Oxford, William Forrest, possibly our poet's father, was in 1524 resident in the parish of St Peter's-in-the-East, and he and his manservant are entered as taxpayers in that year.<sup>1</sup> Others of this family were settled in the parishes of St Peter-le-Bailey and St Peter's-in-the-East from 1495,<sup>2</sup> and were still there, as wills and other documents witness, late in Elizabeth's reign.

F. G. Lee<sup>3</sup> adds many facts to those gathered in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and in Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*. It appears that one Edward Forrest was Groom of the Chamber to Queen Katherine in 1517, Myles Forrest holding a similar office about the King. Father John Forrest, Prior of Greenwich, Provincial of the English Franciscans, and Queen Katherine's chaplain, was, as is well-known, burned at the stake in 1538 for denying the Royal Supremacy. His Observant house at Greenwich was famous for its championship of the rights of Henry's injured first wife, who had been married there and also enrolled as a Tertiary. This Prior John Forrest may have been related to the poet.

Cardinal Wolsey began to build Cardinal College, now Christ Church, Oxford, about 1524 or 1525. Forrest must have been resident in Oxford at the time, as he describes the building of it 'with the power and point of an eye-witness.'<sup>4</sup> He draws himself as still a young-looking man, in a plain gown or cassock, and with flowing, not tonsured hair, in *Royal MS.* 17, D. III,<sup>5</sup> the date of which is 1548. Perhaps we may fix on 1505 as the approximate year of his birth.

He was almost certainly born and educated in Oxford. In after life he referred to himself as 'symples and unlearned.' Perhaps this is to be taken comparatively and as evidence of humility: it was an age abounding in conspicuous scholarship. In the same mood Jacopone da Todi (who was anything but a dullard) penned his self-description: '*diota me conosco en teologia.*' One of the seven doctors who had been appointed to consider the royal divorce in the councils of the University was Richard Maudelay, Archdeacon of Leicester and Prebendary of Thame.

Lee thinks that Forrest acted as his clerk and notary: the latter expressly states that he was there, 'attendynge upon a certayne goode man.'

The text of *The Seconde Grisilde* shows a unique first-hand knowledge of public feeling in Oxford at this time. Local partisanship of Queen Katherine ran high, especially among the women, thirty of whom were locked up in Bocardo for assaulting a monk who had attacked Queen Katherine. All Forrest's references to Queen and Princess are intensely sympathetic. His precisely written account of the former's funeral at Peterborough, 1536 ('unnoticed,' as Lee says, 'by historians generally'), shows that he was present in person. Forrest may have stayed in Oxford during these years, perhaps at the old Franciscan Friary in Watergate, with which Prior John Forrest had a connection; and his associations with the neighbourhood were to continue. At the date of the surrender of the Abbey at Thame, twelve miles east of Oxford, on November 16, 1540, we find Forrest a member of that Cistercian community. His signature appears in the deed drawn up that day, together with those of nine other brethren, the sub-Prior and Prior, and the Abbot. Lee thinks that Forrest, secularized, remained awhile in Thame as a hired scrivener. He was 'a most accomplished scribe—a good writer of old English letters and illuminations, and a clever draughtsman, as much of his remaining handiwork, both on vellum and paper, abundantly testifies.'<sup>6</sup> The Church Wardens' Accounts of Thame Church record a payment to Forrest for a hymnal in 1545.<sup>7</sup>

It must have made some difference to Forrest's worldly prospects that his former Abbot, Robert King, became almost at once his diocesan. King was made Bishop of Thame and Osney on September 1, 1542, and on June 9, 1545, became first (and only Catholic *de facto*) Bishop of Oxford. He occupied this see until the close of Queen Mary's reign. On July 10, 1546, Forrest was granted a Christ Church pension of £6. He was then a petty Canon of Oxford Cathedral.<sup>8</sup>

Forrest tells us of himself that he was Queen Mary's chaplain. During Edward VI's, or rather, his very Protestant Protector's reign, Forrest, as will be seen, had passed rapidly through a too acquiescent phase; but his book in the British Museum,<sup>9</sup> which includes poems dating from at least 1571 to 1581, proves that his old age was spiritually of a piece with his Cistercian prime. Beyond 1581 we cannot trace him.

Like some other thoughtful spirits of that troubled time who saw the absurdity of the tyrant King's assumption of spiritual powers, William Forrest yet had hazy ideas of papal prerogative. At one period he either composed or copied into his miscellaneous volume<sup>10</sup> this singularly unpoetical couplet:

ffor one man, the Busshoppe of Rome (I doo meane)  
let not Chrysts Church: suche myserye susteyne:

and goes on to expound or approve thus:

In eaverie Royallme: as thus to ordayne,  
As James, and the Rest, had placys by name:  
So, in eache countreye, A Busshoppe soveraigne,  
to have, and to doo: in chardge of the same.

Warton long ago drew from these lines the unnecessary inference that their writer 'could accommodate his faith to the reigning powers.' The verdict in *The Dictionary of National Biography* is that 'Forrest remained in the same faith to the last.'

This is, no doubt, true, but the statement has its qualifications and sidelights. For instance, in 1548, 'his daylie Oratour sir William forreste, preeiste' commended to the Protector Somerset a treatise called *The Pleasaunt Poesye of Princelie Practise* intended for the use of the King.<sup>11</sup> It is based upon the thirteenth-century treatise by Egidio Colonna entitled *De Regimine Principum*, which is itself a paraphrase from a spurious compilation entitled *Secreta Secretorum* attributed to Aristotle. Forrest dedicates his 'meatre royall' to the 'puisaunte Prynce,' aged eleven, saluting him as Supreme Head of both Churches, England and Ireland, 'undren christe.' No student of the hair-splitting time needs to be told that the last phrase, which, as Forrest wrote it, is a parenthesis, stamps the subscription as something less than whole-hearted. The poem is divided into twenty-four chapters and is incomplete. Thirty-seven chapters are listed in the table of contents.

To the same ducal patron, the figurehead of Reformation principles, the same author presented in 1551 *Certainne Psalmes of Davyd in meeatre, added to maister Sterneholdis and others*.<sup>12</sup> Now it is possible to take into account here what is rightly described<sup>13</sup> as 'the eminent sweetness of temper,' in private life, of the ambitious and even rapacious Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford and Duke of Somerset. Forrest was a man of recluse habits, and a man with a heart. He may have received from Seymour some kind favour in time of need which he repaid gratefully by literary compliment,

with no realization of the ecclesiastical interpretation which would be put upon his words. 'No doubt Forrest came across the Duke, when, as was the case, the latter received from the Crown a grant of the buildings and site of Thame Abbey.'<sup>14</sup>

Lee indeed goes so far as to state (citing no reference) that Forrest was ministering to Thame Church in 1551 or 1552.<sup>15</sup> If he had charge of the parish church of Thame in the fourth or fifth year of Edward the Sixth, he was reading a mutilated Mass there out of the first Book of Common Prayer. We do not know how this state of things accords with Lee's assertion in the same breath that Forrest's course at this time (in relation to his denunciations of Richard Coxe, Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of the University, a still more constructive Protestant than the Protector) was that of 'an honest and upright man, who heartily abhorred the double-dealing, heresy, and time-serving . . . of that Erastian dignitary.'<sup>16</sup>

Again, Macray<sup>17</sup> points out that there are double entries among Browne Willis's manuscript collections for Buckinghamshire in the Bodleian Library, of the presentation of one William Forest to the Vicarage of Bledlow on July 1, 1556. Yet Lipscomb, the county historian, gives the name not as William Forest, but as William Fortescue. Unfortunately, the parish registers do not reach back further than 1592. In 1569, Forrest describes himself as 'sometimes chaplayne to the noble Queene Marye.'<sup>18</sup> As already stated, we have the date 1572, among others, appended by Forrest to *Harleian MS.* 1703. Save for the speculations about the 'busshoppes,' written half a lifetime before, which certainly have a schismatical turn, the contents of this manuscript are conspicuously Catholic. Several are on the subject of Our Lady, including a devout one on the Immaculate Conception. Another opens charmingly:

Geve prayse to God / above althinge,  
that is so muche of myght:  
ffor his mothers highe exaltinge:  
into his heavinlye sight.<sup>19</sup>

In fact, Forrest goes on to claim, quite erroneously, that the Church holds as a dogma of faith the Blessed Virgin, 'sowle and boadye,'

to bee assumpte: moste certaynlye.<sup>20</sup>

He adds, with his usual animation:

Whyther / or not: to stande in doubte,  
Inough we have heere bowlted oute,  
Let them that lyst on / theyr peryll.<sup>21</sup>

It is clear that Forrest's doctrinal pendulum was one which could swing too far in either direction. Caring for nothing so much as for religion, yet sensitive and artistic, and perhaps, like Grimald and divers others, easily frightened, he let his speculations draw him occasionally out of bounds; but there is no action of his known to us which would justify any annalist in claiming him as an ornament of the Reformation.

*The History of the Patriarch Joseph* is a long unpublished poem by Forrest which exists in at least three manuscript versions in the poet's autograph. The earliest<sup>22</sup> was written in 1545 in seven-line stanzas and dedicated to William Parr, Earl of Essex, afterwards Marquis of Northampton. It consists of twenty-three chapters, each preceded by a short prose abstract. The preface in eighteen stanzas refers to Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and 'my frende Heywoode.' Forrest states that this is his first poem. The owner has signed this manuscript in a sixteenth-century hand, 'Ma: Salusbury.' This signature naturally suggests Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, who was beheaded, however, in 1541. Were the manuscript not so specifically dated by the author, it would be interesting to link Forrest's name with that of Queen Mary's former governess and friend. The second version, written twenty-four years later in 1569,<sup>23</sup> is much revised and expanded, and is dedicated to Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, the champion and later the victim, of Mary, Queen of Scots' cause. This manuscript is much amended and corrected, and from it apparently Forrest made a fair copy in the same year, which survives in two manuscript volumes in Oxford and London.<sup>24</sup>

Six part-books written in 1530 for or by Forrest are now at Oxford. They form a valuable collection of eighteen contemporary masses for five or six voices.<sup>25</sup>

47. QUEEN KATHERINE'S FAREWELL TO HER DAUGHTER: Untitled extract from *The Seconde Grisilde*, *Caput* 14, ll. 1-16, 49-56, 73-80, 97-120, 145-152. Text from *MS. Wood empt.* 2, Bodleian, ff. 50<sup>v</sup>-53. There the title runs:

Heere ensuethe a true and moste notable historie of a right noble and famous ladye produced in Spayne intytuled the Seconde Grisilde, practiced not longe oute



of this tyme: in muche parte tragedious: as delectable bothe to beearers: and Readers. The poem is dedicated to Queen Mary. At the end of the twenty chapters comes the colophon:

'Heere endethe the historye of Grysilde the seconde, onlyc meanyng Queene Catharyne Mother to oure moste dread soveraigne ladye Queene Mary, fynysched the 25 daye of June the yere of oure lorde 1558 by the symple and unlearned Syr Wylliam florrest pceiste *propria manu*.'

The manuscript had at one time belonged to Anthony Wood's Catholic friend Ralph Sheldon, Esq., of Weston Park, near Long Compton in Warwickshire, who was related by marriage to the old tenants of Thame Abbey. Sheldon or his executors gave it to Wood, and Wood sold it to the Bodleian. It has great technical beauty, was richly bound, and was believed by Wood to be the very copy presented by Forrest to Queen Mary.<sup>26</sup> It was edited by Macray for the Roxburgh Club in 1875.

Caput 14 of *Grisild the Second* is headed:

*Of Grysildys moste pytefull takyng her leave at Marye her Doughter, commendynge her to the mercye of God, withe muche Motherlye admonitions for her to practice and have in remembraunce after her Dayes.* Obedience to her father is strongly counselled to the Princess. This was always the spirit of the invincibly meek Katherine. Within half a year after her mother's death, and following a long and minute persecution, Mary (in the summer of 1536) carried her filial submission to a pitch which severely strained her 'inward conscience.' Forrest himself, throughout his long narration, handles Walter, the tyrannous husband of Grisild, with deliberate gentleness.

The Princess Mary, second daughter and fifth and only surviving child of King Henry VIII and Queen Katherine, was born on February 18, 1515-6, and was eleven years old when her father entered upon the intrigues for the annulment of his marriage. On November 10, 1531, Lodovico Falier, the Venetian Ambassador, describes Queen Katherine as 'virtuous, just, replete with goodness and religion; she speaks Spanish, Flemish, French and English; she is beloved by the islanders more than any Queen that ever reigned.' In the same report, however, he describes Henry, then in full pursuit of the Lady Anne Boleyn, as 'angelic.'<sup>27</sup> Forrest, at least, was more aware of the 'serpentine shakynge' of impending change. His phrase reminds one of the subterranean dragon of the Norse mythology; Langdon<sup>28</sup> has a similar conception of the origins of the Reformation in England.

Katherine was ordered by letter to depart from Windsor Castle in June, 1531. Miss Strickland writes that 'she immediately retired, and never again beheld her husband and child.'<sup>29</sup> Mary saw her, as a matter of fact, at Bugden in July, 1533, but never afterwards. Cranmer, from his Court held at Dunstable, pronounced invalid the union of Katherine

and Henry, and the contrary decision came from Rome to cheer the much-wronged and supplanted wife. The 'Lady Dowager,' as she was called, did not live to see the Princess bastardized by Act of Parliament. She was removed to Kimbolton Castle in December, 1534, already languishing under a mortal illness, her income (as Prince Arthur's widow) unpaid, and her physical comforts much diminished.

Forrest allows his heroine to complain of the 'indynacion' which operates to keep her, though dying, separated from her only child. This monstrous measure of the King's, for which no reason was ever assigned by him, is one of the charges boldly brought against him by his kinsman Reginald Pole. Mary herself was very ill at the same time. '*Hic palam obloquuntur de morte illius, ac verentur de puella regia ne brevi ma[trem] sequatur.*' Men speaketh here *tragice* of these matters,' wrote Edmund Harvel from Venice to Thomas Starkey on February 5, 1536.<sup>30</sup> Katherine, with her usual dignity and sweetness, wrote a most affecting letter to Henry as almost her last conscious act, and died on January 7, 1535-6, possibly of cancer of the heart, at the age of fifty.

He who had provided for her many years of cruel and continuous sorrow never lost his respect for her nor for her memory. Queen Mary's will expressly provided for the removal of her mother's body from Peterborough to a place in the Abbey next her own grave, where 'honourable tombs, for a decent memory of us' should be erected. Her executors, King Philip being chief among them, paid not the slightest attention to this touching request, nor to the carrying-out of a single one of the legacies, one of which (anticipating Chelsea Hospital by a good deal more than a century) was to found a home of rest for 'poor and old soldiers.'

48. MIRTHS: Untitled poem. Text from *Harleian MS.* 1703, ff. 113-113<sup>v</sup>, ll. 1-18, 23-30.

49. THE MARIGOLD: *A new ballade of the Marigolde*, ll. 1-24, 33-56, 97-112. Text from *A new ballade of the Marigolde, Imprinted at London in Aldersgate strete by Richard Lant*, (S.T.C. 11186), Library of the Society of Antiquaries. The ballad is reprinted in *The Harleian Miscellany*<sup>31</sup> and in Rollins's *Old English Ballads* 1553-1625.<sup>32</sup> It appeared as a broadside about 1553 and was licensed for reprinting in 1569-70.<sup>33</sup> Like all who write of Mary's accession, Forrest is conscious of the dramatic change, when all who had stormed and scolded without cause why were suddenly quieted and made friendly, at least for the time being. In a congratulatory poem of hobbling charm he shows, incidentally, a pretty understanding of the hardy flower which lends him his simile. Rollins has reprinted another ballad of the period in which Mary is called 'the swet marigold.'<sup>34</sup> The present ballad is subscribed 'God save the Queene. Quod William Forrest, Preest.'

50. OF SOCIAL JUSTICE: TO THE KING: Extract from a long poem

in manuscript entitled *The Pleasaunt Poesye of Princelie Practise*, Cap. xviii, Stanzas 22, 24; Cap. xix, Stanza 24; Cap. xx, Stanzas 39-41. Text from *Royal MS.* 17 D.3, ff. 57, 60<sup>r</sup>, 66<sup>r</sup>-67. British Museum. Extracts from the poem are printed in *Starkey's Life and Letters* (ed. Herrtage, E.E.T.S.), 1878.

The general grounds of Forrest's appeal to the throne are identical with those of the Pilgrims of Grace twelve years before. No improvement had been attempted since. He feels for the English rural poor, with their old rights encroached upon, their wages reduced, their holdings made few and far apart in the interest of the powerful wool trade. He glances at the rise of an ill new custom, clean contrary to the spirit of the pre-Reformation guildsfolk, by which a woman was beginning to be paid less than a man would be for doing the same work. He mentions sixpence as the just wage for a winter day, and seven or eight pence for a summer one. As multiplied by twelve to represent our present currency, this is even now no mean wage; nor (what is more significant) was it then a novel one. England at the dawn of the Reformation was what Cobbett, just three centuries later, called her, 'the happiest country, perhaps, that the world had ever seen.' For this strong statement there is an immense amount of corroborative evidence, inclusive of Prof. Thorold Rogers's great Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in 1887-8 on *The Economic Interpretation of History*. It is pathetic that men like Forrest, Langdon and the Pilgrims look instinctively to the King to remedy a menace and an actuality, which were eating the very heart out of the common people. Their mood shows total ignorance of the Tudors, and of the new mentality, due to their influence, of the upper classes. Lodge, a generation later, bewails the fixed and inferior conditions of his native land in his *Truths Complaint over England*;<sup>35</sup> but it never occurs to him to cheer himself with faith in royal good will, or hope of its redemptive exercise.

The *Pleasaunt Poesye* is noticeable, as Herrtage remarks,<sup>36</sup> for suggestions there made, 'suggestions which have since been carried into effect, and become part of our system of domestic government. Such, for instance, are the author's proposals for compulsory education, free to those unable to pay the requisite fees; and for the appointment of an 'overseer or controller,' corresponding to our Education officer. Again, we have his suggestion for a general valuation of all land by Government Commissioners, such valuation to form the basis on which rents, rates, &c. should be calculated.' Forrest was not 'simple and unlearned' in Christian sociology.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> Thorold Rogers, *Oxford City Documents*, 1268-1665, 70.  
<sup>2</sup> Forrest, *The History of Grisild the Second* (ed. Macray), xii.  
<sup>3</sup> *History . . . of the Prebendal Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Thame*.  
<sup>4</sup> Lee, *op. cit.*, 401. <sup>5</sup> f. 7<sup>v</sup>. <sup>6</sup> *op. cit.*, 36. <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 402.  
<sup>8</sup> P.R.O. *Augmentation Book*, 236, f. 140.  
<sup>9</sup> *Harl. MS.* 1703. <sup>10</sup> *Harl. MS.* 1703, f. 76. <sup>11</sup> *Royal MS.* 17 D. iii.  
<sup>12</sup> *Royal MS.* 17 A. xxi. This manuscript contains verse renderings of the *Te Deum*, *Benedictus*, *Magnificat*, and *Nunc Dimittis*.  
<sup>13</sup> Lodge, *Portraits of Illustrious Personages* (1835), I.  
<sup>14</sup> Lee, *op. cit.*, 405. <sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, 70, 142. <sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, 401.  
<sup>17</sup> *op. cit.*, xiv-xv. <sup>18</sup> *MS.* 86 in University College, Oxford.  
<sup>19</sup> f. 72<sup>v</sup>. <sup>20</sup> f. 73. <sup>21</sup> f. 73<sup>v</sup>. <sup>22</sup> *Add. MS.* 34,791.  
<sup>23</sup> *MS. Eng. Poet.* d. 9, Bodleian.  
<sup>24</sup> Part I is *MS.* 86 in University College, Oxford. Part II is *Royal MS.* 18 C. xiii in the British Museum.  
<sup>25</sup> *MSS. Mus. Sch. e.* 376-81, Bodleian.  
<sup>26</sup> *Life and Times of Anthony Wood* (ed. Clark, 1891), II, 486.  
<sup>27</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Venetian*, IV, 292-3. <sup>28</sup> See p. 31.  
<sup>29</sup> *Lives of the Queens of England* (1872), II, 156.  
<sup>30</sup> Brewer and Gardner, *Letters and Papers*, x, 97.  
<sup>31</sup> (1813), x, 253-4. <sup>32</sup> 8-12.  
<sup>33</sup> Arber, *Transcripts*, I, 409.  
<sup>34</sup> *op. cit.*, 19-22. From *MS.* 106, f. 630, at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.  
<sup>35</sup> p. 237 of this book.  
<sup>36</sup> Appendix, LXXXI-II.

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WILLIAM FORREST

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47. QUEEN KATHERINE'S FAREWELL TO  
HER DAUGHTER

**S**ITHE Deathe / his Bedyll of ymbecyltee,  
Shathe sent, to Somen me / oute of this life:  
to ende the Course / of this fragilyttee.  
as is of Deathe / the olde Prerogatif.  
notwithstandynge / thoughe Nature makethe strife:  
I wyll yeat nowe emongest other all.  
take leave of *Mary* / my Doughter speciall,

*O Mary* / mayden, By lyneall descent.  
spronge of the fresche / and sweete Rose rubycounde,  
In florischinge yeares / when hee was content.  
withe the Pomegarnet. on stawlke to bee fownde,  
till serpentyne shakyn / loased the grounde,  
dysceaverynge us / muche myserablye.  
Wheare thorowe / thowe art in heavynes drounde.  
*yeat, Jesu thee save / of his great mercye.*

For all unkyndenes / that happen the shall,  
unto thy ffather / shewe due obedyence:  
as hee shall assigne thee / to rise / other fall.  
content thearwithe thyne Inwarde Conscyence,  
So maiste thoue have / of his Benevolence,  
if Pytee / or mercye / in hym dothe oughtes lye:  
In nowise / to any woorke thoue offense.  
*And Christe shall graunte thee of his mercye.*

*Bee meeke* / and lowlye / in harte / and in looke,  
Beare thee not bolde / of thy Nobylitee:  
Busye thy selfe / in Goddys dyvyne Booke.  
Whiche, teachethe the Rulys / of pure humylitee,  
Beware the wayes / of false ffagilitee,  
Use ffastyng / and Praying / for best remeadye:  
so shalte thoue trulye / withe all ffacylitee.  
*purchesse of God. his ffavour / and Mercye.*

*And nowe farewell / deere Doughter Mary,  
 farewell pooare Orphan, as seemeth unto mee:  
 farewell, whome fayne I wolde not myscary.  
 farewell, of forse. I neadys muste forgoe thee,  
 farewell in hym. that is bothe one / and three,  
 farewell, from seeinge thee / withe mortal iye:  
 farewell, nowe flowringe in virgynytee.  
 Jesu thee preserve / of his great Mercye.*

To take oure leaves / eache one of other,  
 firste, thoue of mee (as Nature wolde so)  
 and I of thee / thy sickely mother:  
 that, oute of this worlde / is ready to goe.  
 it is prohybite / to my mortall woe,  
 thoughe no Discretion / declare the cause whie:  
 Indignation / thee keepethe mee froe.  
*yeat, Jesu save thee / of his great Mercye,*

*Halas* that I myght thee / yeat onse beholde,  
 before that Deathe shall bereave me my sight:  
 to blesse thee withe hande / thoughe earthelye / and colde.  
 as, ynwardely servethe my appetyte,  
 To whiche (as I wolde) I am Impedyte,  
 Thoughe Reason it weare / the worlde dothe denye:  
 Goddys will bee fulfilled / as yt is right.  
*Who save / and keepe thee / of his great Mercy.*

*Thus* byd I thee (Doughter) for eaver farewell,  
 farewell / farewell / in Sorowes surely pight:  
 farewell I bydde thee, Deathes panges doth compell.  
 the Daye dyspayrethe / taste drawethe unto nyght,  
 yeat, after dymme Clowdys / I hoape the Sunne bright,  
 that shynethe unclypsed / eaverlastingly:  
 hee make thee partyner / of that heavnlye light.  
*That is the ffather of endeles mercye.*

## 48. MIRTHS

O MAN for love I bare to thee  
emonge thy mirthes have mynd on mee.

In health, in wealth, in thy welfare,  
and what other: felicitee,  
for sodayne falynge into care,  
emongs thy mirthes, have mynde of mee.

Remember in thin Inwarde thought,  
how I thee made of harte most free,  
wherfore of duetye well thou ought  
emonge thy mirthes: to thinke on mee.

I made thee man, remember well,  
no Aspe, no worme: no stocke, no tree,  
but smally diffinge: from Aungell:  
wherfore thou oughtist to thinke on mee.

I caust for thee: all grayne to springe  
and everye thinge in their degree.  
both foule, and fishe in saye swyminge  
wherfore thou oughtist to thinke on mee.

. . . . .  
The myrthes, that man: can here devise  
are but breathings: of vanitee,  
So take them man: yf thou bee wyse,  
and myrth of heaven: seeke thou of mee.

This worlds vayne myrth: doo noe regarde  
before myrthe heavenly: I wishe thee  
and I shall thee: with myrth rewarde  
that endlesse is: in heaven with mee.

## 49. THE MARIGOLD

THE God above, for man's delight,  
Hath heere ordayne every thing,  
Sonne, Moone, and Sterres, shynyng so bright,  
with all kinde fruites that here doth spring,  
And Flowrs that are so flourishyng.

Amonges all which that I beholde,  
As to my minde best contentyng,  
I doo commende the Marigolde.

In Veare first springeth the Violet;  
The Primerose, then, also doth spred;  
The Couslip sweete abroad doth get;  
The Daisye gaye sheweth forth her hed;  
The Medowes greene, so garnished,

Most goodly, truly, to beholde;  
For which God is to be Praised.

Yet I commende the Marigolde.

The Rose that chearfully doth showe  
At Midsomer, her course hath shee;  
The Lilye white after doth growe;  
The Columbine then see may yee;  
The Joliflowre in fresh degree,

with sundrie mo then can be tolde:  
Though they never so pleasaunt bee,  
Yet I commende the Marigolde.

. . . . .

All these but for a time doth serve,  
Soone come, soone gone, so doth they fare,  
At fervent heates and stormes thei sterve,  
Fadyng away, their staulkes left bare.  
Of that I praise, thus say I dare,

Shee sheweth glad cheare in heate and colde,  
Moche profityng to hertes in care,  
Such is this floure, the Marigolde.



This Marigolde Floure, marke it well,  
with Sonne dooth open, and also shut;  
which (in a meanyng) to us doth tell  
To Christ, God's Sonne, our willes to put,  
And by his woorde to set our futte,  
Stiffly to stande, as Champions bolde,  
From the truthe to stagger nor stutte,  
For which I praise the Marigolde.

To Marie, our Queene, that Floure so sweete,  
This Marigolde I doo apply,  
For that the Name doth serve so meete  
And properlee, in eache partie;  
For her enduryng patiently  
The stormes of such as list to scolde  
At her dooynges, with cause why,  
Loth to see spring this Marigolde.

Christ save her in her High Estate,  
Therin (in rest) long to endure;  
Christ so all wronges heere mitigate  
That all may be to his pleasure:  
The high, the lowe, in due measure,  
As membres true with her to holde,  
So eache to be thother's treasure,  
In cherishynge the Marigolde.

Be thou (O God) so good as thus  
Thy Perfect Fayth to see take place;  
Thy Peace thou plant here among us,  
That Errour may go hide his face.  
So to concorde us in eache case,  
As in thy Courte it is enrolde,  
wee all (as one) to love her Grace,  
That is our Queene, this Marigolde.

## 50. OF SOCIAL JUSTICE: TO THE KING

THIS too bee seene too: the Publike weale criethe.  
 of reformation / it sittethe your Office:  
 manye injuries too the poore pliethe,  
 done by the bygger / without all Justice.  
 As the great fowle / the small dothe supprise.  
 devour / and eeate upp all flesche too the bone:  
 so farethe the riche / if they bee let alone,

. . . . .

And true it is, the highe Opificer.  
 sendethe not his giftes / too wone perticularlye:  
 but that a multytude / wone withe other:  
 the same shoulde particypate / mutuallie,  
 Sithe hee althinges heere / dothe make too multyplye.  
 too thende aforesaide, O kynge, of God electe:  
 see then the same stonde in her full effecte,

. . . . .

So manye *Beggars* sholde not reigne / as reigne,  
 so manye *Headye* / sholde not for conforte crye:  
 so manye *Rovers* / sholde not use the pleyne:  
 so manye / sholde not then lyve *ydlelye*,  
 A fewe / to profyte, to hynderaunce of manye,  
 As *Thowsandis* to lacke / and *Twentie* to abownde:  
 Oh: howe it geavethe / a myserable sownde,

. . . . .

A laborer / trulie doinge his duetye.  
 (aswell the woman (I meane) as the man)  
 let them have / for their traveile worthelye:  
 so shall they delyte / to doo what they can,  
 els will they loighter / evernowe and than.  
 comptinge / as goode to bee ydle unwrought:  
 as soare to traveile / and profite right nowght,

So ordre / that eache doinge their labour.  
justelie / and trulie / withe moste diligence:  
maye bee worthe / them and theirs to succour:  
(fynding them selves) on shorteste daies: sex pense,  
And oother lengre as the Soone takethe ascense;  
seavyn / or eight pense, so shall they bee able:  
meanlye to lyve: and mayntayne their Cradle,

*And* Townes / let downe / to grase Sheape uppon,  
withe dwellinge howses / as fermys / and Abbeyes:  
reduced agayne / to habitation:  
for lack of which: mucche lyvnges nowe decayes,  
and dothe great hynderaunce / as this wone waies,  
Thowsandis thear bee / that right gladlie wolde wedde:  
if they had holdinges / to coaver their hedde,

. . . . .

### XIII. JASPER HEYWOOD, S.J.

1535-1598

JASPER, the younger brother of Ellis Heywood, also a Jesuit, and the son of John Heywood, the epigrammatist, was born in the year of the schism, and came near to lose his life for the cause then first threatened. As a boy he was a page to the Princess Elizabeth. He went to Oxford at the age of twelve, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1553 and his Master's degree five years later.<sup>1</sup> As a Probationer Fellow of Merton he made a reputation both for Latin and Hebrew learning and for wildness of spirits. We hear of him translating the tragedies of Seneca, and acting as the Christmastide Lord of Misrule at Lincoln's Inn in 1558. He seems to have been the last holder of that famous mediæval office at Merton as well.<sup>2</sup> His escapades are said to have obliged him at last to resign his fellowship in 1558,<sup>3</sup> but that they were not of a really discreditable nature may perhaps be argued from these contemporary facts: that Cardinal Pole, just before his death, had recommended Heywood to the founder of Trinity as 'a polite scholar, an able disputant, and a steady Catholic,' and eligible to a fellowship, which Sir Thomas Pope did not bestow;<sup>4</sup> and that Heywood was elected, within a few months, Fellow of All Souls, where his brother Ellis had been elected Fellow ten years earlier.<sup>5</sup> It has been thought that Heywood left after the drastic Visitation of 1559 in Oxford, though he is not named with the two Fellows expelled then for non-compliance. The title and preface of his *Thyestes*, however, show that he was still at All Souls in 1561.<sup>6</sup> He left the college in that year and entered Gray's Inn.<sup>7</sup> Between 1558 and 1561 he had translated the *Troas*, *Thyestes*, and *Hercules Furens* of Seneca.

Heywood did not remain long at Gray's Inn, but went abroad, perhaps, as Graves suggests, with his uncle William Rastell. He seems to have been ordained a priest very speedily, and was admitted into the Society of Jesus at Rome on May 21, 1562. He taught there for two years and afterwards taught Mathematics, Exegesis, Moral Theology, and Controversial Questions at Dillingen in Bavaria till 1581. He made his final vows as a Jesuit in 1570.<sup>8</sup> It was here that a strain of contentiousness and want of mental balance first betrayed itself in a mind that was yet exceptionally capable both in intellectual and practical affairs.

Father Heywood at this time supported the Bishop of Augsburg in his enforcement of certain rigid regulations on usury which changed conditions had rendered obsolete, and the opposition of his fellow Jesuits in this matter seems to have affected him seriously. Father Hoffæus, S.J., who was Father Heywood's superior, wrote in 1580 to the Father General at Rome complaining of his obstinacy and expressing doubts of his sanity. Heywood, he claimed, had professed to have been assaulted by the devil continuously since 1571.<sup>9</sup> That the matter was not taken too seriously at Rome seems clear from the appointment next year of Father Heywood to be superior of the English Mission in succession to Father Persons.<sup>10</sup> He arrived in England about August, 1581,<sup>11</sup> and travelled continually to all parts of the country. There are several witnesses to the energy and the extraordinary success of his labours; it is even claimed for him by Father Persons<sup>12</sup> that he brought about in 1583 the conversion to Catholicism of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, but this seems to be an error, the *captura piscium* being due to Father Weston.<sup>13</sup> A dispute concerning the obligation of fasting days in England, in which he was on the side of those who desired some relaxation of the rules, led to his recall from England in 1583,<sup>14</sup> and while attempting to cross the Channel he was seized and imprisoned in the Clink on December 9. In February, 1583-4, he was tried at Westminster with five other priests, who all suffered at Tyburn.<sup>15</sup> Father Heywood, however, was withdrawn from the trial, and committed to the Tower, where every effort was made to induce him to conform. He was even, according to Sanders, offered a bishopric.<sup>16</sup> Sanders is almost as doubtful an authority as Foxe, but such offers were not uncommon at that time to bribe-proof Recusants. After seventeen months of imprisonment, during which he was nursed in sickness by his sister, Elizabeth Donne,<sup>17</sup> he was suddenly deported to France with twenty other priests and a layman by order of a Royal Commission. Father Heywood protested publicly, but in vain, demanding to be brought to trial.<sup>18</sup> He was shipped to Normandy and there left to shift for himself in January, 1585-4. For the next few years he was at Dôle in Burgundy. Here the disturbance of mind which he had experienced at Dillingen returned, and he was troubled by 'witches,' according to Wood,<sup>19</sup> and demons according to Henry More.<sup>20</sup> In 1589 he proceeded to Rome where he showed further signs of being

mentally unbalanced, and thence was sent to Naples, where he died on January 9, 1597-8, 'like a good religious man, as he was,' writes Father Persons, who knew him and his idiosyncracies very intimately.<sup>21</sup>

It may be added here that Ellis Heywood was also an author. His charming dialogue-romance printed in Florence in 1556, and never translated into English, *Il Moro d' Heliseo Heivodo Inglese*, is dedicated to Cardinal Pole. It consists of 182 pages of small type, representing talks between 'S. T. Moro' and three gentlemen called 'S. Piero,' 'S. Paulo,' and 'Alessandro.' In the dedication Ellis Heywood deprecates<sup>22</sup> 'quell' acutissimo ingegno del S. T. Moro introdotto con uno parlar cosi freddo, che ne ancho al Moro morto corrisponderebbe,' but he writes, he says, from 'mia pura affezione verso quel venerando nome.' The Heywoods were, as we have seen, 'near kinsmen of the saintly Chancellor. Father Ellis Heywood, S.J., died at Louvain in 1578.

51. THE MUSES' EDITION: *The preface*, ll. 1-4, 21-52, 375-398. 411-466, 487-564, 621-632, 645-652. Text from *The Seconde Tragedie of Seneca: Thyestes*, 1560, (S.T.C. 22226), Bodleian, sig. \*iv\*-\*\*viii. Heywood was the first English translator of Seneca's plays. Some of the stanzas which we have omitted contain interesting references to contemporary writers, and the whole poem witnesses to a 'stirring of the waters' and a joyous and confident anticipation of coming triumphs for English literature.

The *Troas*, which this loving disciple of Seneca published in 1559, is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It was followed by *Thyestes* in 1560 and *Hercules Furens* in 1561. Arthur Hall, in the preface to his *Ten Books of Homers Iliades* (1581), speaks of these Seneca translations by Heywood, 'a man then better learned than fortunate, and since more fortunate that he hath well bestowed (as it is thought) the giftes God and Nature hath liberally lent him.' This can refer only to some rumour which had got abroad that Jasper's religious convictions were accommodating themselves to current ideas: it was never true.

52. THE LOOKERS-ON: *Looke or you leape*. Text from *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises*, 1576 (S.T.C. 7516), Huntington Library, as collated by Hyder E. Rollins. It is signed: 'Finis. Jasper Haywood.' The poem is one of four by Jasper Heywood which figure in the first edition of the anthology. A fifth poem is added in 1578 and three more in 1585. Nine editions of *The Paradyse* were called for between 1576 and 1606.

53. CAUTIONS: *Who mindes to bring his shippe to happy shore Must care to knowe the lawes of wysdomes lore*. ll. 25-48. Text from *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises*, 1576, (S.T.C. 7516), Huntington Library, as collated by Hyder E. Rollins. It is signed 'Finis. Jasper Hewood.'

54. *EASTER DAY: Easter Day*, ll. 1-8, 17-31. Text from *The Paradysse of Daynty Devises*, 1576, (S.T.C. 7516), Huntington Library, as collated by Hyder E. Rollins. It is signed 'Finis. Jasper Heywood.'

55. *A COMPARISON OF HIMSELF TO THE PRODIGAL SON: Alluding his state to the prodigall child*. Text from *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1585, (S.T.C. 7520), Huntington Library, as collated by Hyder E. Rollins. It is signed *FINIS. J. Heywood*. These humble and heartfelt lines may have served, if not to create, at least to exaggerate Heywood's past reputation as a wild youth, which is alluded to by one or two contemporaries.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Boase, *Register of the University of Oxford*, I, 221.

<sup>2</sup> Gutch, *History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford* (1796), II, 136-7.

<sup>3</sup> Bfodnick, *Memorials of Merion College*, 46, 261-2.

<sup>4</sup> Warton, *History of English Poetry* (1824), IV, 212-13.

<sup>5</sup> Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*, II, 702.

<sup>6</sup> cf. T.S. Graves in *Mod. Phil.*, Apr., 1913.

<sup>7</sup> Foster, *Register of Admissions to Gray's Inn*, 29.

<sup>8</sup> De Vocht, *Jasper Heywood* (in Bang, *Materialien*, XLI), XI. This contains the fullest and most accurate account of Heywood which exists, and the present chapter is largely based on it.

<sup>9</sup> B. Duhr in *Zeitschrift für Kath. Theol.*, xxiv, 223 sqq., E. van Rocy in *Revue d'Hist. - stoire Ecclésiastique*, III, 932 sqq.

<sup>10</sup> Morris, *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, II, 14.

<sup>11</sup> Knox, *First and Second Douay Diaries*, 292.

<sup>12</sup> *Notes concerning the English Mission in Catholic Record Society, Miscellanea*, IV, 93.

<sup>13</sup> Morris, *op. cit.*, II, 93-4.

<sup>14</sup> Baitoli, *Istoria della Compagnia di Gesù: L'Inghilterra* (Torino, 1825), IV, 271-80.

<sup>15</sup> *Catholic Record Society: Miscellanea*, II, 232, III, 17; *Cal. State Papers, Dom. Elizabeth*, 1581-90, 165.

<sup>16</sup> Sanders, *Anglican Schism* (ed. Lewis), 319.

<sup>17</sup> Morris, *op. cit.*, II, 68.

<sup>18</sup> Sanders, *op. cit.*, 328-30; Holinshed, *Chronicles*, III, 1379-80.

<sup>19</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), I, 665.

<sup>20</sup> H. More, *Historia Missionis Anglicanæ Societatis Jesu* (1660), 132-5.

<sup>21</sup> *A Storrie of Domesticall difficulties in Catholic Record Society, Miscellanea*, II, 177.

<sup>22</sup> sig. A 4.

51. THE MUSES' EDITION

IT was the fowre and twentieth daie  
Of latest monthe save one  
Of all the yere: when flowre and frute  
from felde and tree were gone,

. . . . .

When (as at booke with mased Muse  
I satte and pensive thought  
Deepe drownde in dumps of drousines  
as chaunge of weather wrought,)  
I felt howe Morpheus bound my browes  
and eke my Temples strooke,  
That downe I soonke my heavy head  
and sleapt uppon my booke.  
Then dreamde I thus, that by my syde  
me thought I sawe one stande  
That downe to grounde in scarlet gowne  
was dight, and in his hande  
A booke he bare: and on his head  
of Bayes a Garland greene:  
Full grave he was, well stept in yeres  
and comly to be seene.  
His eyes like Christall shiende: his breathe  
full sweete, his face full fyne,  
It seemde he had byn lodged long,  
among the Muses nyne.  
Good syr (quoth I) I you besече  
(since that ye seeme to me  
By your attyre some worthie wight)  
it may your pleasure be,  
To tell me what and whens ye are.  
wherat a whyle he stayde  
Beholdyng me: anone he spake,  
and thus (me thought) he sayde.



Spayne was (quoth he) my native soyle:  
a man of woorthie fame  
Sometime I was in former age,  
and Seneca my name.

. . . . .

He sayde: and therwithall, began  
to ope the gylded booke  
Whiche erst I tolde he bare in hand  
and therupon to looke.  
The leaves within were fyne to feele,  
and fayre to looke uppone,  
As they with sylver had byn sleakte,  
full cleare to see they shone.  
Yet farre the letters did eche one  
exceede the leaves in sight,  
More glorious then the glittryng golde,  
and in the Iye more bright.  
The featly framed lynes throughout  
in meetest maner stande,  
More worthy worke it was, then might  
be made by mortall hande.  
Therwith me thought a savour sweete  
I felt, so fresshe that was,  
That bedds of purple vyolettes,  
and Roses farre did pas.  
No princes perfume like to it,  
in chamber of estate:  
I wiste it was some thyng divine,  
did me so recreate.

. . . . .

These are (quoth he) the Tragedies  
in deede of Seneca,  
The Muse her selfe them truly writ,  
that hight Melpomena.  
In Parnase princely palaice highe,  
she garnisshed this booke,

The Ladies have of Helicon  
great joy theron to looke:  
When walkyng in theyr aleys sweete  
the flowres so fresshe they treade,  
And in the midst of them me place,  
my Tragedies to reade.  
These leaves that fyne as velvet feelee,  
and parchment like in sight,  
Of feate fyne Fawnes they are the skyns,  
suche as no mortall wight  
May come unto: but with the which  
the muses woont to playe,  
In gardens still with grasse full greene,  
that garnisht are full gaye.  
There fostred are these litle beasts,  
and fed with Muses mylke,  
Their whitest hands and feete they lycke,  
with tongue as softe as sylke.  
Theyr heare not suche as have the hearde,  
of other common Deare,  
But silken skyns of purple hewe,  
lyke velvet fyne they weare.  
With proper featly framed feete,  
about the arbours greene  
They trippe and daunce before these dames,  
full seemely to be seene:  
And then theyr golden hornes adowne  
in Ladies lappes they lay,  
A greate delight those systers nyne,  
have with these Fawnes to play.  
Of skyns of them this parchment loe  
that shynes so fayre they make,  
When ought they woulde with hande of theirs,  
to written booke betake.  
This gorgeous glyttryng golden Inke,  
so precious thyng to see,  
Geve eare and wherof made it is,  
I shall declare to thee.

Fayre trees amyd theyr Paradise,  
there are of every kynde,  
Where every frute that boughe brynys foorth,  
a man may ever fynde.  
And deynties suche as princes wont,  
with proudest price to bie,  
Great plentie therof may be seene,  
hang there on branches hie.  
The Plumme, the Peare, the Fygge, the Date,  
Powngarnet wants not theare,  
The Orynge and the Olyve tree,  
full plenteously doe beare.

. . . . .

Above the rest a Cedre hyghe,  
of haughtie toppe there growes  
With bendyng braunches farre abroad,  
on soyle that shadowe showes.  
In toppe wherof do hang full hie,  
the pennes of poetts olde,  
And posyes purtred for theyr prayse,  
in letters all of golde.  
In shade wherof a banquet house  
there stands of great delight,  
For Muses joyes, the walls are made  
of marble fayre in sight  
Fowre square: an Ivery turret stands  
at every corner hye,  
The nookes and toppes doth beaten golde,  
and amell overlye.  
In fulgent seate dothe fleéyng fame,  
there syt full hyghe from grounde,  
And prayse of Pallas poets sends  
to starres with trumpetts sounde.  
The gate therof so strong and sure,  
it neede no watche nor warde  
A woondrous woorke it is to see,  
of Adamant full harde.

With nyne sure locks wherof of one  
eche ladye kepes the kaye,  
That none of them may come therin  
when other are awaye.  
The floore within with emrawds greene,  
ys paved fayre and feate,  
The boorde and benches rownde about,  
are made of pure blacke geate.  
The lute, the harpe, the cytheron,  
the shaulme, the shagbut eke,  
The vyall and the vyrginall,  
no musyke there to seeke.  
About the walls more woorthy woorke  
then made by mortall hande,  
The poetts paynted pyctures all  
in seemely order stande:  
With colours suche so lyvely layde,  
that at that sight I weene,  
Apelles pensyle woulde beare backe,  
abashed to be seene.  
There Homere, Ovide, Horace eke  
full featlye purtred bee,  
And there not in the lowest place,  
they have described mee.  
There Virgyle, Lucane, Palingene,  
and rest of poetts all  
Do stande, and there from this daie forth,  
full many other shall.  
For now that house by manye yarde,  
enlarged out they have,  
Wherby they myght in wyder wall  
the Images engrave,  
And paynte the pyctures more at large,  
of hundreds, englysshe men,  
That geeve theyr tongue a greater grace,  
by pure and paynfull pen.  
In mydst of all this woorthy woorke,  
there runns a pleasant spryng,

That is of all the paradyse,  
the most delycious thyng.  
That rounde about encloased is,  
with wall of Jasper stone:  
The ladies let no wight therin,  
but even them selves alone.  
The water shynes lyke golde in syght,  
and swetest is to smell,  
Full often tymes they bathe them selves,  
within that blysfull well.  
With water thereof they this Inke  
have made that wryt this booke,  
And lycenst me to bryng it downe,  
for thee theron to looke.

. . . . .  
The god of sleepe had harde all this,  
when tyme for him it was,  
To denns of slumber whence he came,  
agayne awaie to pas.  
The kercher bounde about my browes,  
dypt all in Lymbo lake,  
He strayght unknyt, away he fleeth,  
and I begoon to wake.  
When rownde I rolde mine eyes about,  
and sawe my selfe alone,  
In vayne I Senec Senec cryde,  
the Poete now was gone.

. . . . .  
And never were my joyes so greate,  
in sleepe so sweete before,  
But now as greivous was my woe,  
alas and ten tymes more,  
My selfe without the poete there,  
thus left alone to see,  
And all delights of former dreame,  
thus vanysshed to bee.

. . . . .

## 52. THE LOOKERS-ON

**I**F thou in suertie safe wilt sitt,  
If thou delight at rest to dwell:  
Spende no more words then shall seme fitt,  
Let tonge in silence talke expell.  
In all thyngs that thou seest men bent,  
Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

In worldly works degrees are three,  
Makers, doers, and lookers on:  
The lookers on have libertie,  
Bothe the others to judge upon.  
Wherefore in all, as men are bent,  
Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

The makers oft are in fault founde,  
The doers doubt of praise or shame:  
The lookers on finde surest grounde,  
Thei have the fruite, yet free from blame.  
This doeth persuaide in all here ment,  
Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

The proverbs is not South and West,  
Whiche hath be saied, long tyme agoe:  
Of little medlyng cometh rest,  
The busie man never wanteth woe.  
The best waie is in all worlds sent,  
Se all, saie nought, holde thee content.

## 53. CAUTIONS

TIME quickly slips beware how thou it spend,  
Of wanton youth, repentes a painefull age:  
Beginne nothing without an eye to thend,  
Nor bowe thyne eare from counsell of the sage.  
If thou to farre let out thy fancie slip,  
And witlesse wyll from reasons rule outstart:  
Thy folly, shall at length be made thy whippe,  
And sore, the sttipes of shame, shal cause thee smart.

To doo too much for olde men is but lost,  
Of freendship had to women comes like gaine:  
Bestowe not thou on children to much cost,  
For what thou dooest for these, is all in vayne.  
The olde man or he can requite, he dyes,  
Unconstant is the womans waveryng minde:  
Full soone the boy thy freendship wyl despise,  
And him for love thou shalt ungratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barren ground,  
The woman like the Reede that wagges with winde:  
There may no trust in tender yeeres be found,  
And of the three, the boy is most unkinde.  
If thou have found a faithful freend in deede,  
Beware thou lose not love of such a one:  
He shall sometime stand thee in better steede,  
Then treasure great of golde or precious stone.

## 54. EASTER DAY

ALL mortall men this day rejoyce,  
In Christ that you redeemed hath:  
By death, with death sing we with voyce,  
To him that hath appesed Gods wrath.  
Due unto man for sinfull path,  
Wherein before he went astray:  
Geve thanks to him with perfect faith,  
That for mankind hath made this glorious day.

His death prevayled had no whit,  
As Paul the Apostle well doth write,  
Except he had uprysen yet,  
From death to life by Godlike might.  
With most triumphant glittering light.  
This day his glory shined I say,  
And made us bright as sunne this glorious day.

O man aryse with Christe therefore,  
Since he from sinne hath made thee free:  
Beware thou fall in sinne no more,  
But ryse as Christe dyd ryse for thee.  
So mayst thou him in glory see,  
When he at day of doome shal say:  
Come thou my childe and dwell with me,  
God Graunt us all, to see that glorious day.



55. A COMPARISON OF HIMSELF TO  
THE PRODIGAL SON

THE wandering youth, whose race so rashlie runne,  
Hath left behinde, to his eternall shame:  
The thriftlesse title of the Prodigall sonne,  
To quench, remembraunce of his other name.  
Mate now deuide, the burthen of his blame,  
With me, whom wretchlesse thoughtes entised still:  
To tread the trackt of his unruly will.

He tooke his childes part, at his fathers handes,  
Of Gods free grace, his giftes I did receive:  
He traveld farre, in many forraigne landes,  
My restlesse minde, would never raging leave.  
False queanes did him, of all his coine bereave,  
Fonde fancies stufte my braine with such abuse:  
That no good hap could seeke to any use.

They drave him out, when all his pence was spent.  
My lustes left me, when strength with age was worne,  
He was full fayne, a Fermars hoggs to tent:  
My life misled, did reape deserved scorne,  
Through hunger huge, wherewith his trips were torne,  
He wisht for swaddes, even so wisht I most vayne,  
In fruitlesse pleasure, fondly to remayne.

Now to come home with him, and pardon pray,  
My God I say, against the heavens and thee,  
I am not worthy, that my lippez should say:  
Behold thy handie worke, and pitie me,  
Of mercy yet my soule, from faultes set free.  
To serve thee here, till thou appoint the time,  
Through Christ, unto thy blessed joyes to climbe.

## XIV. GREGORY MARTIN

1539(?)–1582

GREGORY MARTIN was a native of Maxfield near Winchelsea. Like Edmund Campion, his lifelong friend, he was one of the original scholars on the foundation of St John's College, Oxford. He was matriculated in 1557, admitted B.A. in 1561, and commenced M.A. in 1565.<sup>1</sup> In 1569, when events made it impossible for him to continue at his College, where his reputation for learning was very high, he became tutor to the sons of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk. The eldest of these boys, then twelve, was Philip, afterwards Earl of Arundel, the future Confessor of the faith. When the Duke was committed to the Tower in 1570, Martin went to Flanders to practise his religion in peace. At Douai he was admitted by Dr Allen to his English College, was ordained priest at Brussels in 1573, and helped in 1577 to establish anew the English College in Rome. He returned to Douai, and in 1578 he took up work as Professor of Theology at Rheims, whither the faculty and students of Douai had removed. In his chosen departments of Greek and Hebrew, divinity and Biblical lore, Martin was unsparingly active up to his premature death from consumption at Rheims, on October 28, 1582.

The best fruit of his great scholarship was his translation of the New Testament from the Vulgate into English, which was published in the year of his death, and his translation of the Old Testament, which was not published until 1609–10. He had distinguished assistants in the work of revision, but the initiative and actual translation were wholly his own. 'Martin's work has left its mark,' says Thompson Cooper,<sup>2</sup> 'on every page of the labours of James I's companies of revisers.' He wrote a good deal, mostly on Scriptural and patristic themes. So truly illustrious an Englishman, so noble and gentle a character, is rather oddly represented in this book by a few hammering rhymes. It may be amusing to record the opinion of Oxford, or at least of Anthony Wood, a century after Gregory Martin's death, that he 'went beyond all of his time in humane literature, whether in poetry or prose.'<sup>3</sup>

56. QUESTIONS TO THE PROTESTANT: Extracts from *Catholike Questions to the Protestants*, a lengthy polemic in verse. Text from *The Love of the Soule, Made by G. M.*, 1619, (S.T.C. 17506), Bodleian, pp. 71, 76-79. The first edition of this book appeared at Rouen in 1578, and survives in a unique copy in the British Museum. The 1619 edition is, of course, posthumous, but internal evidence suggests that it embodies the author's final textual revisions. The book was answered by John Rhodes in 1602, who printed the *Catholike Questions* along with his reply.<sup>4</sup> Farr has reprinted both sets of verses.<sup>5</sup>

The effectiveness of the *Questions* seems to be proved by the number of replies they elicited. In 1627 appeared at Aberdeen a little work now rare, called *Eubulus, or a Dialogue Where-in a rugged Romish Ryme, (inscribed, Catholike Questions, to the Protestant) is confuted, and the Questions there-of answered by P. A.* (Patrick Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen). The author states that he wrote his tract thirteen years previously, though it may appear 'little beseeeming my Place and Age, that I deigne, so ridiculous a Ryme, with so large an Answer, yea, with anie Answer at all.' But the rhyme 'numbers . . . had continuallie in their mouthes' and 'ignorant and ydle Humours' were being gratified. Therefore, moved by the entreaties of 'a certayne verie honourable, and worthie Noble Man,' who felt towards Martin's 'ballad' a 'holie Indignation,' Bishop Forbes set to work. After the fashion of the times, he quotes whole sections of his antagonist's work.

Another reply to Martin by S.H., 'thy friend, if thou be Romes enemy,' is entitled *The Papists Ryme, answered*.<sup>6</sup> There is no title-page. S. H. prints the whole of Martin's *Questions*, answering them in the same measure and annotating them in detail. He declares that he had 'never heard, that this Popish ballade, was elsewhere but in these western parts, muche lesse that it was answered by another.' Had he known, he would not have written a reply. This pamphlet appears to be unrecorded in the *Short Title Catalogue*.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Boase, *Oxford Univ. Register*, I, 244.

<sup>2</sup> D.N.B., article Pound.

<sup>3</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), I, 487.

<sup>4</sup> *An answer to a romish ryme* (S.T.C. 20959).

<sup>5</sup> *Select Poetry chiefly Devotional of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, II, 267-90.

<sup>6</sup> In the Bodleian Library (Malone 297).

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GREGORY MARTIN

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56. QUESTIONS TO THE PROTESTANT

I PRAY thee Protestant beare with mee,  
to aske thee questions two or three,  
And if an answer thou canst make,  
more of thy counsell I will take.

. . . . .

You say your faith did appeare,  
for the first six hundred yeare,  
But tell me, if that you can,  
when Papistrie first began.  
Where were the servants of the Lord,  
that none of them durst speake a word:  
Where were the Feeders of the sheepe,  
what were they all so sound asleepe,  
That none of them could open mouth,  
once to defend the knowne truth?  
Did Saint *Peters* faith faile?  
did the gates of hell prevaile?  
Did the salt lose his savour?  
was the Spouse out of favour?  
Was the Pillar overthrowne,  
by whom all truth was to be knowne?  
By this you would prove plaine,  
all Christs promises to be in vaine,  
Saying heaven and earth shall passe indeed,  
but of his word no jot we reade.  
Where have you been so long a time?  
to whom did your light shine?  
Where did your principall Pastor sit?  
who kept your keyes, who fed your sheep?

. . . . .

For a thousand yeeres you say,  
that Papistrie did beare the sway:  
And during all that space,  
no Protestant durst shew his face.  
Who kept the holy Scriptures then,  
from the hands of wicked men?  
Who had authoritie to ordaine,  
or make Priests or Bishops againe?

. . . . .

Answer this if that you can,  
or cease to be a Protestan.  
But whiles your answer you devise,  
I counsell all men that are wise,  
To hold the Faith maintained heere,  
the space of a thousand yeere,  
Brought to us English men,  
by our Apostle Saint *Austen*,  
Who from Rome was hither sent,  
when *Ethelbert* was King of Kent,  
Who learned his faith of *Gregory*,  
which faith was kept successively,  
By threescore Bishops and three,  
from Saint *Peters* time we see,  
Who learned his faith of Christ Jesu,  
who is the Sonne of God most true.  
To him be all honor and prayse,  
who doth defend his Church alwayes.

## XV. BLESSED SWITHIN WELLS

**T**HIS layman martyr was fifth or sixth son of Thomas Wells, Esq., of Brambridge, near Twyford, Hants. Brambridge remained in the hands of the family until 1762.<sup>1</sup> His mother was Mary, daughter of John Mompesson.<sup>2</sup>

On May 25, 1582, the Privy Council ordered the Sheriff of Wiltshire to search for 'Wells the schoolmaster.'<sup>3</sup> This is the first recusant record of him which we have. There is a note believed to be in Walsingham's hand and taken by him at the Privy Council Table on November 30, 1586, which reads: 'Fleete . . . Mr Yong . . . Swythen Weells Released uppon bond.'<sup>4</sup> A list of imprisoned recusants dated November, 1586, has the note: 'Newegate. Swythen Wells gent. Comitted by Mr Younge discharged by Him 4th July.'<sup>5</sup> He seems to have been suspected at this time of complicity in the Babington Plot.<sup>6</sup>

In an examination of 'Swithune Wells' for recusancy, dated August 9, 1586, he is described as 'of the age of l. [50] yeares or thereabowts.'<sup>7</sup> In this document he is said to have stated that he had been a Catholic for the past three years, and that for the previous six years he had kept a school for gentlemen's children in his house at Monkton Farleigh near Bath. For this he may have been well enough fitted, since he had been carefully educated.

He travelled abroad and visited Rome, and was a retainer of the Earl of Southampton, in whose house in Holborn he lived for several years. He had one daughter Margaret, who became a nun. He seems to have married before 1577. In earlier life, his inclinations had all been for hunting and hawking. After his conversion he became a great 'fisher of men' and a harbourer of priests, and, as such, well known to justices and pursuivants.<sup>8</sup> In March, 1588, 'Mr Swithnne Welles & their brethren & wyves' appears on a list of known recusants.<sup>9</sup>

In 1591, Swithin Wells was tenant of a house in Holborn facing Gray's Inn Fields which had been a great resort of priests and other recusants for years. During his absence, Mass was being said there by the young priest Edmund Geninges, also known as Ironmonger,<sup>10</sup> when Topcliffe, the notorious priest-catcher, and his band broke down the doors and carried off to Newgate Father Geninges in his vestments with the entire little congregation of nine or ten, of whom Mrs Wells was one. 'At this time Mr Wells was not at home, but hearing what had hap-

pened he absented himself from his own house, to know in time what would become of his wife now imprisoned with all the others. When, lo! a rumour was made that the priest was not taken, but had escaped privily. Which Swithin Wells hearing, and believing it, presently went to Topcliffe, entreating him for his wife's freedom, especially seeing there was no cause to detain her, as he supposed, for "there was no priest," saith he, "in my house." "Yes," said Topcliffe, "thou thyself didst know it well enough." Whereupon presently he sent Mr Wells to prison.<sup>11</sup> John Geninges states that Wells went to Justice Young, and not to Topcliffe.<sup>12</sup> Wells was arraigned with others a week later at the King's Bench and sentenced to death.

"The next day Swithin Wells, a man of good birth and ancient years, his head almost as white as snow, was brought . . . into Grays Inn Fields, where before his own house was erected a gibbet."<sup>13</sup> His demeanour as he was drawn along on the hurdle showed a high-hearted wit like Campion's or More's.<sup>14</sup> Father Geninges was hanged and quartered first. Wells, looking on, is recorded by John Geninges to have said: 'Alas sweete soule thy payne is great indeed, but almost past, pray for me now most holy Saynt, that mine may come.'<sup>15</sup> He died with perfect courage and sweetness on December 10, 1591.<sup>16</sup>

His wife was condemned with him, but reprieved on the morning which made her a widow.<sup>17</sup> She is said to have passed the rest of her devout life as a close prisoner in Newgate and to have died there in 1602.<sup>18</sup> The Twyford register of burials discloses the fact that in the century from 1663 to 1767 some seventeen members of the Wells family were buried 'as recusants, clandestinely, by night.'<sup>19</sup>

The name of Blessed Swithin Wells's elder brother Gilbert frequently appears on recusant lists. He suffered great persecutions for his faith.<sup>20</sup> A namesake and descendant, Father Gilbert Wells, S.J., was ministering to the Catholics of Dorchester, Oxon., in 1752 and of Waterperry in 1758.<sup>21</sup> His brother Charles was also a Jesuit.<sup>22</sup>

57. TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED: *Christo Crucifixo in Sartaine Godlye and devout vereses of the passion of our Lord and savyor Jesu Christ: with dyverse other godly prayers and devout matters sett forth by S.W. and dedycated to the vertuous Ladie the Ladie Pawlett.* Text from *Peter Mowle's Booke*, a manuscript at Oscott College, pp. 97-8, ll. 1-4, 13-16, 25-28, 49-56.

Philip Williams writes, referring to the signature of this poem: "There can be little doubt that S.W. is Mr Swithin Wells."<sup>23</sup> Some confirmation of this suggestion may be found in the examination of the martyr, when he was a prisoner in March, 1587. He said: "I came on Shrift Munday last to Mr Pawlet of Heryote, where I lay that night."<sup>24</sup> The poem was reprinted by Father Samuel Sole, who credited it unjustifiably to Southwell.<sup>25</sup> Swithin Wells was beatified in 1929.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, xxvii, 4.
- <sup>2</sup> *Visitations of Hampshire* (Harleian Society), 74-5.
- <sup>3</sup> *Acts of the Privy Council*, xiii, 403.
- <sup>4</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, cxcv, 30.
- <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, 34.
- <sup>6</sup> Pollen, *Unpublished Documents relating to the English Martyrs*, 132; P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, cxcii, 40, Morris, *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, II, 48-9.
- <sup>7</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, cxcii, 18, reprinted in Pollen, *Unpublished Documents*, 132-3.
- <sup>8</sup> Abstract of Father Thomas Stanney's narrative in Challoner, *Memoirs of Missionary Priests* (ed. Pollen, 1924), 591-2.
- <sup>9</sup> *Lansdowne MSS. Burghley Papers*, LV, f. 164.
- <sup>10</sup> Challoner, *op. cit.*, 185.
- <sup>11</sup> *Relation of James Younge or Younger in Stonyhurst MSS. Anglia*, vi, 117, Printed in Pollen, *Acts of English Martyrs*, 100-1.
- <sup>12</sup> Geninges, *The Life and Death of Mr Edmund Geninges Priest* (1614), 68-9.
- <sup>13</sup> *Younge's Relation* in Pollen, *op. cit.*, 107.
- <sup>14</sup> Geninges, *op. cit.*, 108-9. <sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, 86.
- <sup>16</sup> Not 1597, as Gasquet says incorrectly, *The Old English Bible* (1908), 323.
- <sup>17</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, xl, 109.
- <sup>18</sup> Geninges, *op. cit.*, 104. <sup>19</sup> Gasquet, *op. cit.*, 323.
- <sup>20</sup> Challoner, *op. cit.*, 179.
- <sup>21</sup> *Catholic Record Society, Miscellanea*, vi, 390-1, 394.
- <sup>22</sup> *Catholic Record Society, Publications*, xxvii, 42-3.
- <sup>23</sup> *The Oscotian*, December, 1901, 3 ser. II, 10.
- <sup>24</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, ccvi, 77. Reprinted in Pollen, *Unpublished Documents*, 133.
- <sup>25</sup> *The Tablet*, February 22, 1896, LV, 284.



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BLESSED SWITHIN WELLS

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57. TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED

○ CRUELL deathe o wounds most deepe  
o guiltles blood, o bitter payne  
Alas who can forbear to weepe  
to see Gods sonne so cruelly slayne?

. . . . .  
O Angelles (looke) is this your kinge  
O queene of Heaven: is this thy childe  
Is this the maker of eche thinge,  
Alas who hath him thus defilde?

. . . . .  
My pride of harte hath peerst his braine  
my garments gay hath strypt him so  
my envy opened all his vaines  
my sinnes alas did him this woe.

. . . . .  
O Saviour sweete here my request  
make me partaker of thy paine  
in solace let me never rest  
syth thou in sorowe doest remaine.

And if it be thy glorious will  
that I shall taste of this thie cupp  
Low here thy pleasure to fulfill  
my selfe I wholy offer upp.

## XVI. POEMS *on the* MARTYRDOM of BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION, S.J. *and His Companions, 1581*

THE execution of Blessed Edmund Campion at Tyburn on December 1, 1581, was an event of considerable importance in the political history of England. By it the Government finally committed themselves to the plan of fierce repression of the old religion culminating in the ferocious penal act of 1585. The excuse alleged then and since for this policy was the foreign intrigues of the leaders of the Catholic party. "The Catholic revivalist movement had grown and was growing. Had its leaders confined their endeavours to the task of patiently repairing losses and maintaining progress, without, for the moment, looking further, a change in the balance of power in England or out of it might some day have brought them relief and given stability to the work done. By violent endeavours to obtain emancipation, they unwisely furnished their enemies with a pretext for compassing their extirpation."<sup>1</sup>

Allen and Persons were not typical examples of the missionary priest in England. Campion was: Cecil made no mistake in regarding him and his like as the more serious danger, but was only mistaken in his method of confronting this danger.

God knowes it is not force nor might,  
not warre nor warlike band,  
Not shield & spear, not dint of sword,  
that must convert the land.

These were the convictions of Campion and his fellows, and by very different methods they had already effected much. Their blood was more effective still and woke a fire of enthusiasm in the hearts of thousands who loved England only less than their faith, as their whole attitude when the Spanish blow actually fell goes to prove.

The spirit which the Government's earlier policy of calculated discouragement had already caused to sink low was reawakened. Blessed Henry Walpole, S.J., who was probably the author of the first and second poems in the following group, passed from

Campion's death scene to a foreign seminary, and returned to stand himself at Tyburn Tree.

For sooner shall you want the handes  
to shed sutch guiltles blood,  
Then wise and vertuous still to come  
to do theyr country good.

But for Campion and those who preceded and followed him to the scaffold, the seventeenth century might have been for Catholics what the eighteenth century actually was, and England might be as universally Protestant to-day as Scandinavia.

§ 8. 1. *Upon the death of M. Edmund Campion, one of the societie of the holy name of Jesus*, ll. 1-12, 25-30, 73-78, 109-114, 169-174. Probably by Blessed Henry Walpole, S.J.

Text from *A true reporte of the death & martyrdom of M. Campion Jesuite and preste, & M. Sherwin, & M. Bryan prestes, at Tiborne the first of December, 1581. Obseruid and written by a Catholike preist, which was present therat. Wherunto is annexed certayne verses made by sundrie persons*, 1581, (S.T.C. 4537), Bodleian, sig. E2-2<sup>v</sup>, 3<sup>v</sup>-4, F1<sup>r</sup>. The book was printed in black-letter at a secret press by Stephen Vallenger, who was condemned on May 16, 1582, by the Star Chamber to suffer the loss of his ears in the pillory, to be fined £100, and to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure. He languished for the rest of his life in the Fleet Prison and died there some time between 1588 and 1595.<sup>2</sup>

The poems in *A true reporte* were reprinted in Furnivall and Morfill's *Ballads from Manuscripts*.<sup>3</sup> The present poem is also found with unimportant variants in *MS. Laud. Miscell.* 755, No. 1, and in *MS. Rawl. Poet.* 148, ff. 79<sup>v</sup>-82<sup>v</sup>. It had a great vogue from the beginning, and three stanzas from it were beautifully set to music by William Byrd in his *Psalmes, Sonets, & songs of sadnes and pietie*, 1588, (S.T.C. 4253), No. 33, sig. F 4<sup>r</sup>. The words, however, are discreetly modified to make the verses apply to the martyrs in general. *A true reporte* was a proscribed book.

Father Henry Garnett, S.J., writing on October 23, 1595, says of Father Walpole's imprisonment at York: 'And besides this long prayer in the night, which lasted for the greater part of the night, he spent not a little time in making *English* verses, in which he had a particular talent and grace; for before he left the kingdom, he had made a poem upon the martyrdom of Father Campion which was so much taken notice of by the public, that, the author not being known, the gentleman who published it was condemned by the Council to lose his ears.'<sup>4</sup> In *A true reporte*, here alluded to, there are four poems on Campion. That this, the first and longest of the four, is that spoken of by Father Garnett seems probable. It is definitely attributed to Walpole by Father Grene,<sup>5</sup> who, however, wrote some eighty years later.

'M. Sherwin, & M. Bryan' are the Venerable Ralph Sherwin, S.J., once of Exeter College, Oxford, a most attractive boyish character, born in 1550, and the Venerable Alexander Briant, S.J., of Hart Hall, born in 1553, who was noted in his lifetime for his 'angelicall beautie,' and for the extraordinary tortures he had cheerfully undergone.

59. II. *Another upon the same*, ll. 1-6, 13-18, 25-36, 49-54. Text from *A true reporte*, 1581, (S.T.C. 4537), British Museum, sig. F. 1<sup>v</sup>-3. This poem has been assigned by Father Grene,<sup>6</sup> together with the previous poem, to Blessed Henry Walpole, S.J. There is a manuscript version of it in John Lilliat's hand in *MS. Rawl. Poet.* 148, ff. 82<sup>v</sup>-83<sup>v</sup>, where it is followed by a scurrilous stanza on Campion by Lilliat. The second stanza of our extract enumerates some singular natural phenomena much noted in London at the time. There was an unusually high tide in the Thames on the day of the martyrdoms.

60. III. *The complaynt of a Catholike for the death of M. Edmund Campion*, ll. 1-8, 41-52, 69-80. Text from *A true reporte*, 1581, (S.T.C. 4537), Bodleian, sig. F 4<sup>v</sup>-G 1<sup>v</sup>. It may have been written by Thomas Pounce, S.J., of Belmont, Hants, the famous confessor of the faith, who was imprisoned for thirty years. This is the conjecture of Richard Simpson, an excellent authority.<sup>7</sup>

61. IV. *A briefe of the life and deathe of Sir Edmund Campian priest, of the blessed Societie of the name of Jesus*, ll. 1-6, 179-192. Text from *MS. Laud Miscell.* 755, No. 2. This manuscript appears to be contemporary with the event, and is written in a minute hand on a small roll of paper. The poem has been reprinted by Pollen.<sup>8</sup> Gillow possessed a contemporary manuscript version of the poem. *A true reporte* contains yet another poem on Campion entitled *A Dialogue between a Catholike, and Consolation*. In Furnivall and Morfill's *Ballads from Manuscripts*<sup>9</sup> is printed another version of three stanzas from our poem from a manuscript in the Record Office.<sup>10</sup> It is endorsed 'Georg Jarves Prist suffred for god and his truth at London the xith of Aprijll, 1608,' and contains a prefatory quatrain which does not occur elsewhere.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> J. H. Pollen in *The Month*, March, 1902, xcix, 304.

<sup>2</sup> Simpson, *Edmund Campion* (1896), 471; *Catholic Record Society: Miscellanea*, iv, 38; Pollen and MacMahon, *English Martyrs*, II, 337-8; *Hist. MSS. Comm. Reports*, xv, App. II, *Eliot Hodgkin MSS.*, 263.

<sup>3</sup> II, 166-79.

<sup>4</sup> Translation in Challoner, *Memoirs of Missionary Priests* (ed. Pollen, 1924), 225.

<sup>5</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Collectanea*, I, f. 3.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, I, f. 3.

<sup>7</sup> *Life of Campion* (1867), Appendix IV, 350.

<sup>8</sup> *Acts of English Martyrs*, 23-34.

<sup>9</sup> II, 191.

<sup>10</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. James I*, xxxii, No. 32.

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OF BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION

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58. I

WHY do I use my paper inke, and penne,  
and call my wits to counsel what to say,  
such memories were made for mortall men,  
I speak of Saints whose names can not decay:  
an Angels trumpe were fitter for to sound  
their glorious death, if such on earth wer found.

Pardon my want, I offer nought but will,  
their register remaineth safe above,  
*Campion* exceeds the compasse of my skill,  
yet let me use the measure of my love,  
and give me leave in lowe and homeli verse,  
his hye attempts in England to rehearse.

His natures flowres were mixt with herbes of grace,  
his mild behavior tempered wel with skill,  
a lowly minde possesst a learned place,  
a sugred speach a rare and vertuous wil,  
a saintlike man we set on earth below,  
the seede of truth in erring hartes to sow.

*England* looke up, thy soyle is stained with blood,  
thou hast made martirs many of thine owne,  
if thou hast grace their deaths will do thee good,  
the seede wil take which in such blood is sowne,  
and *Campions* lerning fertile so before,  
thus watered too, must nedes of force be more.

You thought perhaps when lerned *Campion* dyes,  
his pen must cease, his sugred tong be still,  
but you forgot how lowde his death it cries,  
how farre beyond the sound of tongue and quill,  
you did not know how rare and great a goo[d]  
it was to write his precious giftes in blood[.]

His hardle drawes us with him to the crosse,  
 his speeches there provoke us for to dye,  
 his death doth say this life is but a losse,  
 his martird blood from heaven to us doth crye,  
 his first and last, and all conspire in this,  
 to shew the way that leadeth unto blisse.

. . . . .

## 59. II

WHAT yron hart that wold not melt in greefe?  
 what steele or stone could kepe him dry from teares,  
 to see a *Campion* haled like a theefe  
 to end his life, with both his glorious feares,  
 in whose three deathes unto the standers by  
 even al the world almost might seeme to dye.

. . . . .

The skowling skies did storme and puff apace,  
 they could not bear the wrongs that malice wrought,  
 the sunne drew in his shining purple face,  
 the moistned clouds shed brin[i]sh tears for thought[,]  
 the river *Thames* a while astonied stooode,  
 to count the drops of *Campions* sacred blood.

. . . . .

And yet behold when *Campion* made his end,  
 his humble hart was so bedewde with grace,  
 that no reproch could once his mind offend,  
 mildnes possest his sweet and cherefull face,  
 a patient spectacle was presented then,  
 in sight of God, of angels, saints, and men.

. . . . .

The hevens did cleare, the sun like gold did shine,  
 the cloudes were dry, the fearful river ranne,  
 nature and vertue wypt their watred eyen,  
 religion joyed to see so mild a man,  
 men, angels, saints, and al that saw him dye,  
 forgot their grief, his joyes appeard so nye.

. . . . .

Rejoyce, be glad, triumph, sing himmes of joye,  
*Campion, Sherwine, Brian*, live in blis,  
 they sue, they seeke the ease of our annoy,  
 they pray, they speake, and al effectuall is,  
 not like to men on earth as heretofore,  
 But like to saints in heaven, and that is more.

## 60. III

O GOD from sacred throne beholde  
 our secret sorowes here,  
 Regard with grace our helplesse grieve,  
 amend our mournfull cheere.  
 The bodies of thy Saintes abroad  
 are set for foules to feede,  
 And brutish birds devour the flesh  
 of faithful folke in deede.

But shal we mutche lament the same,  
 or shall we more rejoyce,  
 Such was the case with Christ our lord,  
 sutch was the Jewish voyce.  
 so wer their wrathful words pronounst,  
 so was their sentence wrong,  
 For Christ did give to *Cæsar* that  
 which did to him belong.  
 So Christ his true disciples here  
 no treason do pretend,  
 But they by Christ and Christ his lore  
 their fayth till death defende.

God knowes it is not force nor might,  
 not warre nor warlike band,  
 Not shield & spear, not dint of sword,  
 that must convert the land,  
 It is the blood by martirs shed,  
 it is that noble traine,  
 That fight with word & not with sword,  
 and Christ their capitaine.  
 For sooner shall you want the handes  
 to shed sutch guiltles blood,  
 Then wise and vertuous still to come  
 to do theyr country good.

## 61. IV

AND ys he dead yn dead? ys vertew so forset?  
 Hath malice clouded humble mynde? shall fraude on  
 good men fret?  
 Is learnyng now forlorne? hath blood embrued the ground?  
 Is no remorse for to be had, where vertews all abound?  
 Do all the Muses moorne, yn loosyng of their lyght?  
 Dyd pittie playne yn everie hart, to see this rewfyll syght?

If vertue ever live, yf valeure ever dye,  
 yf learned actes for ever stand wyth grace æternally,  
 yf perfite lyfe geate fame, yf perfite fame endure,  
 yf endlesse durance makth us lyve, and sett our honoure sure,  
 yf constance earne a crowne, yf conqueast wynne the gayne,  
 yf learnyng armed wyth godlie lyfe do evermore remayne,  
 yf ardent thirst of sowles, yf aeged actes yn yewhte,  
 yf for to sweatt and dye the death for the æternall trewth,  
 yf martyrs purchase lyfe, if meakenes last yn praise,  
 yf charitie of highest degree do florishe greene alwaies,  
 yf mynde invincible do ever blaze and byde,  
 yf all the gyfts of manlye mynde, and vertues thereyn tride,  
 then ys not Edmund dead, but gone to blysse before  
 he lyves amonge the sacred sayntes, and raignes for ever  
 more.



## XVII. THOMAS POUNDE, S.J.

1539-1614

POUNDE of Beaumonts' is perhaps the most typical figure of this book as a Recusant, though not, it is to be hoped, as a poet. So many erroneous statements have been made in regard to his biography by Bartoli, More, Tanner, Foley, and Gillow that it may be well to gather here the result of researches by various experts, chief among them John B. Wainewright and Alfred T. Everitt.<sup>1</sup>

Thomas Pounce came of a family seated in Hampshire for two centuries before his birth about May 29, 1539,<sup>2</sup> on which day he was baptized, according to the Registers in his parish church of Farlington, near Havant, being heir and eldest child of the eleven born to William Pounce of Beaumonts, Farlington, Hants, and his wife Helen or Ellen (not Anne) Beverley, who was half-sister of Thomas, first Earl of Southampton. It is said that the last of the Pounces sold his estates in order to follow King James II into exile. His mother seems to have been Protestant and his father Catholic.<sup>3</sup>

The tradition handed down by Tanner<sup>4</sup> that Thomas Pounce was educated at Winchester seems incorrect. He was certainly not on the Foundation, but possibly he was a Commoner. That he read a Latin ode to Queen Elizabeth as a scholar at Winchester is impossible. Pounce lost his father in February, 1559, and on February 16, 1559-60, he was admitted to Lincoln's Inn.<sup>5</sup> He was at Court, and acting the part of Mercury in a masque before the Queen at Kenilworth, in 1568.<sup>6</sup>

Tall, and with a commanding figure, at Court he long remained, becoming 'Esquier of the Bodye' to Queen Elizabeth; and as the carefree heir to a great property, he spent all his early manhood in the pursuit of pleasure. Apparently about 1569, he had a fall while pirouetting before the Queen. She cried out to him: 'Arise, Sir Ox,' which so wounded his vanity as to cast him into serious thought of the things of the soul, resulting in his reception into the Church.<sup>7</sup>

He retired from his home, and lived for two years with a humble Catholic family.<sup>8</sup> Then, planning to go abroad for further seclusion and prayer, he was betrayed, summoned before Sandys, the Bishop of London, questioned, condemned, and imprisoned.

He was liberated on Southampton's surety after six months, and sent back to Beaumonds under orders to talk no proselytism: but he did so openly and with widespread effect for sixteen months. Horne, Bishop of Winchester, naturally committed him to gaol, and after a heated examination, handed Pounce over to the secular arm, which stepmothered him to the end of his long life. Though he obtained, or took, some privileges, darkness, contracted space, and experience of starvation diet provided him with his full quota of misery.

Pounce had a vital personality, full of resource and abounding energy; he had a wide acquaintance, and associations interesting in the extreme; but the outstanding event in his life is his practically continuous imprisonment of thirty years from 1574, no charge except his religion being ever, in all that time, brought against him. The signature of one of his letters to the Lord Chamberlain (to be shown to the Queen), written about 1579, runs thus: 'This is the trewe Christian Loyaltie of Thomas Pownde, as willinge in this quarrell to dye as to lyve.'<sup>9</sup>

During these thirty years he was repeatedly removed from prison to prison. He was confined in the Marshalsea, Winchester Gaol, Starford Castle, the Tower, the White Lion, Wisbeach Castle, the Counter, Framlingham, the Gatehouse, and the Fleet. An account of these imprisonments by Pounce himself exists in the Record Office.<sup>10</sup> From the Marshalsea he made public his *Six Reasons* for his faith, duly answered by the ultra-Protestant Robert Crowley.

In 1604, Pounce was liberated on bail by King James. Besides all this, his estate was taxed for £4,000, which is approximately represented by little less than £32,000 of our money. His attachment to the Society of Jesus was great and lasting. In 1578, from his cell, he applied for admission into it, and was accepted as a Brother on December the first of that year. He is said to have died in the same room in which he was born, and at Farlington, as the registers record, was 'buried by nyght the firste of March, 1613' (o.s.). Night burial, if in the ancient and alienated parish churches, was the usual thing for Catholics, even of the highest rank, as was illustrated much later in the case of King Charles II at Westminster Abbey.

Pounce was by no means the only Recusant of his family. Chaderdon, a contemporary witness and friend, says that Father John Pounce, S. J., who was sent on the English mission in 1583,

and who died in exile, was Thomas Pounce's brother.<sup>11</sup> He was committed to the Clink in 1583 with Jasper Heywood, S.J., Pounce's mother entrusted to him in her will of 1589<sup>12</sup> the care of the two young sons of his brother Richard, alluding at the same time to Thomas's debts of £140, which she had paid, and 'other great chardges,' which she had had to bear. One of these foster-sons, 'Mr Henrie Pounce, gent., of Farlington,' was a redoubtable Papist both in England and 'beyond seas.' His valour and physical prowess (inherited Pounce qualities) were remarkable. On one occasion, in 1602, he seems to have long held at bay with his single sword several pursuivants and a crowd of apprentices.<sup>13</sup> He died in Newgate for his religion.

Pounce wrote a great deal, beginning with courtierlike trifles, and ending with prose and verse exclusively devotional and controversial. None of his work ever got beyond the manuscript stage, though well circulated. He was evidently a lively and copious talker, and a prolific letter-writer as well. Richard Simpson<sup>14</sup> suggested that a collection of Pounce's letters ranging from 1575 to 1615 would be immensely valuable could it be recovered from the archives of the Jesuits in Italy and the public libraries of France and Belgium, 'or wherever documents formerly belonging to the English colleges are now stored up.' Bartoli had seen a book of fifty chapters compiled from Pounce's daily prison journals.<sup>15</sup> A series of letters by Thomas Pounce on the subject of his recusancy are preserved in the Bodleian Library.<sup>16</sup> Another letter is to be found in the Record Office.<sup>17</sup>

'The yonge erle of Southampton,' for whose wedding Pounce wrote a masque oration, was Henry Wriothesley, second Earl, afterwards the leader of the Catholic party, and father to Thomas, the much-loved third Earl, Shakespeare's patron. He was doubly related to Pounce. The latter's maternal grandmother, Agnes Drayton, took for second husband William Wriothesley, York Herald, and had by him six children: Thomas, Baron Wriothesley of Titchfield, Lord Chancellor of England and first Earl of Southampton; Elizabeth, Anne, Edward, and two other daughters. An unnoticed relationship of some interest is Thomas Pounce's to the house of Howard. His father's mother and aunt were Edburga and Dorothy, daughters and co-heiresses of Thomas Troyes of Marwell in Hampshire; Dorothy, when widow of Sir William Uvedale of Wickham, married Lord Edmund Howard, father of Queen Katherine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry

VIII.<sup>18</sup> It follows that Thomas Pounce could claim a connection (through Lord Edmund's niece Queen Anne Boleyn) with his Tudor sovereign: a connection which ceased to avail him as soon as he developed a conscience.

62. THE CHEERER: *A Consoln. to afflicted Catholykes*, ll. 73-96, 247-52. Text from P.R.O. *State Papers. Dom. Eliz.*, clvii, No. 48, f. 100. The poem has fifty-one stanzas. Richard Simpson transcribed it and extracts from his transcription were printed by Foley.<sup>19</sup> The detail regarding tortures is almost identical with that in two verses of the famous old hymn *Æterna Christi munera*. The authorship of these lines is attributed to Pounce by Simpson, Foley, and Morfill on conjectural grounds.<sup>20</sup>

A manuscript in the Bodleian Library<sup>21</sup> contains a long oration in verse 'made & pronounced by Mr Pownde of lyncolnes Inne' for a masque 'att the marriage off the yonge erle of Southampton to the lord Mountague Dawghter about shrovetide, 1565,' and another long oration in verse for a masque 'att the marriage of the earle of Sussex syster to Mr Myldmaye off lyncolnes Inne, 1566.' These productions have been described by Chambers.<sup>22</sup> They are of little poetic value.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *N. & Q.*, 10 ser., IV, 184-5, 268-72, 472-4; V, 14, 96, 172-3.

<sup>2</sup> Foley, *Records*, II, 595. Tanner says incorrectly May 31.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, III, 547, 581.

<sup>4</sup> *Societatis Jesu Apostolorum Imitatrix* (Piague, 1694), 481.

<sup>5</sup> *Adm. Reg.*, I, 66.

<sup>6</sup> Foley, *Records*, III, 571, n. 4, Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, III, 468; P.R.O. *State Papers. Dom. Eliz.*, CXLII, 20.

<sup>7</sup> Morus, *Historia Missionis Anglicana Societatis Jesu* (1660), 46; Bartoli, *Dell' Istoria della Compagnia di Gesu' L'Inghilterra* (1667), 51, Tanner, *op. cit.*, 480.

<sup>8</sup> Foley, *Records*, III, 573 sqq.

<sup>9</sup> *MS. Rawl. D.*, 320, f. 127.

<sup>10</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers. Dom. James I*, XXI, No. 48.

<sup>11</sup> Foley, *Records*, III, 46-7, 546-7, 657.

<sup>12</sup> P.C.C., 75 Leicester. <sup>13</sup> Foley, *Records*, III, 622.

<sup>14</sup> *The Rambler* (1857), n.s. VIII, 106.

<sup>15</sup> Bartoli, *op. cit.*, 51-68, 174, 246, 440. See also More, *op. cit.*, 44-54.

<sup>16</sup> *MS. Rawl. D.*, 320, ff. 1-28.

<sup>17</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers. Dom. James I*, XXI, No. 48.

<sup>18</sup> *N. & Q.*, 10 ser. IV, 270.

<sup>19</sup> *Records*, III, 623-6. The Simpson transcripts are now at Farm Street.

<sup>20</sup> Foley, *Records*, III, 596; Furnivall and Morfill, *Ballads from Manuscripts*, II, 158, n. 2.

<sup>21</sup> *MS. Rawl. Poet.* 108, ff. 24-37.

<sup>22</sup> *The Elizabethan Stage*, I, 162; III, 468-9.

## 62. THE CHEERER

DISCOMFORTE not, what ever your foes doe threate  
 Dreck not of rackes, their torments are butt toyes  
 the more thei doe, upon your bodyes sette  
 the more with mee, thei shall increase your joyes  
 yea & the greater, that your torments be  
 the greater comforte shall you have of mee

Recounte what tortures martires olde did feele  
 as stoanes & whippes, hookes, plommetts, clubbs & chaines  
 Savves, swords, shaftes darts the crosse, the racke, & wheele  
 froste, water, fyer, the axe, & sundry paines  
 Som choackte with stincke, some famishte wanting meate  
 & some were flunge to brutishe beasts to eate

And some by them were lykwyse drawn in twaine  
 som picemeell hewen some stripped of their skin  
 some boyled, some broylde, & some with bodkines slaine  
 & some hoot oyle, & ledd were dipped in  
 and eche of theese, of comforte hadd suche store  
 as all did wishe, their torments hadd bin more

peruse their lyves, & use their vertues rare  
 & then of what estate so ever thou be  
 their mildnesse may, your christian minds prepare  
 With them to take all grieffes & cares in gree  
 ffor no estate upon the earthe doth dwe[ll]  
 which with my Saintes may not be suted we[ll].

And as the Dandling nurse, with babe dothe playe  
 which pulinge longe, hathe wepte & cryed for woe  
 even so will I, with yow and wype awaye  
 the teares which downe your leares, have trickled so  
 Meane tyme, cheere eche his mate to prayyng falle  
 and I wilbe, the cheerer of yow all

## XVIII. RICHARD STANYHURST

1547-1618

STANYHURST'S father was James Stanyhurst of Court Duffe, who belonged to an Anglo-Irish family, was Recorder of Dublin, and was Speaker during three Parliaments of the Irish House of Commons. One of an influential group favoured by the English viceroy, Sir Henry Sidney, he was truly interested in his country's intellectual welfare. Richard Stanyhurst was born in Dublin in 1547, and went up to University College, Oxford, at sixteen. He was admitted B.A. in 1568.<sup>1</sup> He married Janet, third daughter of Sir Christopher Barnewall, Campion's Irish host and ally; and Campion himself had great influence in predisposing him towards the old faith. He is alluded to as 'my fast friend, and inward companion, maister Edmund Campion,' in Stanyhurst's introduction to the Irish section of Holinshed's *Chronicle*.<sup>2</sup>

There is a letter in his crabbed hand, dated 1576, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin,<sup>3</sup> which mentions sending for his wife and which asks his brother-in-law Arland Ussher for financial assistance.<sup>4</sup> His wife, when he buried her at Chelsea, in 1579, was but nineteen years old. He prints twelve Latin lines to her memory in his *Virgil*.

Shortly afterwards he left for the Low Countries and never returned to England. He buried himself in studies of various sorts. Barnabe Rich says of him at this period: 'I knew him at *Antwerp*, and there he professed Alchymy, and took upon him to make Gold: from thence hee went to *Spaine*, and there hee became a Physition.'<sup>5</sup> He adopted Catholicism abroad.

Stanyhurst's life of Saint Patrick, in Latin, was printed at the historic Plantin press in Antwerp in 1587. Before 1585, he married, as his second wife, Helen, daughter of Sir Thomas Copley, of Gatton, Surrey, sister of Anthony Copley. When the latter was about twenty and in straits in the Netherlands, he tell us that his 'brother Stainhurst . . . by Mr Hugh Owens meanes gott me forth 20 crownes pension of the Prince of Parma.'<sup>6</sup> Helen Stanyhurst died in 1602 leaving two young sons, both of whom afterwards became Jesuits.

Their father, after having long busied himself with politics and medicine, preceded them some time after 1602 into Holy Orders. He acted for a time as Chaplain to Archduke Albert, then ruling

the Netherlands, and describes himself also as '*Serenissimum Principum Sacellanus*.'<sup>7</sup> Stanyhurst produced several devotional works, of which none are in English. One of these led to a controversy with his nephew, Archbishop Ussher. He died in Brussels in 1618 and is there buried.

An accomplished Latinist, historian and commentator, he gave valuable assistance to Holinshed, then engaged on his great *Chronicle*, by continuing the account of Ireland, begun by Campion, from 1509. That none in that department possessed 'a mind better stored' than Stanyhurst's, nor an intellect 'more perpetually on the alert,' is the opinion of Southey.<sup>8</sup>

Stanyhurst took to translating Virgil, thereby to demonstrate Gabriel Harvey's theory that quantity, not accent, should be the guiding principle of English verse. The result was published at Leyden in 1582, and has been called a 'literary monstrosity' of 'incomparable oddity.' It has been laughed at from that day to this. His hexameters, however, unlike those of most later experimenters, have the strength that comes from a liberal use of spondees (or quasi-spondees, as they must perhaps be called in a language where rhythm is purely accentual). Critics appear to confound in their condemnations his metre with his fondness for obsolete and out-of-the-way words, which is well illustrated in our third extract. His sapphics in the *Prayer to the Holy Trinity*, it will be seen, are remarkably successful.

63. A PRAYER TO THE HOLY TRINITY: *A Prayer too thee Trinitye.* Text from *The First Foure Bookes of Virgil his Æneis*, Leyden, 1582, (S.T.C. 24806), Bodleian, p. 92. The book has been reprinted by Arber.

64. A GRACIOUS UPSHOT: *Upon thee Death of thee right honourable thee Lord Girald fitz Girald L. Baron of Offalye, who deceased at S. Albans in thee yeere 1580. thee last of June, thee xxxi. yeere of his adge.* Text from *The First Foure Bookes of Virgil*, 1582, (S.T.C. 24806), Bodleian, p. 106. Gerald, Lord Offaly, the eldest son of Gerald, eleventh Earl of Kildare, was born at Maynooth on December 28, 1559. The bright prospects before him, not destined to be fulfilled, were expressed, together with a prayer that Stanyhurst's poem shows not to have been unavailing, in the lines to be found in Holinshed:

*Te pulchrum natura fecit; fortuna potentem;  
Te faciat Christi norma, Giralde, bonum.*<sup>9</sup>

He married Catharine, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, treasurer to Queen Elizabeth's household, and of Catharine Carey, whose

mother was an elder sister of Queen Anne Boleyn; and, on his death in June, 1580, left an only child Lettice, married to Sir Robert Digby of Coleshill, Warwickshire, a Catholic Knight, who refused to join his cousin Sir Everard Digby in the Powder Plot.<sup>10</sup>

In a prose note following the poem we are told that the young man, though of generous character, was 'yeet soomwhat wantonly geeven'; but a little before his death became a 'changling. . . . In which tyme finding his conscience deepelye gauld with thee owtragious oathes he used too thunder owt in gamening, hee made a few verses, as yt were his *cygnea oratio*. . . . These are appended by Stanyhurst.

65. A DUTCH PARAGON: *An Endeavour'd Description of his Mystresse*. Text from *The First Foure Bookes of Virgil*, 1582, (S.T.C. 24806), Bodleian, pp. 97-8. There is no clue to the identity of this 'Marye matchles . . . Brownnetta.'

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Boase, *Register Univ. Oxford*, I, 266.

<sup>2</sup> (1586), II, sig. A 4. <sup>3</sup> MS E. 3. 16.

<sup>4</sup> Wright, *The Ussher Memoirs* (1889), 81.

<sup>5</sup> *The Irish Hubbub* (1617), 3. <sup>6</sup> *Lansdowne MS*, LXVI, No. 47.

<sup>7</sup> *Hebdomada Mariana* (1609), title-page.

<sup>8</sup> *Poetical Works* (1838), x, 260 <sup>9</sup> (1586), II, 37.

<sup>10</sup> Collins, *Peerage* (ed. Brydges, 1812), VI, 170; Kildare. *The Earls of Kildare* (1858), 226-7.



## 63. A PRAYER TO THE HOLY TRINITY

**T**RINITEE blessed, deitee coëqual,  
 Unitee sacred, God one eeke in essence,  
 Yeeld toe thy servaunt, pitifullye calling  
     Merciful hyring.  
 Vertuus living dyd I long relinquish,  
 Thy wyl and precepts miserablye scorning,  
 Graunt toe mee, sinful pacient, repenting,  
     Helthful amendment  
 Blessed I judge hym, that in hert is healed:  
 Cursed I know hym, that in helth is harmed:  
 Thy physick therefore, toe me, wretch unhappye,  
     Send, mye Redeemer.  
 Glorye too God, thee father, and his onlye  
 Soon, the protectoure of us earthlye sinners,  
 Thee sacred spirit, laborers refreshing,  
     Stil be renowned. Amen.

## 64. A GRACIOUS UPSHOT

**S**OOMTYME liv'lye *Girald* in grave now liv'les is  
 harbourd.  
 A matchlesse gallant, in byrth and auncestrye nobil.  
 His nobil linnadge *Kyldaer* with *Mountegue* warrants.  
 Proper in his person, with gyfts so hym nature adorned.  
 In valor and in honor wel knowne too no man unequal.  
 And a true sound subject, to his Prince most faythful  
     abyding.  
 Theese not with standing his liefte too to hastelye vannisht.  
 Nipt were thee blossooms, eare fructful season aproched.  
 Wherefor his acquayntaunce his death so untymelye beway-  
     leth.  
*Maynoth* lamenteth, *Kilka* and *Rathangan* ar howling.  
 Nay rather is mated bye this hard hap desolat *Ireland*.  
 Such claps of batter that seally unfortunat *Island*.

O that I thy prayes could wel decipher in order,  
 Lyke *Homer* or *Virgil*, lyke *Geffray Chaucer* in English:  
 Then would thy *Stanyhurst* in pen bee liberal holden.  
 Thee poët is barrayn; for prayse rich matter is offred.

Heere percase *carpers* wyl twight his jollitye youthful.  
 Strong reason unstrayned that weake objection aunswers.  
 Hee must bee peerlesse who in yong yeers faultles abydeth.  
 Such byrds flee seldoom, such black swans scantlye be  
 floating.

In world of mischief who finds such glorius angels?  
 Soom stars passe oothers; al perls doe not equalye luster.  
 Thee soundest wheatorne with chaffy filthod is husked.  
 What shal I say further, this loare divinitye telleth;  
 Vertuus hee lived, through grace that vertuus eended.  
 What may be then better, than a godly and gratius upshot?  
 Too *God* in al pietee, too *Prince* in dutye remayning.  
 Whearefor (woorthye *Girald*) syth thy eend was hertye repen-  
 taunce,

Thy soul *God* gladdeth with saincts in blessed *Olympus*,  
 Thogh tumbd bee carcasse in towne of martyred *Alban*.

#### 65. DUTCH PARAGON

NATURE in her woorcking soometyme dooth pinche  
 lyke a niggard,  
 Disfiguring creatures, lymys with deformitye dusking.  
 This man is unjoyncted, that swad lyke a monster abydeth:  
 Shee limps in the going, this slut with a cammoysed haucks  
 nose,

And as a Cow wasted plodson, with an head lyke a lute-case.  
 Theese faultes fond Hodipecks impute too Nature, as yf she  
 Too frame were not habil gems with rare dignitye lustring.  
 Wherefor in advis'ment laboring too cancel al old blots,  
 And toe make a patterne of price, thee maystrye toe pub-  
 blish:

For toe shape a peerlesse paragon shee mynded, assembling  
 Her force and cunning for a spirt lands sundrye refusing,

And with al her woorckmat's travayling shee lighteth in  
*Holland*,

Round too the *Hage* posting, to the world *Marye* matchles  
avauncing.

In bodye fine fewterd, a brave Brownnetta; wel handed;  
Her stature is coomly; not an ynych toe superfluus holding;  
Gratius in visadge; with a quick eye prittelye glauncing;  
Her lips lyke corral rudye, with teeth lillye whit eevened.  
Yoong in age, in manners and nurture sage she remayneth;  
Bashful in her speaking; not rash, but watchful in aunswer;  
Her look's, her simpring, her woords with curtesye sweet-  
ning;

Kynd and also modest; lyking with chastitye lyncking;

And in al her gesturs observing coomlye *Decorum*.

But toe what eend labor I, me toe presse with burden of  
*Ætna*:

Thee stars too number, poincts playnely uncouncetabil  
opning.

Whust: not a woord: a silence such a task impossibil asketh.

Her *vertu* meriteth more prayse, than parlye can utter.

## XIX. FRANCIS TREGIAN

1548-1608

**T**HIS strong Confessor of the Faith was the son of Thomas Tregian of Golden (or Wolvedon) in the parish of Probus, near Truro in Cornwall, and of Catherine,<sup>1</sup> daughter of Sir John Arundell of Lanherne. The last Wolvedon brought the property to the Tregians, who built there a magnificent mansion soon after 1512.<sup>2</sup> Leland saw it, 'richly begun and amply.'

Francis Tregian was descended from Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, half-brother of Elizabeth Woodville, the grandmother of Queen Elizabeth.<sup>3</sup> In the hope of assisting his fellow-Catholics he attended Elizabeth's court, where, according to his grandson and biographer, Francis Plunket,<sup>4</sup> he rejected the amatory proposals of the Queen, and in consequence retired to his home. Here in 1577, harboured Cuthbert Mayne, the first priest to be executed under the new penal law. Tregian, aged twenty-eight, was convicted of nothing but of having sheltered him, and suffered imprisonment (often with attendant circumstances of great cruelty) for the space of twenty-eight years, besides the entire loss of his property, worth, in the valuation of that time, about £3000 a year. Strype records 'Fra. Trigian, gent.' as among the Papists in the King's Bench in 1579. This was one of the worst of the London prisons.<sup>5</sup> The place of his imprisonment, however, as in the case of Pounce and others, was changed more than once.

About 1602, he was released by the intercession of the King of Spain, arrived at Douay, in 1606, made his way to Madrid, and was granted an allowance of sixty cruzados a month by Philip III. Norden in his *Description of Cornwall* about 1602 says that Tregian 'is now at libertie, and liveth with sufficient glorie nere London, having now use of his lande.' He adds that 'the gentlemans reliefe is thought to grow by the bounty' of his fellow-Recusants.<sup>6</sup>

Tregian proceeded to Lisbon, where his great interest was the care of the Irish refugees. He died there, esteemed as a saint, on September 25, 1608, and was buried in the Jesuit Church of St Roch in that city. Seventeen years later, his body was exhumed and found unchanged, while the Franciscan habit in which he had been buried had perished, and other bodies more recently laid in the same vault were corrupt.<sup>7</sup>

Francis Tregian's little manor of Golden is still a secluded

spot, and bears many marks of antiquity. The great gateway is used as a farmhouse building and is of extraordinary interest. His memory has not faded altogether from local legends, and priests' hiding-places have been discovered on the farm.<sup>8</sup> The Cornish pronunciation of the name is always 'Trudgeon,' and 'Trugeon' is a frequent spelling in the Acts of the Privy Council.

Tregian's sister Elizabeth was the mother of Thomas Sherwood the martyr. His son and heir, also Francis, was at one time chamberlain to Cardinal Allen.<sup>9</sup> His paternal estates, worth five hundred a year, had been bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on her cousin, Sir George Cary, who afterwards succeeded his father as Lord Hunsdon, and his widow sold the greater part of them in 1607 to this Francis Tregian the younger, who was imprisoned for a quarter of a century and died in the Fleet only eleven years after his father.<sup>10</sup> One of his brothers succeeded to the remnant of the estates, which were alienated after 1620.<sup>11</sup>

Our poet was not exactly a cultivator of the Muses, but like all gentlemen of his time he could write verse, and often attains a touching directness. However, the sonnet which he prefixed to Verstegan's *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*<sup>12</sup> looks, though at first view rough and stumbling, as if it were built upon a distinct metrical plan.

66. A LETTER FROM PRISON TO HIS WIFE, MISTRESS MARY TREGIAN: Untitled poem. Text from the *Tregian-Yate MS.* at Oscott College entitled: *The great and long sufferings for the Cath: faith of Mr Francis Tregian Esquire of Golden in Cornewall: together with the Martyrdome of Mr Cudbert Maine at Lanston in the same County, the Proto-Martyr of Doway Coll: and consequently of all our English Seminaries*, pp. 124-130, ll. 1-12, 41-44, 53-64, 125-144, 157-160. Mistress Tregian was Mary, daughter of Charles, the seventh Lord Stourton, executed at Salisbury, March 6, 1557-8. A moving account of her troubles after her husband's arrest is contained in the *Tregian-Yate MS.* which was written in the year 1593. The story is there told of how she, 'accompanied with a man and a maid, . . . carried her poor babes in a pair of panniers. On all sides, God knoweth, laden with woe and pain, she travelleth toward London.'<sup>13</sup> Her suit to the Queen for her husband, persisted in for a year, being rejected, she joined him in prison. To him she bore in all no fewer than eighteen children, eleven of whom were born during his imprisonment.

67. A PRAYER IN PRISON: Untitled poem. Text from the *Tregian-Yate MS.* at Oscott College, pp. 121-124, ll. 1-8, 17-20, 29-36, 45-48, 57-68, 77-80.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Tregian's grandson Plunkett says her name was Margaret, and that her husband was John Tregian. But see Polsue, *Parochial History of Cornwall* (1872), IV, 101.

<sup>2</sup> *Parochial History of Cornwall* (1872), IV, 92-3. Account by Tonkin, who was related to Tregian.

<sup>3</sup> Morris, *Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers*, I, 138.

<sup>4</sup> *The Life of Francis Tregian in Catholic Record Society Publications*, XXXII, 1-44.

<sup>5</sup> Strype, *Annals of the Reformation* (1824), II, pt II, 661.

<sup>6</sup> Norden, *Speculi Britanniae Pars: A Topographical and Historical Description of Cornwall* (1728), 55-6.

<sup>7</sup> Madden, *A History of the Penal Laws* (1847), 122.

<sup>8</sup> Salmon, *Cornwall*, 223.

<sup>9</sup> Knox, *Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen*, 365 n.

<sup>10</sup> Jessopp (editor), *The Economy of the Fleet* (Camden Society), 193, n.

<sup>11</sup> *Parochial History of Cornwall* (1872), IV, 99.

<sup>12</sup> Antwerp, 1605.

<sup>13</sup> *Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers*, I, 121.

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FRANCIS TREGIAN

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66. A LETTER FROM PRISON TO HIS WIFE,  
MISTRESS MARY TREGIAN

MY wounte is not to wright in verse,  
You know good wife I wisse,  
Wherefore you may well beare with mee,  
Thoughe now I wrighte amisse:  
For lacke of Inke the candel cole,  
For penn a pine I use,  
The which also I may alleadge,  
In part of my excuse:  
For sayde it is of many men  
And such as are no fooles,  
A woorkeman is but little woorth,  
If hee doo wante his tooles:

. . . . .  
And what althoughe my vaine in verse,  
Bee not as Maroos was,  
Yet may such lines as Frauncis frames,  
To his one Marye passe.

. . . . .  
What I should sende I know not well,  
But sure I am of this,  
The doleful mynde restored to mirth,  
By perfecte prayer is:  
Lett prayer bee yoare practise, wife,  
Lett prayer bee youre playe,  
Lett prayer bee youre staple of truste,  
Lett prayer bee youre stayer:  
Lett prayer bee youre castell stronge,  
Lett prayer bee youre force,  
Lett prayer bee your place of rest,  
Lett prayer bee youre porte:

. . . . .

I know not what to send you, wife,  
 I know not what to saye,  
 I know not in this worlde a meane  
 Wherby so well you may;  
 Appease your greefe, procure releefe,  
 And eake all ill resiste,  
 As prayer and to meditate  
 Upon the life of Christ;  
 My keeper knockes at dore who comes,  
 To see his haukes in mew,  
 Wherefore, good wife, I must make shorte,  
 Farwell sweete spouse adew:  
 Farwell the anker of my hope,  
 Farwell my stay of life,  
 Farwell my poore Penelope,  
 Farwell my faithfull wife:  
 Blesse in my name my little babes,  
 God send them all good happe,  
 And blesse with all that little babe  
 That lyeth in your Lappe:

. . . . .

Farwell againe thow Lampe of lighte,  
 Vicegerente of my harte,  
 Hee that takes leave so oft, I thincke,  
 Hee likes not to departe:

. . . . .

#### 67. A PRAYER IN PRISON

O EVER livinge Lorde of Lordes,  
 O myghty Kinge of Kinges  
 O solace of the sorowfull,  
 O glasse, who gladnesse bringes:  
 O puisante prince o passinge power,  
 O regente of all rule,  
 My guyde, my garde expell from mee  
 All foolishe feare and dule:

. . . . .



Lett not my sinnes mee cause o Lord,  
To wander from the rocke,  
But graunte I may bee founde in foulde  
Of thine afflicted flocke:

. . . . .

Regarde wherof hath satt my seate  
Far from resorte of men,  
From wife, from babes, from all my freindes,  
Beerefte of Inke and pen:  
I am become as Pelicane,  
That doth in desert dwell,  
And as the night crow in his naste,  
Whom other birdes expelle:

. . . . .

What should I shew thee on by one,  
The causes of my greefe,  
Thow seest my wracke, thou knowest my lacke,  
Thou canst give mee reliefe:

. . . . .

As is thy holy gost o Lorde,  
I praye that thou wouldst spare,  
The woorkers of my webb, of woe,  
The causers of my care:  
I humbly thee beeseeche O Lord,  
Even by thy blessed bloode,  
Forgive their guilte, forgive their ill,  
And send them all much good:  
Turne not O Lorde thy face from mee  
Although a wretched wighte,  
Butt lett me Joy in thee all day,  
Rejoice in thee all nighte:

. . . . .

That after sturringe stormes are stayde,  
And surginge seas doe cease,  
I may with mirth cast anker in,  
The pleasant porte of peace.

## XX. NICHOLAS ROSCARROCK

1549?-1634?

**R**ICHARD ROSCARROCK, Esq., of Roscarrock in Endellion, Cornwall, and his wife Isabel, daughter and co-heiress of Richard Trevenor, Esq.,<sup>1</sup> had two sons among others, Nicholas and Trevenor, who were among the staunchest Recusants of their generation.<sup>2</sup> Nicholas was presumably of Exeter College, Oxford, and supplicated B.A., on May 3, 1568.<sup>3</sup> He was admitted to the Inner Temple in November, 1572.<sup>4</sup> The name in the original entry seems to be written as Roiscariot.

In 1577, he was indicted at Launceston with his brother on the charge of non-attendance at Church. Nicholas was taken to the Tower on December 5, 1580,<sup>5</sup> after his old Oxford friend, Blessed Ralph Sherwin the martyr, had been apprehended in Roscarrock's house in London, and in the Tower he remained for over five years. Sherwin's sufferings, after his transfer from the Marshalsea to the Tower, were, with truly scientific cruelty, brought to bear upon Roscarrock, for the young priest, after torture, was laid out in his agonized condition in the snow, under the tiny window of his friend's cell, that the latter might hear his groans. 'But this terrible trial not having overcome his constancy, Roscarrock was himself racked on January the 14th [1581].'<sup>6</sup>

Walsingham reports him while in the Tower as very 'ingenious,' and as aiding other prisoners.<sup>7</sup> In 1583, 'Rose Caricke,' an odd but recognizable variant of our prisoner's name, is entered, along with Thomas Pounce and Stephen Brinckley, as among 'prisoners &c which are to paye their owne dyet.'<sup>8</sup> It is repeated that he has been 'for religion only committed & for intelligence with Jesuites & priests.'<sup>9</sup> When released in 1586 on the petition of Sir Owen Hopton, lieutenant-governor of the Tower,<sup>10</sup> he went abroad, and was back in the Fleet in 1594<sup>11</sup> accused of nothing but his religion, as he had been in 1581, and was again to be in 1599.<sup>12</sup> By 1607 Lord William Howard, 'Bauld Willie' of the Border, Scott's 'Belted Will,' a convert and a lover of letters and antiquities, had taken Roscarrock to live with him in his rebuilt castle of Naworth in Cumberland, not improbably as tutor to his sons,<sup>13</sup> and there the guest died at a good old age in 1633 or 1634.<sup>14</sup> Constant and singlehearted, he had made and kept many friends, among them those of the chivalrous brotherhood of young

English laymen established by George Gilbert, in whose protective and defensive Catholic work Nicholas Roscarrock had borne no small share.

There is a manuscript emblem book in the Bodleian Library by Thomas Palmer, a Recusant poet whose pedestrian muse hardly ambles, but who is of interest to students of English literature because he influenced the work of William Browne of Tavistock. Emblems 169 and 170 in this book are inscribed 'To his deere freend Mr Nicholas Rosecarrot' [*sic*], then in prison, and each of these emblems embodies a pun on his name.<sup>15</sup>

Roscarrock was an antiquarian. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall* (1602), says that he 'for his industrious delight in matters of history and antiquity, doe merit a commending remembrance.'<sup>16</sup> He wrote prefatory verses for George Gascoigne's *Steele Glas* (1576) and John Bossewell's *Workes of Armorie* (1572). The latter is a long poem entitled *Cilennus censure of the auctor, in his high court of Herehaultry*, which begins:

A Court ther stands twixt heaven & erth, al gorgeous to  
behold  
of royal state, in second speare, a hugie building olde.

We are presently told:

Within this stately court, like number roomes are founde,  
like number flags, like number armes, as realmes upon the  
ground.

These contain all the records and appurtenances of chivalry; but one of these 'roomes' stands apart:

At upper ende of al this court, as severd from the rest,  
with flaunting *Penon* standes a house, as famous as the best,  
Where portraied are the English armes, from which dependeth  
brave,  
a golden garter in the whiche, a golden *George* they have.

Here a book of heraldry suddenly appears, Bossewell's to wit, and arouses envy in the beholders, who bring accusations of plagiarism. Cyllenus (Mercury, the classic patron of heraldry) appears, and, judging in the place of Pallas Athene herself, silences them; but retires to Heaven to report his suspicion of the appearance in Britain of a rival to Pallas and himself.<sup>17</sup>

68. A HOLY BOOK: *A Sonnet to the Christian Reader*. Text from *The Exercise of a Christian Life* by Jasper Loarte, S.J., translated into English by James Sancer, 1584, (S.T.C. 16643), Bodleian, sig. \*6<sup>v</sup>. These feeling lines are signed N.R. Above the initials is a tag from the Psalter: *Confundantur qui oderunt Sion*. Stephen Brinckley was the 'virtuous gentleman that translated Loarte's book under the name of James Sanker.'<sup>18</sup> Roscarrock's friend and fellow-confessor is called 'factor for all the Jesuys' by Berden.<sup>19</sup>

The Lambeth Library copy of this book gives no place nor date, but was probably printed at Rouen, whither Brinckley went at once after his release from the Tower in the June of 1583. It is 'newly translated into English by I.S.,' and the *Sonnet to the Christian Reader* is there without any kind of signature. It seems to have been Brinckley's copy of the book: he was his own printer. It has a colophon of praise to Almighty God written in what must be his hand. The dedication of *The Exercise of a Christian Life* is 'to the most reverend fathers and brethren of the holy Society of the name of Jesus,' on account of 'so singular benefits, as needs I must, more then to any other earthly creatures, acknowledge my self indebted unto you.'

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Harl. Soc. Publications*, ix, 190.

<sup>2</sup> See Roscarrock genealogy in Maclean, *History of Trigg Manor*, I, 562-3.

<sup>3</sup> Boase, *Oxford Register*, I, 270; Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*, 1500-1714, 1280.

<sup>4</sup> *Students Admitted to the Inner Temple*, 1571-1625 (1868), 8; *N. & Q.*, 5 ser. IV, 402-4.

<sup>5</sup> Rishton in Dodd, *Church History of England* (ed. Tierney), III, 151.

<sup>6</sup> Camm, *Lives of the English Martyrs* (1904-5), II, 380, 385.

<sup>7</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.* 1585, CLXXVIII, No. 11.

<sup>8</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, II, 229; P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CLIX, No. 36.

<sup>9</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, II, 238; P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CLXXVIII, No. 74.

<sup>10</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, IV, 432, P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CLXXXVII, No. 19.

<sup>11</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCXLVIII, No. 116.

<sup>12</sup> Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, I, 254.

<sup>13</sup> Roscarrock wrote to Camden from Naworth in 1607 a letter of antiquarian interest printed in Camden, *Epistolæ* (1691), 91-2.

<sup>14</sup> *Household Books of Lord William Howard* (*Surtees Society*), 303.

<sup>15</sup> *MS. Ashmole*, 767. <sup>16</sup> 127.

<sup>17</sup> Bossewell, *Workes of Armorie* (1572), sig. I, III-IV.

<sup>18</sup> Father Robert Persons, S.J. Quoted from *Stonyhurst MSS.* p. 231 in Morris, *Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers* (*Second Series*), 36.

<sup>19</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, II, 275; P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, xcvi, No. 72.

68. A HOLY BOOK

ALCIDES never durst at once,  
With monsters two to fight,  
And yet at once this booke shows thee  
How three to put to flight.  
The Devil, the world, the Fleshe, & more,  
To conquere Death and sinne,  
And howe to live, and howe to dye,  
And howe the heavens to winne.  
It is a path to Paradise,  
A port to heavenly blisse,  
It treats of truce, and bringes the peace,  
That ever during is.  
Then reade, and reape the fruites therof,  
And thanke thou for thy gaines.  
Almighty God, who raisd up those,  
That tooke for thee thes paines.

## XXI. RICHARD VERSTEGAN or ROWLANDS

c. 1550-c. 1640

**B**IOGRAPHICAL sketches of this old author are few and scant, and the bibliographers err much in regard to his publications. Thus a somewhat extended sketch of his life and work seems called for.

Verstegan was known for part of his lifetime as Richard Rowlands, and as 'Richard Rowlaund' he appears on a list of Students at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1564-5.<sup>1</sup> The preface to his most celebrated prose book mentions his descent from an old family of Guelderland,<sup>2</sup> and gives their arms at the end with the motto *Sursum*.<sup>3</sup> His grandfather, Theodore Rowland Verstegan, a skilled craftsman ruined by the Continental wars then raging, came to England toward the end of Henry VII's reign, married an Englishwoman, and died while his only child was still an infant in arms. This boy, apprenticed at sixteen to a cooper, and using Rowlands as his patronymic, settled in St Katharine's Ward near the Tower: and there his son Richard was born.<sup>4</sup> The latter made himself a name at Oxford as a lad studious of things antiquarian and as a practising Catholic. When undergraduates became obliged to report their Fellows suspected of nonconformity in religion, Verstegan had to quit the University without a degree. His earliest known work was *The Post for divers partes of the world* (1576): it is translated from the German and dedicated to Sir Thomas Gresham.

We next hear of Verstegan in Paris about 1580, where he is alluded to by John Dowland in a letter to Cecil as 'one Vestigan who brake out of England, being apprehended.'<sup>5</sup> The letter has been reprinted by Warlock.<sup>6</sup> He seems to have married and to have assumed his ancestral name, which was to take on the oddest forms in the mouths and in the letters of his fellow-countrymen at home. He used the initials 'R.R.' and 'R.V.' indifferently on title-pages to the end of his life.

At Antwerp, Verstegan, aided by the devotion and efficiency of his wife, seems to have turned his home into a sort of agency or clearing-house for the scattered colonies of English exiles to their incalculable benefit and comfort. That he set up also and put at their service a private printing-press, as many have stated, was

considered as a mere legend by Charles Ruelens, who, despite incessant research some eighty years ago, could never meet with the smallest evidence for the assertion. He also pointed out that every one of Verstegan's own books was issued by known establishments. Verstegan is, however, alluded to as a printer in the examination of Simon Knowles, and as one who sends intelligence to England.<sup>7</sup> In Blessed Henry Walpole's 'confessions' in June and July, 1594, which were wrung from him by torture, he says that Verstegan in Antwerp conveys all Father Garnet's letters, and that Cardinal Allen, Father Persons, and others receive all their intelligence by him.<sup>8</sup>

It was also reported that Verstegan lived at Antwerp as a spy for the Jesuits in the pay of Spain, and in such 'hidalgo' style as no mere private gentleman could afford to do in a country not his own. Rumours to this effect were started by Anthony Copley in *Another Letter of Mr A. C. to his Dis-Jesuited Kinseman* (1602),<sup>9</sup> and echoed by Wood; but there is no confirmatory evidence of Verstegan's reputed riches in other quarters. Edward Herbert, however, in his examination of June 1, 1595, calls Verstegan 'entretenido of the King of Spain, . . . living at Antwerp near the bridge of the tapestry makers,' and there is ample confirmatory evidence that he was a valued secret agent of the Spanish party.<sup>10</sup> Father Persons, writing to Spain in 1596, suggests that Verstegan should be subsidized.<sup>11</sup> Dr Gifford's letters to Throgmorton in 1595 make it plain that Verstegan was an influential figure in Catholic political circles.<sup>12</sup>

Our poet's biography is almost his bibliography. For either, we can hardly do better than summarize the researches of Ruelens and Sermon.<sup>13</sup> At Antwerp in 1587, the year preceding the issue of Bridgewater's compendious *Concertatio*, Verstegan sent forth his '*cri de vengeance du proscrit*': the *Theatrum crudelitatum Hæreticorum nostri temporis*, a work which was a novelty chiefly by reason of its collective charges, but also for the author's illustrations of his own text. Ruelens considered that the types were those of the famous Plantin press, and he suggested that the delicate unsigned engravings might be attributed to Philippe Galle or one of the Wierix. The verses, prologue and epilogue in Latin, and the lines under each plate, are by Jean Bochins, 'the Belgian Virgil.' Such auxiliaries show how highly Verstegan was regarded in his new world. The contents of the *Theatrum* are in four sections, of which only two have to do with Great Britain. The volume is

no manifesto against a special prince or country, but a record (such as the author claims it to be) of the glory of martyrs, and of a persecution unique in character. Ruelens noted Verstegan's sincere intention, but, as all modern critics must do, he deprecated pictures of this kind, with their exaggerated horrors, while recognizing that moderation would have been, there and then, a heroic virtue, and in its workings sure to be confounded with timidity. '*Avant tout, le livre de Verstegan était une œuvre de courage.*'

The *Theatrum* came out in French at Antwerp in the following year.<sup>14</sup> Just at that time, the League in Paris had fallen from its first ideals into mere partisanship, and the city filled up with English folk excitedly discussing the recent execution of the Queen of Scots. Verstegan went to Paris, and Henri III showed strong interest in him and in his book. As an exposition of the evils Calvinistic heresy had brought in its train, and as a terrible arraignment of the Government of Elizabeth, the *Theatrum* proved by chance a timely local incendiary. Verstegan's Queen ('*ce génie astucieux*,' as he elsewhere calls her) reached out her long arm without delay, claimed him as punishable for high treason, and through her ambassador demanded his extradition. The League took great offence at this, but the King of France, clinging to his wonted half-measures, and afraid of Elizabeth, refused to give Verstegan up, yet had him arrested and imprisoned. Stafford, the English Ambassador at Paris, wrote to Walsingham that he had got Verstegan arrested for printing Catholic books. 'I would lose all my credit but I would bring the Englishman to the gallows. He names himself Verstingham, which name I never heard of before.'<sup>15</sup> His name appears as 'Versingham' and 'Vestingam' in the examination of one Simon Knowles in 1594 and in a letter of Sir Richard Fiennes to Sir Robert Cecil in 1596-7.<sup>16</sup> Our poet was soon delivered from his cell through the influence of the Papal Nuncio and escaped to Rome, whence later he returned to Antwerp. In 1595 he was in France again, proceeded to Spain, saw King Philip, and stayed for a while at Seville. By the end of 1595 he was back in Antwerp, where he was still living in 1620.

Richard Verstegan was an antiquary of no mean accomplishments, as is shown by his *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence* (1605), still valued by 'the most noble and renowned English nation . . . my most noble nation; moste dear unto mee of any nation in the world,' in whose honour it was written.<sup>17</sup> The Latinate title,



characteristic of the English 'beyond seas for their conscience,' covers much that is superseded, and much that in historical narration and in geology and philology was ahead of the age. Ruelens found in it '*des idées nouvelles, hardies même, soutenues avec beaucoup de talent.*' Even Camden profited by them, and corrected his *Britannia* from Verstegan's text. The book was dedicated to James I, doubtless in expectation of the repeal of some of the cruel laws affecting Catholics, a reform which never came.

A minor instance of the success of Verstegan's theories in high political quarters is given by John Aubrey, himself a Welshman by male descent, in alluding to the Cecil family, once Cyssilt, though not to anything in this volume: 'Tis strange that they should be so vaine to leave off an old British name for a Romancy one, which I beleeeve Mr Verstegan did putt into their heads, telling his lordship, in his booke, that they were derived from the ancient Roman *Cecilii*.'<sup>18</sup> Verstegan was also the first English author (preceding Heylin in his *Microcosmus*) to note certain homely legends such as The Piper of Hamelin, to be used with such good effect by Merimée and by Robert Browning.

Verstegan's feeling for his adopted country, fed by long residence, had its outcome in various publications in Flemish in both prose and verse. These were meant to be popular, and carried as their connecting purpose a will to defend and endorse religion. Witty and frank, these homespun little books have '*cette logique ferme et brève que le peuple comprend et affectionne.*'<sup>19</sup> In 1613 appeared at Antwerp Verstegan's *Nederlandsche Anti-quitteyt*,<sup>20</sup> with an able account of Saint Willibrord, and some of the beautiful engravings used in *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*.<sup>21</sup> Both books deserve credit as early examples of the modern effort to spread abroad knowledge formerly the special perquisite of scholars. Four years later, Verstegan published in Flemish at Mechlin *Nederduytsche epigrammen*, one hundred epigrams and one hundred imaginary epitaphs;<sup>22</sup> and in 1618 *De Gazette van nieuwe-maren*, followed in 1619 by *Characteren*, a book of characters excellent for acumen. Though *De Gazette* is a gay little publication, blunt and non-academic, it is nevertheless, as usual with this author, a crusade for Catholicism. *Den Wetsteen des Verstands* followed in 1620, and *De Spiegel der Nederlandsche Elenden* in 1621. Both were published in Mechlin. *Medicamenten teghen de Melancolie* and *Recreative Beschrijvinghe* appeared at Antwerp in 1633 and 1642 respectively.<sup>23</sup>

A few of Verstegan's sayings will show him to have had a caustic eighteenth-century sort of wit, with an endearing slyness almost like Steele's. He says, for example, that Holland is as fertile in sects as Italy in mushrooms: new doctrines sprout overnight from the dreams of men. The Dutch ministers are less greedy of glory than merchants are, for these latter will rush to India to steal the profits of the Portuguese, whereas the former do not fly there to dispute with the Jesuits for the crown of martyrdom. Of the Irish, it is said that the inhabitants of this country, having observed that to obtain great wealth they must do hard work, have found it desirable to deprive themselves of the one, that they may do without the other.<sup>24</sup> A striking passage deals in no hackneyed fashion with Queen Elizabeth. 'She had that instinctive malice which makes one pick out for hatred the very persons who have done one a good turn. . . . She was not merely ungrateful, but her only response to a benefit received was to revenge it.'<sup>25</sup> Such comments cannot have been without effect on Verstegan's generation.

The poet passed his latter days in Antwerp, beloved by the best minds of his time, English or foreign; his closest friends were such men, among Protestants, as Ortelius and Bochins, Sir Thomas Gresham and Sir Robert Cotton, the index of whose manuscript collection in the British Museum names Verstegan more than once. He was also a friend and great correspondent of Father Robert Persons, S.J.: many of Verstegan's letters to the latter figure in the Westminster Cathedral Archives.<sup>26</sup> The date of his death is not known. Gillow places this event 'possibly about 1636.'<sup>27</sup> Miss C. Fell Smith conjectures that the Richard Verstegan whose will is dated Antwerp, February 26, 1640, is our poet's son.<sup>28</sup> She makes, however, the curious mistake of naming the son as the author of *Nederlandsche Antiquiteyten* (Brussels, 1646), 'and other works in Dutch,' whereas this book is but a later edition of the same work by our Verstegan brought out in 1613; and it will be noticed how exactly similar in character are his first and his final publications, so that the authorship of the 'Dutch' works presents no difficulties.

*Dialogue of a dying well* (Antwerp, 1603) from 'Don Peeter de Luca' is dedicated to the Lady Joan Berkeley, the Abbess of the English Benedictine nuns in Brussels. 'R.V.' is the signature to the *Odes*. In *imitation of the Seaven Penitential Psalmes*, 1601. A unique book called *England's Joy* in the Grenville collection in the

British Museum appeared about 1602.<sup>29</sup> Many guessers, including the compilers of the *Short Title Catalogue*, contrive to recognize Verstegan in the 'R.V.' who there signs a stout Protestant acrostic on Elisabeth Regina. The author is, of course, the notorious Richard Vennar or Vennard.<sup>30</sup> Lowndes makes the very plausible suggestion that the 'R.V.' who in 1608 addresses in rhyme 'the adorned author. . . . Otho Venius' in his *Amorum Emblemata*,<sup>31</sup> is our author; and credits to him all scraps of English verse in the text. Verstegan is probably the author of some verses of an adoringly affectionate kind which are found in the life of Sir Thomas More by his great-grandson.<sup>32</sup> A manuscript version of these contains unprinted lines.<sup>33</sup> They were suppressed with true Catholic sensitiveness, in order not to anticipate the verdict of the universal Church; but they salute More as 'most worthie martyr,' and end:

Receave my suite, dear Saynt; obtaine me grace  
Eternally to see thee face to face.

A good foreign critic, Willems,<sup>34</sup> finds Verstegan's muse 'hobbling': it is never really that, but only of a most rustic simplicity. At his best he touches Southwell, as at half a dozen points in the lovely lullaby. A. O. Meyer says of his poems: 'They are pervaded by the peace of a soul that has freed itself from all earthly things.'<sup>35</sup>

69. OUR LADY'S LULLABY: *Our Blessed Ladies Lullaby*. Text from *Odes. In Imitation of the Seaven Penitential Psalmes. With Sundry other Poemes and ditties tending to devotion and pietie*, 1601, (S.T.C. 21359), Bodleian, pp. 50-54. The first four stanzas appeared anonymously in Martin Peerson's *Private Musicke*, 1620. The eighth stanza is interesting as a very early echo of Marlowe's pastoral lyric, first published incompletely and anonymously in *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599, and then again completely, and credited to Marlowe, in *Englands Helicon* in 1600.

70. THE FORT OF SOLITUDE: *Of the State of Solitary Lyf dedicated to the service of God*. Text from *Odes*, 1601, (S.T.C. 21359), Bodleian, pp. 105-6.

71. A RESEMBLANCE OF MARTYRS: *A Resemblance of Martyrs*. Text from *Odes*, 1601, (S.T.C. 21359), Bodleian p. 76.

72. THE POTTER: *The Substance of humane flesh*. Text from *Odes*, 1601, (S.T.C. 21359), Bodleian, pp. 107-8. Verstegan is loquacious when a moral is to be expounded. Nothing could be more Flemish than these homely lines.

73. THE ANTIQUARY OFFERS HIS BOOK: *Verses of the Authors concerning this his worke*. Text from *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*,

*Antwerp*, 1605, (S.T.C. 21361), Bodleian, sig. ††† 3-3<sup>v</sup>. There are many commendatory verses by Richard Stanihurst (Latin), Francis Tregian, Stephen Vallenger, and others.

74. 'WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!': *A Hymne wherein the praise of all creatures are offered up unto the Creator*, ll. 15-24, 32-40, 61-64, 73-76. Text from *An Epistle in the Person of Christ to the faithful soule, written first by that learned Lanspergius, and after translated into English by one of no small fame, whose good example of sufferance & living, hath and wilbe a memoriall unto his countrie and posteritie for ever. Imprinted at Antwerpe; 1595, Cum Privilegio, Lambeth Palace, (Press-mark 32.9.5), pp. 304-7. This is the unique copy of the second edition. It is not recorded in the *Short Title Catalogue*. No copy of the first edition is known to survive. The long poem beginning 'O Christ the glorious Crowne' (to which we have given a more compendious title) succeeds a much inferior *Hymne* with 'everie verse beginning with everie Letter, as they follow one another in order in the Christ crosse rowe.' At the end of our poem comes:*

'CHRISTO LAUDES  
ET SANTÆ [sic] MATRI  
EIVS HONOR,  
Amen.'

The prose portion ends in the same manner. The poems in this volume, including a long metrical translation from Marulo, seem to be by Verstegan, to judge from internal evidence. The prose translation from Lanspergius is the work of Blessed Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> Clark, *Register of the University of Oxford*, II, 14.
- <sup>2</sup> *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence* (1605), sig. ††.
- <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 359.
- <sup>4</sup> Wood, *Ath. Oxon* (ed. Bliss), II, 392.
- <sup>5</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, v, 445.
- <sup>6</sup> *The English Ayre*, 24-7.
- <sup>7</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCXLVIII, No. 56.
- <sup>8</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Dom. Eliz.* 1591-1594, 520, 533-4.
- <sup>9</sup> (*S.T.C.* 5736), 27.
- <sup>10</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, IV, 498, v, 26, 63, 225, 252, 445.
- <sup>11</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Spanish*, 1587-1603, 633.
- <sup>12</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLII, Nos 8, 16.
- <sup>13</sup> Ruelens, *Un publiciste catholique du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle* in *Revue Catholique*, 1854, XII, 477-490, 549-565; Sermon, *Richardus Versteganus*, Ghent, 1893.
- <sup>14</sup> Sermon, *op. cit.*, 11.
- <sup>15</sup> *Cal. State Papers. Foreign*, 1583-1584, 300. See also 315, 319, 321-3, 426.
- <sup>16</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, IV, 499; VII, 87.
- <sup>17</sup> *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence* (1605), sigs. †3, ††.
- <sup>18</sup> Aubrey, *Brief Lives* (ed. Clark), I, 158.
- <sup>19</sup> Ruelens, *op. cit.*, 550.
- <sup>20</sup> Not 1640, as D.N.B. erroneously states.
- <sup>21</sup> Sermon, *op. cit.*, 53-4.
- <sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, 57-61. Sermon reprints six of these poems.
- <sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, *passim*.
- <sup>24</sup> *De Gazette van Nieuwe-maren* (1618).
- <sup>25</sup> *De Spiegel der Nederlandsche Elenden* (1621).
- <sup>26</sup> Grene, *Collectanea B*, now at Stonyhurst.
- <sup>27</sup> *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*, v, 567.
- <sup>28</sup> D.N.B., art. *Verstegan*. <sup>29</sup> *S.T.C.* 21358.
- <sup>30</sup> Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, III, 500-3; Fennor, *The Compters Commonwealth*, (1617), 64.
- <sup>31</sup> Antwerp, 1608. British Museum press-mark 11556. bbb. 58.
- <sup>32</sup> Cresacre More, *The Life and Death of Sir Thomas More* (1630), 390-2.
- <sup>33</sup> Miss Guiney left no reference to this manuscript among her notes, and it cannot now be traced.
- <sup>34</sup> *Verhandeling over de Nederduytsche Tael-en Letterkunde* (1819), II, 69.
- <sup>35</sup> *England and the Catholic Church under Elizabeth* (1916), 216.

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RICHARD VERSTEGAN

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69. OUR LADY'S LULLABY

UPON my lap my soveraigne sits,  
And sucks upon my brest,  
Meanewhyle his love sustaines my lyf,  
And gives my body rest.  
Sing lullaby my litle boy,  
Sing lullaby my lives joy.

When thow ha'st taken thy repast,  
Repose (my Babe) on mee,  
So may thy mooother and thy nurs  
Thy cradle also bee.  
Sing lullaby my little boy,  
Sing lullaby my lives joy.

I grieve that duty doth not woork  
All what my wishing would,  
Because I would not bee to thee  
But in the best I should,  
Sing lullaby my litle boy,  
Sing lullaby my lives joy.

Yet as I am and as I may  
I must and wilbe thyne,  
Though all to litle for thy self,  
Voutsafing to be myne,  
Sing lullaby, &c.  
Sing lullaby, &c.

My wits my woords, my deeds, my thoughts,  
And els what is in mee,  
I rather wil not wish to use,  
If not in serving thee.  
Sing lullaby, &c.  
Sing lullaby, &c.

My babe, my blis, my chyld, my choyce,  
My frute my flower, and bud,  
My Jesus, and my only joy,  
The somme of all my good.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

My sweetnesse and the sweetest moste,  
That heaven could earth deliver,  
Soule of my love, spirit of my lyf,  
Abyde with mee for ever.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Live stil with mee, and bee my love,  
And death wil mee refraine,  
Unlesse thow let mee dy with thee,  
To live with the againe.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Leave now to waile thow lucklesse wight,  
That wrough't thy races woe,  
Redresse is found, and foiled is,  
Thy frute-aluring foe.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Thy frute of death from Paradise  
Made thee exyled mourne,  
My frute of lyf to Paradise  
Makes joyful thy returne.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Grow up good frute, bee nowrisht by  
These fountaines two of mee,  
That only flow with maidens milk,  
The only meat for thee.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

The earth is now a heav'n become,  
And this base bower of myne  
A princely pallas unto mee,  
My Sonne doth make to shyne,  
Sing lullaby, &c.  
Sing lullaby, &c.

His sight gives cleerenesse to my sight,  
When waking I him see,  
And sleeping his myld countenance  
Gives favour unto mee.  
Sing lullaby, &c.  
Sing lullaby, &c.

When I him in myne armes embrace  
I feel my harte imbraced,  
Ev'n by the inward grace of his,  
Which hee in mee hath placed.  
Sing lullaby, &c.  
Sing lullaby, &c.

And when I kis his loving lips  
Then his sweet smelling breath  
Doth yeild a savor to my soule,  
That feedes love hope and faith.  
Sing lullaby, &c.  
Sing lullaby, &c.

The shepheards left their keeping sheep,  
For joy to see my lambe,  
How may I more rejoyce to see,  
My self to bee the dam.  
Sing lullaby, &c.  
Sing lullaby, &c.

Three Kinges their treasures hether brought,  
Of incense myrh and gold,  
The heavens treasure and the King  
That here they might behold,  
Sing lullaby, &c.  
Sing lullaby, &c.



One sorte an Angel did direct,  
A star did guyde the other,  
And all the fairest sonne to see  
That ever had a mother.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

This sight I see, this chyld I have,  
This infant I embrace,  
O endlesse comfort of the earth,  
And heav'ns eternal grace.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Thee sanctitie her self doth serve,  
Thee goodnesse doth attend,  
Thee blessednesse doth wait upon,  
And vertues all comend,

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Great Kinges and Prophets wished have,  
To see that I possesse,  
Yet wish I never thee to see,  
If not in thankfulness.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Let heaven, and earth, & saintes, & men,  
Assistance give to mee,  
That all their moste occurring ayd  
Augment my thanks to thee.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

And let th'ensuing blessed race  
Thow wilt succeeding raise,  
Joyne all their praises unto myne,  
To multiply thy praise.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

And take my service wel in woorth,  
And Josephs heere with mee,  
Who of my husband beares the name,  
Thy servant for to bee.

Sing lullaby, &c.

Sing lullaby, &c.

70. THE FORT OF SOLITUDE

O WEL are you that have subdude,  
The force of worlds desyre,  
And in the forte of solitude,  
For safety do retyre.

Retyr'd from freedome so supos'd,  
In straightnes freedome fynde,  
Because true freedome is enclos'd  
In circuite of the mynde.

The world and fortune you depryve,  
From doing you despight,  
Dead unto men, to God alyve,  
That gives lives true delight.

That soule saith God which I affect,  
I will with-draw aparte  
And tel unto it in effect,  
The secrets of my harte.

Think then you that retyred live,  
For Gods deere love and dread,  
His love your soules desyre did give,  
Retyred lives to lead.

Where as with him you might confer  
When sole your selves you deeme,  
And so alone lesse never ar,  
Then when alone you seeme.

Faith of your fort is governor,  
Love is liftenant there,  
Hope is ordained officer,  
The ensigne for to beare,

Contempt of welth is treasurer,  
 Who woorkes no guyle for gaynes,  
 Whithin whose coffers never there,  
 Corrupting drosse remaines,

Pure Chastitie the charge doth take,  
 The cloister cleane to keep,  
 And of her thoughtes the broome doth make,  
 Wherewith shee doth it sweep.

Obedience which doth sacrifice,  
 In valued woorth exceed,  
 Is redy for each exercyse,  
 As duty deemeth need.

Perseverance is Centinel,  
 The watch-woord watch and pray,  
 Whose due observance doing wel,  
 The heavens do repay.

#### 71. A RESEMBLANCE OF MARTYRS

**B**EFORE the craggy flint  
 Meetes with the hardned steel,  
 It seemes not to conteyne,  
 The vertue it conteynes,

But when it doth the stroke  
 Of swift encountring feel.

Ev'n then the force apeeres,  
 That hid in it remaines,

Right so resolved myndes,  
 Through wicked fortunës wheel,

Encountring with mishap,  
 And feeling bitter paynes,

Make fyre of sacred love,  
 From ardent zeal proceed:

Which mounting up to heav'n,  
 Doth all the Starres exceed.

## 72. THE POTTER

As once I did behold,  
The potters active skil,  
In ordring of his earthen pots,  
According to his wil.

And some for woorthy use.  
and some for servile trade,  
As hee them from one clod of clay,  
In sundry fashons made.

And when they al were wrought,  
And each was put a parte,  
No cause they had (If they had could)  
To blame their makers arte.

To each it might suffise,  
To serve his use asygn'd,  
Since each to serve some proper use,  
Was utile in his kynde.

Then as thereat I mus'd,  
It came unto my thought,  
How God even from one masse of clay,  
All humaine kynd had wrought,

Aswel the silly wretch,  
That lives in low degree,  
As any mighty Emperor,  
How puisant so hee bee.

And how at his estate,  
None rightly may repyne,  
Since that the woorkman of his woork,  
Hath freedome to designe.

And each in each degree,  
Sufficient hath in charge,  
And hee the more whose mighty rule,  
Extendeth moste at large.

For how more great the charge.  
Cares burden greater weyes,  
And greatnesse beares the greatest brunt,  
And breedes the lesser ease.

And vertue can aswel  
In cottages remaine,  
As honor may in highe estate,  
In courtes of Princes raigne.

Let each him then dispose,  
Wel in his charge to serve,  
To have the hyre that at the last,  
Wel-doing doth deserve.

For when a whyle on earth,  
Each hath serv'd in his turne,  
Earths fragile woork earst made of earth,  
Must unto earth returne.

73. THE ANTIQUARY OFFERS HIS BOOK

**T**YME overweares what earst his lycence wrought,  
And also seekes remembrance to deface,  
Of what himself hath to destruction brought,  
In that long trackt of his all-altring space;  
That none might of his ruins view the place:  
And as hee all beginings seeks to end,  
So all his endings to oblivion tend.

But that Great-Ever-Goodnesse from above,  
To make himself discerned, did bestow  
On our desyre of knowlege such a love,  
That all men seek all what they may to know;  
Yea *Tyme* in his own cours to undergo;  
And to observe what hee would overpasse,  
Do make a mirrour of his hower-glasse.

This deep desyre hath lastly moved mee,  
On Pilgrimage *Tymes* traces to ensue,  
The relykes of his ruines for to see,  
And for the love to my deer nation due,  
The things concerning them which I did view,  
Tending to English honor earst concealed,  
Heer in my travails map I have revealed.

Accept therefore deer nation in good woorth,  
Thy praise not with dispraise to others wrought;  
Thy elder glorie heer againe set foorth,  
Which *Tyme* could shadow but not bring to nought,  
And though not graced rightly as it ought,  
Yet wil thy kynd acceptance salve the sore,  
And make mee studious how to please the more.

Live and encrease in honor and renown,  
Under *Jacobus Magnus* now thy king,  
Whose greatnesse to thy glorie doth redown,  
As doth the Sunnes reflection brightnes bring;  
In his protection buyld thy prospering:  
Victorious king, long may his joyes encrease,  
That hath thy warre subdued by his peace.

Fowre nations now are subject to his might,  
Though each to other strange accompted bee,  
Strange unto them none can him deem of right,  
Of royall blood of each of these is hee,  
Their own liege Lord either and all him see:  
Rare fortune unto each, but more to all,  
In that it could not but by him befall.

## 74. 'WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!'

. . . . .  
ALL Angels with their troopes,  
all Saints that are above:  
Doo laude Thee still and never cease,  
with songes of fervent love.  
The Skie, the Land, the Sea,  
and all on earth below:  
The glorie of thy worthie name,  
doo with their praises show.

. . . . .  
All charitie of those,  
whose soules thy love doth warme:  
All simple plainenes of such mindes  
as thinke no kinde of harme.  
All sweet delights wherewith,  
the pacient harts abound:  
Doo blase thy name, and with thy praise,  
they make the world resound.

. . . . .  
The flowers fruits and trees,  
the men which thou didst frame:  
And women eke invite us still  
to praise thy holy name.

. . . . .  
What creature O sweet Lorde,  
from praying thee can stay,  
What earthly thing but fild with joy,  
thine honour doth bewraie.

## XXII. BLESSED PHILIP HOWARD EARL *of* ARUNDEL

1557-1595

PHILIP HOWARD was the eldest son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, by his first wife, the Lady Mary Fitzalan, daughter and heiress of Henry Fitzalan, twelfth Earl of Arundel. He was born on June 28, 1557. He lost his mother when he was but two months old. His godfather was Philip, King of Spain, who left England for ever on the day of the child's baptism at Whitehall. His first tutor was Gregory Martin. At the age of twelve, he was married to Anne Dacres, a ward of the Duke, and a daughter of Lord Dacres of Gilsland. The marriage was resolemnized two years later for fear of possible annulment. In 1572, his father was executed.

About this time he went to Cambridge University, and was made M.A. on November 12, 1576.<sup>1</sup> He seems to have come to Court for the first time after taking his degree. His disposition at this date was as unrestrained as might be expected in a youth deprived so early of both his natural guardians. He left his wife in the country and pursued the wild career of a Court gallant, endeavouring unsuccessfully to become a royal favourite. As he grew older, an innate strength of character disclosed itself. After succeeding to the earldom of Arundel on the death of his maternal grandfather in 1580, Philip returned to his neglected Countess; and a little later a great impression was made upon him by the words of Blessed Edmund Campion, the martyr, at whose famous dispute in the Tower in 1581 he was present.

One day, walking alone in the gallery at Arundel Castle, he made up his mind to leave Court, to become a Catholic, and to go abroad. His secretary, to whom he entrusted his plans, was arrested and questioned. The Queen visited Arundel in his town-house in 1583, and, after being splendidly entertained, suddenly declared him her prisoner.

In the previous year the Earl's wife, without his knowledge, and fearing his displeasure, had embraced the old religion. When this was known to the authorities, she was ordered by the Queen to Wiston to be under the surveillance of Sir Thomas Shirley, and her daughter Elizabeth, born there, was baptized a Protestant



against the Countess's will. Her husband's half-brother, Lord William Howard, and his half-sister, Lady Margaret Sackville, had followed her example and become Catholics.

Meanwhile Lord Arundel, aware that the Council, under the personal urging of the Queen, were endeavouring to devise a charge against him, delayed no longer, and in September, 1584, was received into the Catholic Church by Father William Weston, S.J. In April, 1585, he attempted to leave the country (having written a famous letter of explanation to the Queen, of which many contemporary copies survive), but was arrested and this time thrown into the Tower. He was not yet twenty-eight years old.

Brought before the Star Chamber on a charge of treasonable correspondence with the Queen of Scots and with Cardinal Allen, for which proof was quite lacking, he was sentenced in May, 1586, to a fine of £10,000, and to imprisonment during the Queen's pleasure. In 1588, after three years of close and harsh confinement in the Tower, where he was never allowed to see his wife and children, there reached him in his prison rumours of an intended massacre of Catholics should the Spanish Armada effect a landing. It seems that he agreed with three of his fellow-prisoners on a plan of prayer to avert this danger, or in preparation for death, and requested one of them, William Bennet, a priest, to offer Mass for this intention.

The opportunity of his enemies had come: he was accused of offering prayers and Mass for the success of the Spanish invasion. His fellow-prisoners were terrified into giving false witness against him. After the usual mockery of a trial in Westminster Hall, in April, 1589, he was condemned to a traitor's death. Edmund Lodge<sup>2</sup> notes how well, at the trial, the acute mind and rhetorical eloquence of the Earl bore him out. 'The Attorney General,' he said, 'has managed the letters and confessions produced against me as spiders do flowers, by extracting from them nothing but their poison.' Bennet the priest had, in the interval before the trial, written an abject letter of recantation to the Countess; but at Westminster his courage again failed him. '*Fiat voluntas Dei!*' were Philip Howard's words when his doom was pronounced.

The sentence was never executed, but neither was there a reprieve; and he remained for six years the Queen's prisoner, languishing under sentence of death, in the custody of the Lieu-

tenant, Sir Michael Blount, whose acts of cruelty were, in the Earl's own words, 'intollerable, infinite, dayly multipli'd, and to those who know them not, incredible.'<sup>3</sup> In the octagonal room in the Beauchamp Tower, which was his prison, may still be seen Latin inscriptions cut by his hand and breathing an heroic spirit of Christian courage and resignation. His only comfort was the proximity of his friend and spiritual adviser, Blessed Robert Southwell, the Jesuit poet and martyr, who was confined near him in the Tower and with whom it may have been possible to communicate now and then.

In August, 1595, Arundel, already infirm, was taken violently ill after a meal, not without suspicion of poisoning, as his Latin epitaph records. From his deathbed he wrote to the Queen, begging to have a visit from his wife, his young daughter, and the little son he had never seen. The only answer was an oral message returned by the Lieutenant that his request should be granted with freedom and the restoration of his honours and his lands if he would abjure his faith by attendance at church. He died on October 19, 1595, after according heartily the forgiveness sought of him in his last moments by his gaoler. He is counted among the English martyrs for the Faith and was beatified in 1929.

Quite the best continuous account of his life is that in Brenan and Statham's *The House of Howard*.<sup>4</sup> A magnificent mass of original materials, a *mémoire pour servir*, collected by J. H. Pollen, S.J., and William MacMahon, S.J., has been published by the Catholic Record Society.<sup>5</sup> The Duke of Norfolk published in 1857 from a contemporary manuscript, perhaps by their confessor, *The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres, His Wife*, and an excellent biography of Howard by Cecil Kerr appeared in 1926.

It may not be uninteresting to readers of our book to recall that the saintly Arundel was the grandson of the poet Surrey, whom in some personal traits he resembled, and grandfather, in his turn, of William Howard, the martyred Stafford of the wild fanaticism of the so-called Popish Plot.

In Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*,<sup>6</sup> there is printed a shepherd's lament for a dead friend, to which Lodge affixes the following note: 'These stanzas . . . appear on the cover of a letter, in the handwriting of Anne, Countess of Arundel, by whom they were probably composed; nor is it unlikely that the melancholy exit of her Lord produced these pathetic effusions.' Now we have

no proof whatever that that holy and much-trying lady, Anne Dacres, possessed the literary faculty. In the manuscript life of her there is no hint that she ever wrote verses. The poem in question, under the title of *The Good Shepherd's Sorrow for the Death of His Beloved Son*, is found also in *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (1659), where it is followed by a second part entitled *Coridon's Comfort*. Many such pastoral threnodies were written during the reign of Elizabeth. This one has the conventional pagan touch. The evidence for the Countess's authorship is so questionable that we have not felt able to include the poem, which is of considerable literary merit, in our collection. It was printed as hers in *The Month*.<sup>7</sup>

§ 75. ETERNAL EXILE: Extracts from an untitled poem. Text from *MS. Rawl. Poet.* 219, ff. 9, 9<sup>v</sup>, 14. A scrap of paper is bound up with the manuscript containing the following words in a contemporary hand: '*Memorare Novissima tua, et in aeternum non peccabis*. A poem of the contempt of the world and an exhortation to prepare to die, made by Phillipe Earle of Arundell after his attaynder.' The same poem with variants occurs anonymously in *MS. Tanner* 118, ff. 44-53; in *Peter Mowle's Book* (ff. 109-124), a manuscript at Oscott College, where it is without attribution and headed: *Sartaine most holosome & necessarie considerations, . . . to withdrawe our affections from this vaine & wicked worlde*; and in a manuscript formerly among the Carew MSS. at Crowcombe Court, Somersetshire, and now untraceable, where it is also attributed to the Earl of Arundel, and said to have been 'Written against Christmas, 1587'.<sup>8</sup> The stanzas in this last manuscript are reported to number one hundred and twenty-eight. The poem was pirated in 1606 by 'W.H.', the pirate of Shakespeare's sonnets, and printed by G. Eld.<sup>9</sup> It was then called *A Fourefold Meditation*, and the titlepage states that it is by 'R.S., the author of S. Peters complaint.' The poem was reprinted as Blessed Robert Southwell's by Charles Edmonds in 1895. Although Herbert Thurston, S.J.,<sup>10</sup> exploded this attribution in 1896 and assigned its authorship correctly, the error persisted until 1929, when H. J. L. Robbie rediscovered the fact that the poem was almost certainly by the Earl of Arundel, Southwell's friend and spiritual son.<sup>11</sup>

76. MUSIC IN HEAVEN: Extract from the same untitled poem. Text from *MS. Rawl. Poet.* 219, f. 13. Four lines from stanza 117.

77. 'THROUGH THY CROSS AND PASSION': Untitled poem. Text from *MS. Tanner*, 118, f. 53<sup>v</sup>, (Thomas Colepeper's *Commonplace Book*, 1616). The poem was printed by the late Father J. H. Pollen, S.J.,<sup>12</sup> from a manuscript prayer-book in the possession of Sir Henry Bedingfield at Oxburgh Hall. It is there entitled *Earle of Arundle's Verses*. It also occurs in *Peter Mowle's Book*, a manuscript at Oscott

College, which omits three couplets. The version at Oxburgh Hall is the only one not anonymous. In the Tanner manuscript, however, the poem follows directly after Arundel's 'O wretched man which lovest earthlie thinges,' and under the final stanza we find:

Amen

*Tibi soli honor et gloria.*

Jesus Maria.

That many hate doth please me best.  
that most do love, I most detest:  
That others flye, I seeke to have,  
that few woulde wissh, I onely crave.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Cooper, *Ath. Cantab.*, II, 188.

<sup>2</sup> *Portraits of Illustrious Personages* (1835), III, No. 17.

<sup>3</sup> *The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres, His Wife* (1857),

I, 458-86.

<sup>4</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, XXI.

<sup>5</sup> (1791), III, 357-8.

<sup>6</sup> January 1896, LXXXVI, 49.

<sup>7</sup> *Hist. MSS. Commission, Fourth Report*, 372.

<sup>8</sup> S.T.C. 22949, where the book is incorrectly attributed to Southwell.

<sup>9</sup> *The Month*, January, 1896, LXXXVI, 32-50.

<sup>10</sup> R.E.S., April, 1929, V, 200-2.

<sup>11</sup> *Catholic Record Society, Miscellanea VI* (1909), pp. 29-30.

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BLESSED PHILIP HOWARD

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75. ETERNAL EXILE

. . . . .  
O GREVOUS losse which cannot be exprest  
o cause of greefe and spring of deadly woe  
thy soule hath lost the Center of her rest  
thy hope, thy helpe, and life thou must forgoe  
no paine noe losse with this we may compare  
yt passeth all and none can it declare.

. . . . .  
O dieinge life a sea of endlesse smarte  
which nature hates and all things doe detest  
O living death noe life nor death thou arte  
for death hath ende and life hath somtimes rest  
the worst of both our Lord hath put one thee  
that neither ende nor rest might ever bee.

. . . . .  
Thou findest here what thou wilt finde at laste  
and that accounte which none can ever shunne.  
then frame thy life before thy time be past.  
As thou wilt wish that thou in time hadest done  
lest thou in vaine doest waile thy wretched state  
when time is past and wailinge comes to late.

76. MUSIC IN HEAVEN

. . . . .  
FROM songs of praise the saints no moment spare  
no teares are seene nor any eyes to weepe  
but in this place the musick is so rare  
as halfe a sound would bringe all harts asleepe

. . . . .

## 77. 'THROUGH THY CROSS AND PASSION'

O CHRISTE my Lorde which for my sinnes didst hang  
upon a tree,  
graunt that thie grace in mee poore wretch may still in-  
grafted be.

Graunt that thy naked hanging there, may kill in me all  
pride  
and care of wealth, sith thou didst then in such poore state  
abide.

Graunt that thy Crowne of pricking thornes which thou for  
me didst weare,  
may make me willing for thy sake all shame and payne to  
beare.

Graunt that those skornes and tauntes which thou didst on  
the crosse endure,  
may humble me, & in my harte all pacience still procure.

Graunt that thy praying for thy foes may plant within my  
brest,  
such charitie as from my harte I malice may detest.

Graunt that thy pierced handes which did of nothing all  
thinges frame,  
may move mee to lifte up my handes, and ever prayse thy  
name.

Graunt that thy wounded feete whose steppes were perfect  
evermore,  
may learne my feete to treade those pathes which thou hast  
gon before.

Graunt that thy bitter gall which did thy empty bodie fill,  
may teache mee to subdue my self, and to performe thy will.

Graunt that thy woundes may cure the sores which sinne in  
me hath wrought,  
graunt that thy death may save the soule which with thy  
blood was bought.

Graunt that those droppes of blood which ran out from thy  
harte amayne  
may meeke my harte into salt teares to see thy greivous  
payne.

Graunt that thy blessed grave whereas thy bodie laye awhile,  
may burie all such vaine delightes as may my mynd defile  
~ ~

Graunt that thy going downe to them which did thy sight  
desire,  
may keepe my sowle when I am dead, cleane from the  
purging fire.

Graunt that thy rising up from death, may rayse my  
thoughtes from sinne,  
Graunt that thy parting from this earth, from earth my  
harte may wyne.

Graunt Lorde that thy ascending then, may lifte my mynd  
to thee,  
that there my harte & joye may reste, though here in flesh I  
be.

## XXIII. THOMAS LODGE

1558-1625

**T**HIS humane and graceful ornament of the Elizabethan age was the son of Sir Thomas Lodge, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1562 and 1563, by his second wife, Anne, daughter of William Loddington, or Luddington, step-daughter of another Lord Mayor, Sir William Laxton, and widow of William Lane. It would seem that he was born in London in 1557 or early in 1558.<sup>1</sup>

'If a full and continuous biography of Thomas Lodge could be recovered, it would possess as much interest to a student of Elizabethan manners and letters as any Memoir that can be imagined. . . . Lodge is always the very type and exemplar of a man of letters in the irregular and romantic age of Elizabeth.'<sup>2</sup>

In his boyhood Lodge seems to have served in the household of the Earl of Derby, whose sympathies were Catholic, for in the dedication of his *A Fig for Momus* he writes to William, Earl of Derby: 'But as your noble father in mine infancie, with his owne hands incorporated me into your house, so in this my retired age and studie, my labour, lines, and whole life, shall be employed to doe you honour and service.' He entered Merchant Taylors School in the spring of 1571 as a poor man's son.<sup>3</sup> The family had seen financial reverses. In 1573, he was received as a scholar at Trinity College, Oxford, and Anthony Wood states without citing his authority that Lodge was afterwards servitor under Edward Hoby, gentleman-commoner of the same College, whose father was the translator of the famous *Courtier* of Baldassare Castiglione.<sup>4</sup> It strikes one as not unlikely that this association may have opened to the sensitive youth those impressions and studies of Italian literature which everywhere mark his work. His travels were to deepen this influence, and to add to it that of France.

Lodge took his B.A. on July 8, 1577, and supplicated for his M.A. in 1580-1.<sup>5</sup> On April 26, 1578, he was admitted to Lincoln's Inn.<sup>6</sup> On December 18, 1582, one 'Thomas Lodge of St Osith, co. Essex, Gent.' married Annes Wetherhill or Wetherall of London at St Mary Woolnoth, London.<sup>7</sup> It does not seem that this Thomas Lodge is our poet. It is not known when Lodge became a Catholic, but his inclination in that direction may well date from his student days at Oxford. Trinity College, which was a Marian



foundation, gave the Reformers much trouble at this time.<sup>8</sup> Lincoln's Inn also had many Recusants.<sup>9</sup> The name of one Lodge occurs in a list of English Catholics resident in Paris in 1580,<sup>10</sup> and on June 27, 1581, the poet appeared before the Privy Council after citation for some unspecified offence, which was very possibly Recusancy.<sup>11</sup> At Easter, 1582, Lodge seems to have been a prisoner in the King's Bench among a group of other Recusants. This imprisonment was probably for debt.<sup>12</sup>

His first extant work is *Honest Excuses*, a reply to Gosson's *School of Abuse*, which was written in 1579. Gosson returned to the attack in 1582, and Lodge has the last word in 1583 when he published his *Alarum against Usurers*, which shows strong Catholic feeling. It has been inferred on insufficient evidence that the poverty of Lodge's early manhood was the result of dissoluteness. There is abundant evidence to prove that he was a spendthrift and an incurable litigant, but Paradise points out that many of Lodge's troubles at this time are likely to have been caused by his Recusancy.<sup>13</sup> The legend of Lodge's career as an actor appears to have no basis in fact.<sup>14</sup>

It is known from Lodge's dedication to *Rosalynde* that he made at one time a voyage to the Canaries in the course of which, he says, 'to beguile the time with labour, I writ this booke.'<sup>15</sup> Carl, Herrig, and Fleay have indulged in various conjectures about his voyage,<sup>16</sup> but Paradise brings forth considerable evidence to suggest that it took place about the spring of 1585.<sup>17</sup> He was back in England a year later, when he was a witness in a lawsuit.<sup>18</sup> On August 26, 1591, Lodge set sail again on Cavendish's expedition to the South Seas, the Philippine Islands, and China. This voyage, which got no further than Brazil and the Straits of Magellan, was desperately ill-fated. Death and disease played havoc with the crew, and Cavendish died at sea of a broken heart. Lodge's name does not appear among the survivors, and Sisson argues convincingly that he probably returned home about May, 1592, on *The Dainty* which had deserted the expedition at Santos.<sup>19</sup> He was at once confronted with family litigation.<sup>20</sup> Throughout his life he was involved in incessant lawsuits.<sup>21</sup> In 1596 he dates *A Margarite of America* 'from my house,' and from the preface to *Wits Miserie*, published in the same year, it is clear that his house was at Low Layton. This year marks the end for a long time of his literary career.

Lodge knew well both Daniel and Drayton. His marked natural kindness moved him to befriend Drayton while the latter was still young. Lodge studied medicine at Avignon, and graduated there on January 12-13, 1598.<sup>22</sup> He was incorporated at Oxford on October 25, 1602, as 'doct. of physic of the univ. of Avenion.'<sup>23</sup> He now settled in London and practised medicine successfully, having a large Catholic practice.<sup>24</sup> He seems to have spent a good deal of time on the Continent off and on during the early part of his practice.<sup>25</sup> He was admitted Licentiate of the College of Physicians in London, March 9, 1609-10.<sup>26</sup> He practised medicine first at Lambert Hill and afterwards at Warwick Lane. By 1601 his house seems to have been a private hospital as well.<sup>27</sup>

About this time he married the widow of one Solomon Aldred. The maiden name of his wife was Fernley. This information is based on a pedigree seen by Joseph Hunter which cannot now be traced.<sup>28</sup> Mrs Lodge's first husband was a renegade Catholic who became a spy for Walsingham and died an atheist at Rouen in 1592. His wife was in receipt of a pension from Pope Gregory XIII.<sup>29</sup> She was a valiant Recusant, intimately known to Anne, Countess of Arundel, and active in all works of charity. It seems debatable whether this marriage helped on, or even caused, his conversion, or whether he had not been a Catholic before, though perhaps not in practice so thorough a one as he afterwards became. Indeed, nearly twenty years earlier Lodge's mind, as will be seen from his *Truth's Complaint over England*, was saturated with homesickness for 'glimpses of beauty gone,' and with an intimate knowledge, as intimate as that of poets contemporary with the great changes, of the good social conditions ruined by the Reformation. Such an utterance can only have come from one spiritually at odds with the national Church. Alice Walker suggests that from the internal evidence of his writings it would seem as if Lodge's conversion dated from 1591.<sup>30</sup>

It is but fair to note here that there are anti-Catholic expressions in *A Looking Glasse for London and England*, written by Lodge and Greene in collaboration, and first published in 1594. There need be little doubt that for these Lodge's friend was responsible. Close examination shows the line of cleavage plainly. The prophet Jonah is the hero of the poem, and this is part of his last speech:

O proud adulterous glorie of the West,  
 Thy neighbors burns, yet doest thou feare no fire.  
 Thy Preachers crie, yet doest thou stop thine eares.  
 The larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.  
 London awake, for feare the Lord do frowne,  
 I set a looking Glasse before thine eyes.

There it seems to end, doubtless as Lodge wrote it, with a not undramatic parting gunshot in the use of the word which is the title of the book. But there immediately follows, without any break, this absurd tag and anticlimax, clearly provided by Greene, who knew not how to let well enough alone:

O turne, O turne, with weeping to the Lord,  
 And thinke the praiers and vertues of thy Queene,  
 Defers the plague, which otherwise would fall.  
 Repent O London, least for thine offence,  
 Thy shepheard faile, whom mightie God preserve,  
 That she may bide the pillar of his Church,  
 Against the stormes of Romish Antichrist:  
 The hand of mercy overshead her head,  
 And let all faithful subjects say, *Amen*.<sup>31</sup>

It is certain that Lodge in his mid-career had retired to the country to reflect and to write in a new vein. One of the results was the prose booklet *Prosopopeia: The Teares of the Holy, Blessed, and Sanctified Marie, the Mother of God*, which appeared in 1596 and was dedicated to the Dowager Countess of Derby and the Countess of Cumberland. In the introductory epistle, signed 'L.T.' in the Bodleian and Edinburgh copies of the book, and 'T.L.' in the Lambeth Palace copy, the author desires that his readers may win spiritual profit from his book, and prays that 'now at last after I have wounded the world with too much surfet of vanitie, I maye bee by the true Helizeus, cleansed from the leprosie of my lewd lines, and b̄eing washed in the Jordan of grace, imploy my labour to the comfort of the faithfull.'<sup>32</sup> The attribution of the book to Lodge was questioned by Laing, but the internal evidence is overwhelmingly in the poet's favour.<sup>33</sup> The book shows strongly the influence of Blessed Robert Southwell, who was martyred in the previous year. Now Southwell belonged to the Arundel circle, in which we have seen that Lodge's wife later moved freely. Nothing could be more recognizably the work of Lodge, both in cadence and imagery, than this lamentation of

Our Lady over her Divine Son's dead body taken from the Cross.  
It even cries aloud to be printed in metrical lines:

O thou glasse of grace, who hath bespotted thee?  
Who hath brought thee into the shadow of death?  
Ah deare soule, what northwind of sin  
Hath blowen hether al this tempest?<sup>34</sup>

and (in contrast to the unalleviated woe of the Pietà):

The shepheards after great storms wait for faire weather:  
The souldiers after dreadfull warre, expect happie peace:  
The sentinell after his colde watch, attendeth,  
And intendeth his desired and wished sleepe.<sup>35</sup>

In this year 1596, Lodge produced no fewer than four devotional works. 'I paint fair things in the light of my meditation, who begot the foule forepassed progenie of my thoughts, in the night of mine error.'<sup>36</sup> They mark a striking and definite change. His muse, indeed, had been innocent enough: he had as little of which to repent as Spenser or Vaughan. But he resolved to give to the world no more poetry: only little works, original or translated, such as were proper to the contemplative Christian and the physician.

In 1601, Lodge published his first translation, a Catholic devotional work entitled *The Flowers of Lodowicke of Granado. The First part. In which is handled the conversion of a sinner. Translated out of Latine into English, by T. L. Doctor of Phisicke*.<sup>37</sup> The original work by Luis de Granada was written in Italian, but Latin versions had appeared at Cologne in 1585 and 1598. Lodge's translation has never been reprinted.<sup>38</sup>

Lodge's peace was soon broken, for 'Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physic' with his fellow-poet 'Hugh Holland, gent.' among others was indicted for Recusancy at the London sessions at Newgate on February 15, 1604-5, and again on January 9, 1605-6.<sup>39</sup> Apparently he was forced to fly to the Continent. We know that he was living abroad in 1608,<sup>40</sup> and it seems probable that he was out of England from 1605 to the end of 1610 for religious reasons. He was admitted to the College of Surgeons in March, 1610, probably *in absentia*, as Paradise suggests,<sup>41</sup> since he did not take the oath until January, 1612. He was back in London on January 17, 1610-11, through the kind offices of Sir Thomas Edmondes, the English Ambassador in France.<sup>42</sup> The name of 'Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Phisicke' appears in a memorandum containing names of persons

'not to be indicted of Recusancye untile further order be given,' dated July 26, 1612.<sup>43</sup> Lodge was granted a Privy Council pass in 1617 to enable him 'to travell into the Archduke's country' to recover money due to him.<sup>44</sup> In the following year he was indicted again for Recusancy.<sup>45</sup> He won a lawsuit in 1619, and this is evidence of his continuous residence in London during the two preceding years.<sup>46</sup>

Lodge found time in the midst of these labours and vicissitudes to continue, on graver lines, the literary work of his youth, translating Seneca and Josephus and annotating Du Bartas. His book of medical recipes called *The Poore Mans Talennt*, written about 1623, is dedicated to his wife's patroness and friend 'the ladie Anne, Mother Countesse of Arundell,' widow of the Blessed Philip Howard, and herself an accomplished domestic 'leech.' Lodge was living at Lambert Hill in 1624.<sup>47</sup> In September, 1625, he died of the plague, a disease on which he had published a learned and useful treatise in 1603. His wife Joanna, as she is named in the letters of administration,<sup>48</sup> survived him.

His work was collected and magnificently reprinted by the Hunterian Club under the editorship of Edmund Gosse between 1875 and 1888. It has seemed best to confine our selections from Lodge's work to poems which illustrate his attitude as a Catholic toward his time, as this aspect of his work has been unduly neglected.

78. TRUTH'S COMPLAINT OVER ENGLAND: *Truths Complaint over England*, stanzas 6-10, 25-29. Text from *An Alarum against Usurers*, 1584, (S.T.C. 16653), Bodleian, sig. l 1<sup>v</sup>-2, 3<sup>v</sup>-4. Gosse says of this poem that 'it is difficult to understand these reproaches otherwise than by supposing the satire to be a prudently concealed protest against the anti-Romanist action of Parliament, and the new stringent laws against the Jesuits, . . . one more of those cryptic contributions to politics which the Elizabethan poets loved to devise.'<sup>49</sup> It is a forerunner of the later English formal satire and seems to show the influence of Sackville's *Induction to The Mirror for Magistrates*.

79. OF ROSALYNDE: *Sonnetto*. Text from *Rosalynde. Euphues golden Legacie. . . . Fetcht from the Canaries*, 1592, (S.T.C. 16665), Bodleian, sig. G 3-3<sup>v</sup>. *Rosalynde* is the chief source of *As You Like It*. Lodge's love verses are numerous and beautiful. Many of them are translations and paraphrases of Ronsard, Desportes, and other poets.<sup>50</sup>

80. TO ALL YOUNG GENTLEMEN: *Anthensors Item, to all young Gentlemen*, ll. 43-60. Text from *Euphues Shadow, The Battaille of the*

*Sences*, 1592, (S.T.C. 16656), British Museum, sig. C.-C<sup>v</sup>. The poem consists of ten moralizing stanzas, the last three of which we print.

81. OLD DAMON'S PASTORAL: *Olde Damon's Pastorall*. Text from *Englands Helicon*, 1600, (S.T.C. 3191), Bodleian (Malone copy), sig. D 1<sup>v</sup>-2.

82. IN COMMENDATION OF A SOLITARY LIFE: *In commendation of a solitarie life*, ll. 55-84. Text from *Scillaes Metamorphosis . . . with sundrie other most absolute Poems and Sonnets . . .* 1589, (S.T.C. 16674), Bodleian, sig. E 1<sup>v</sup>-2. *Glaucus and Scilla* in this volume seems to have been the model of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.<sup>51</sup> It has furthermore been suggested with considerable persuasive argument that Lodge was the prototype of melancholy Jaques.<sup>52</sup>

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Paradise, *Thomas Lodge*, 10; C. J. Sisson, *Thomas Lodge and Other Elizabethans* 60-61, Alice Walker, *Life of Thomas Lodge*, R.E.S., ix, 418-19.

<sup>2</sup> Gosse, *Memoir of Thomas Lodge* (Hunterian Club), 1, 46.

<sup>3</sup> Paradise, 12-13. <sup>4</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), II, 382.

<sup>5</sup> Clark, *Register of Oxford University*, II, iii, 69.

<sup>6</sup> Baildon, *Records of . . . Lincoln's Inn*, Admissions, 1, 87.

<sup>7</sup> Brooke and Hallen, *Transcript of the Registers . . . of St. Mary Woolnoth, etc.* (Harleian Society), 129.

<sup>8</sup> Paradise, *op. cit.*, 17, Birt, *The Elizabethan Religious Settlement*, Ch. 7.

<sup>9</sup> Birt, *op. cit.*, 446 sqq., 468, 544.

<sup>10</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Foreign*, 1579-80, 250-1.

<sup>11</sup> Dasent, *Acts of the Privy Council*, 1581-2, 110.

<sup>12</sup> Paradise, *op. cit.*, 19; Strype, *Annals* (1812-28), III, pt 1, 205.

<sup>13</sup> Paradise, *op. cit.*, 22. <sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, 29-33. <sup>15</sup> *Rosalynde* (1590), 4.

<sup>16</sup> Carl, *Über Thomas Lodges Leben und Werke* (1887), 12; Herrig, *Archiv*, II, 338; Fleay, *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, 1559-1642 (1891), II, 45.

<sup>17</sup> *op. cit.*, 36-7.

<sup>18</sup> P.R.O. *Star Chamber, Eliz.* 115-18. (Cited by Paradise.)

<sup>19</sup> Hakluyt, *Principal Navigations*, XI, 290 sqq.; *Purchas his Pilgrimes* (1905-7), XVI, 151 sqq.

<sup>20</sup> P.R.O. *Decrees and Orders, Chancery*, B 1594 f. 401<sup>v</sup>; *Star Chamber*, L 6-3, L 26-18, L 44-4 (cited by Paradise).

<sup>21</sup> P.R.O. *Chancery Proceedings*, Series II, Bundle 244, No. 75; *Decrees and Orders, Chancery*, 1595 A, f. 380<sup>v</sup>; *Henslowe Papers*, 44-7. (Cited by Paradise.)

<sup>22</sup> R.E.S., January, 1933, ix, 99.

<sup>23</sup> Wood, *Fasti Oxonienses* (ed. Bliss), II, 298; Boase, *Oxford University Register*, II, pt 1, 374.

<sup>24</sup> Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), II, 382.

<sup>25</sup> *A Treatise of the Plague* (1603), 33, *The Poore Mans Talenit* (1882), 83.

<sup>26</sup> Munk, *The Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, I, 155.

<sup>27</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, XI, 356-7.

<sup>28</sup> *Chorus Vaticanum*. Add. MS. 24,487, f. 78; Alice Walker, R.E.S., x, 53.

<sup>29</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications, Miscellanea*, II, 204, IV, 126-7.

<sup>30</sup> R.E.S., July, 1932, VIII, 279-80.

<sup>31</sup> *A Looking Glasse, for London and Englands*, 1598, sig. I 4<sup>v</sup>.

<sup>32</sup> Sig. A 8.

<sup>33</sup> Laing, *Lodge's Defence*, xlv; Paradise, *op. cit.*, 126-7, Alice Walker in R.E.S., July, 1932, VIII, 280-1.

- <sup>31</sup> *Prosopopoeia*, 1596, sig. C.      <sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, sig. G 6<sup>v</sup>.  
<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, 9.      <sup>37</sup> S.T.C., 169c1.  
<sup>38</sup> N. & Q., 10 ser. v, 246. The book was discovered by A. H. Arkle. Copies of it survive in the British Museum and in the John Newberry Library, Chicago.  
<sup>39</sup> Dodd, *Church History* (ed. Tierney), iv, App xcii; *Cath. Record Soc.*, xxxiv, *London Sessions Records*, 1605-1685, pp. 3, 7.  
<sup>40</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Dom.* James I, 1603-10, 401.  
<sup>41</sup> Paradise, *op cit.*, 56.  
<sup>42</sup> *Stowe MS.*, 171, f. 352 (Cited by Paradise.)  
<sup>43</sup> Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, II, 216. See also *Add MS.* II, 402, f. 150<sup>v</sup>, and F. P. Wilson in *M.L.R.*, ix, 99.  
<sup>44</sup> Lyle, *Acts of the Privy Council*, 1616-17, 116.  
<sup>45</sup> Jeaffreson, *op cit.*, II, 131.  
<sup>46</sup> P.R.O. *Chancery Proceedings*, James I, L. 12-53, *Decrees and Orders, Chancery*, 1619, A, f. 917<sup>v</sup>. (Cited by Paradise.)  
<sup>47</sup> Gee, *The Foot out of the Snare* (1624), sig. T 2<sup>v</sup>.  
<sup>48</sup> P.C.C. *Administration Account Book*, 1625, f. 25<sup>v</sup>. (Cited by Paradise.)  
<sup>49</sup> *op. cit.*, 12-13.  
<sup>50</sup> Cf. Paradise, *op. cit.*, 106-10, 215-30.  
<sup>51</sup> J. Q. Adams, *Life of William Shakespeare*, 147.  
<sup>52</sup> Flora Masson in *The Bookman* (London), xxiv, 52

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THOMAS LODGE

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78. TRUTH'S COMPLAINT OVER ENGLAND

W HILOME (deere friend) it was my chaunce to dwell,  
Within an Iland compast with the wave,  
A safe defence a forren foe to quell.

Once *Albion* cald, next *Britaine Brutus* gave,  
Now *England* hight, a plot of beautie brave,  
Which onely soyle, should seeme the seate to bee,  
Of Paradise, if it from sinne were free.

Within this place, within this sacred plot,  
I first did frame, my first contented bower,  
There found I peace and plentie for to float,  
There justice rulde, and shinde in everie stowre,  
There was I lov'de and sought too everie howre,  
Their Prince content with plainnesse loved *Truth*,  
And pride by abstinence was kept from youth.

Then flew not fashions everie daie from *Fraunce*,  
Then sought not Nobles novells from a farre,  
Then land was kept, not hazarded by chaunce,  
Then quiet minde preservd the soile from jarre,  
Cloth kept out colde, the poore releevd were.  
This was the state, this was the lucky stowre,  
While *Truth* in *England* kept her stately bowre.

Justice did never looke with partiall eyes,  
*Demosthenes* was never dum for golde,  
The Princes eares were ope to pesants cries,  
And false suspect was charely kept in holde,  
Religion flourisht, livings were not solde  
For lucre then, but given by desart,  
And each receiv'd, & preacht with zealous hart.



Then learning was the Loadstone of the land,  
 Then husbandman was free from shiftes of lawe,  
 Then faithfull promise stooode in steed of band,  
 The Drones from busie Bee no *Mel* could drawe,  
 Then love, not feare, did keepe the state in awe :  
 Then, then did flourish that renōwmed time,  
 When earth and ashes thrustred not to clime.

In *England* giftes can compasse each reproofe,  
 The bad for gold may soone be counted good,  
 The wicked gainer for the states behoofe,  
 The blindest buzzard to give heavenly food,  
 The faintest heart in warlikst place hath stood:  
 And who gives most, hath now most store of farmes,  
 Rackt rents, the Lord with golden fuell warmes.

And Justice sore I feare by powre is led,  
 The poore may crie, and gladly creepe to crosse,  
 The rich with wealth, though wealthie now are fed,  
 The simple man now onely beares the losse,  
 The Lawier he the golden crownes doth tosse,  
 And now hath fees at will with cap and knee,  
 And each man cries, good sir come plead for me.

O sweete the time, when neither folly might  
 Mislead your hopes, nor alter olde decrees.  
 O happie *Truth* when as with sweete delight,  
 She laboured still for conscience not for fees.  
 O blessed time, when zeale with bended knees,  
 Gan blesse the heavens, that bent their powres divine,  
 The English hearts to wisdom to encline.

But now refusd, disdained, and set at naught,  
 Inforst to seeke for rest in place unknowne,  
 I wayle poore wretch, that no redresse is sought:  
 But well I wot, my greefes are not mine owne,  
 Some beare a part and helpe to waile my mone,  
 But all in vaine: such colours now are made,  
 That those would mend the misse, doo daunce in shade.

This said, bewetting all the place with teares,  
And from her eyes expelling fouds of mone,  
Her lovely lockes bespred about her eares,  
She wavde her wings as willing to be gone:  
And after pause, she soard away anone,  
And thus she said: You Ilanders adieu,  
You banisht me, before I fled from you.

*Lenvoy.* Beleeve me Countrimen this thing is true.

#### 79. OF ROSALYNDE

OF all chast birdes the Phoenix doth excell,  
Of all strong beastes the Lyon beares the bell,  
Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweetest smel  
Of all faire maydes my *Rosalynd* is fairest.

Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,  
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,  
Of all soft sweets, I like my mistris brest,  
Of all chast thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds the Eagle pleaseth *Jove*,  
Of pretie fowles kind *Venus* likes the Dove,  
Of trees *Minerva* doth the Olive love,  
Of all sweet Nymphs I honour *Rosalynd*.

Of all her gifts her wisdomes pleaseth most,  
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:  
For all these gifts my life and joy is lost,  
If *Rosalynde* prove cruell and unkind.

## 80. TO ALL YOUNG GENTLEMEN

PREVENT the time the dayes are full of danger,  
Whilst youthful vigor yeelds you furtherance,  
Make reason guide, let follie be a straunger,  
Vertue is perfected by art and usance.  
Enrich your mindes with skill, for why they must,  
Remaine eterne when boddie is but dust.

Let not your eyes infeeble be by sinne,  
Cut short presumption for it will aspire:  
Who takes advice, amendment dooth begin,  
Subdue your wils, and maister your desire.  
A modest coate, chaste thoughts, and studious artes,  
Adorne the boddie, minde, and inward partes.

These lines are lines like *Ariadnes* clewe,  
To leade thee through the Laborinth of greefe:  
Who so thou be that vertue wilt ensew,  
More sweete in sooth then show in true releefe,  
Good Countrimen still prove what I have tould,  
Least you repent with me when you are ould.

## 81. OLD DAMON'S PASTORAL

FROM Fortunes frownes and change remov'd,  
wend silly Flocks in blessed feeding:  
None of *Damon* more belov'd,  
feede gentle Lambs while I sit reading.

Carelesse worldlings, outrage quelleth  
all the pride and pompe of Cittie:  
But true peace with Sheepheards dwelleth,  
(Sheepheards who delight in pittie.)  
Whether grace of heaven betideth,  
on our humble minds such pleasure:  
Perfect peace with Swaines abideth,  
love and faith is Sheepheards treasure.  
On the lower Plaines the thunder  
little thrives, and nought prevailleth:  
Yet in Citties breedeth wonder,  
and the highest hills assaileth.

Envie of a forraigne Tyrant  
threatneth Kings, not Sheepheards humble:  
Age makes silly Swaines delirant,  
thirst of rule garres great men stumble.  
What to other seemeth sorrie,  
abject state and humble biding:  
Is our joy and Country glorie,  
highest states have worse betiding.  
Golden cups doo harbour poyson,  
and the greatest pompe, dissembling:  
Court of seasoned words hath foyson,  
treason haunts in most assembling.

Homely breasts doo harbour quiet,  
little feare, and mickle solace:  
States suspect their bed and diet,  
feare and craft doo haunt the Pallace.  
Little would I, little want I,  
where the mind and store agreeth,  
Smallest comfort is not scantie,  
least he longs that little seeth.  
Time hath beene that I have longed,  
foolish I, to like of follie:  
To converse where honour thronged,  
to my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I see, and seeing sorrow  
 that the day consum'd, returnes not:  
 Who dare trust upon to morrow,  
 when nor time, nor life sojournes not?

## 82. IN COMMENDATION OF A SOLITARY LIFE

SWEETE solitarie life thou true repose,  
 Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright,  
 In thee no dread of warre or worldly foes,  
 In thee no pompe seduceth mortall sight,  
 In thee no wanton cares to win with words,  
 Nor lurking toyes, which Citie life affords.  
 At peepe of day when in her crimson pride,  
 The Morne bespreds with roses all the waie  
 Where *Phæbus* coach with radiant course must glide,  
 The Hermit bends his humble knees to pray:  
 Blessing that God, whose bountie did bestow  
 Such beauties on the earthly things below.  
 Whether with solace tripping on the trees  
 He sees the citizens of Forrest sport,  
 Or midst the withered oake beholds the Bees  
 Intend their labour with a kinde consort:  
 Downe drop his teares, to thinke how they agree,  
 Where men alone with hate inflamed be.  
 Taste he the fruites that spring from *Tellus* wombe;  
 Or drinke he of the christall springs that flowes:  
 He thanks his God, and sighes their cursed doomb  
 That fondly wealth in surfetting bestowes:  
 And with Saint *Hierom* saith, *The Desert is*  
*A paradise of solace, joy, and blis.*  
 Father of light, thou maker of the heaven,  
 From whom my being well, and being springs:  
 Bring to effect this my desired steaven,  
 That I may leave the thought of worldly things:  
 Then in my troubles will I blesse the time,  
 My Muse vouchsafde me such a luckie rime.

## XXIV. THE CAUSE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

IT was the last and greatest misfortune of Mary Stuart's tragic life that her personal fate became inextricably tangled with that of the Catholic cause in England. Her presence there as Elizabeth's prisoner gave the first occasion for those attempts to solve a religious question by political means which repeatedly thereafter wrought the gravest damage to the prospects of the old Faith. After the open and the secret attempts at home, such as the Northern Rising and Babington's Plot, which gave to the English Queen her excuse to be rid of a dangerous enemy, came yet more fatal foreign intervention, to which this fierce deed in its turn had given such a powerful impetus. The threat of Spanish invasion gave colour ever after, despite all proof of Catholic loyalty, to the sedulously repeated asseverations of Cecil and Walsingham that every Catholic was at heart a traitor to his country. Even the Powder Plot had its connection with Mary Stuart's story; for it was the false hopes which had been aroused by her son's politic promises to the Catholics that hatched this madness in the brains of its contrivers. Yet Mary herself is not altogether without claim to be regarded as a martyr for her faith. She knew well that to Elizabeth's ministers, if not to the Queen herself, it was her religion that made them so implacable towards her; and it was just this knowledge that gave her strength to end so chequered a life with so serene a death.

83. THE SAKELESS QUEEN: *A Ryme in defence of the Q. of Scotts against the Earle of Murray*, IX<sup>o</sup> Decembris, 1568. Text from *Cotton MS. Caligula*, C. i, ff. 274-5, ll. 5-8, 31-36, 55-56, 73-78, 161-2. The poem also occurs in *Crawford MSS.* ii, 91-101, Advocates Library, Edinburgh, and has been reprinted from this source in Cranston's *Satirical Poems of the Time of the Reformation*.<sup>1</sup> On the *Cotton MS.* the scribe in the *Crawford MS.* comments thus: 'This is written by S<sup>r</sup> Ro<sup>t</sup> Cottons transcriber, who never fails to blunder when he copies any paper written and spell'd after the Scots manner.'<sup>2</sup> The implied assertion here as to the Scottish origin of the piece seems unwarranted, and the general tone of the poem suggests rather an English origin. The 'newe Regents Grace' in line 2 is, of course, the Lord James Stewart, Earl of Moray, half-brother of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her chief enemy: appointed Regent by her on her abdication at Lochleven, 1567. The 'Kinge' in line 10 is Queen Mary's husband and cousin Henry Stewart,

Lord Darnley, murdered this same year. By the 'murderer' in line 16, the writer means James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell, married to Queen Mary in May, 1567: but he clearly believes that he was only the alleged murderer.

84. THE BETRAYAL OF NORTHUMBERLAND: *The Copie of a ryme made by one Singleton a gent. of Lancashire now Prisoner at York for religion.* (By Richard Singleton, fl. 1572.) Text from *Cotton MS. Caligula B. 1v, f. 245, ll. 7-42.*

Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland, beatified by Pope Leo XIII, the principal leader of the Northern Rising of 1569, was the son of Sir Thomas Percy, who was executed for his share in its earlier counterpart, the Pilgrimage of Grace, in 1537. The latter was a younger son of the fifth Earl, and after his execution his elder brother, the sixth Earl, voluntarily gave up his estates to the crown, the title falling into abeyance with his death. Thomas, with his brother Henry, was placed under the care of Sir Thomas Tempest of Tong Hall, and in 1557 he was created Earl of Northumberland by Queen Mary and appointed High Marshal of the army in the north. His position after Elizabeth's succession was naturally difficult, and in 1560 he resigned his office. He met the Queen of Scots at Carlisle in 1568 and expressed his sympathy for her. He was thereupon ordered by the Government to leave the town. Shortly afterwards he entered into a conspiracy with the Earl of Westmorland for the rescue of Mary and her recognition by Elizabeth as her lawful successor. To this was added a demand for the restoration of the Catholic religion. Lingard admits, perhaps too readily, that such demand was no part of the real aim of the Earl, but was put forth as a means to ensure popular support.<sup>3</sup> This it was certainly calculated to do. Sadler writes to Cecil in December, 1569: 'There be not in all this country of the North x. gentlemen, that do favour and allowe of her majesties proceedings in the cause of religion, and the common people be ignorant, full of superstition, and altogether blynded with tholde popish doctryne.'<sup>4</sup> There is no need here to recount the events of the campaign. An enormous and incredible slaughter followed its failure. Bishop Percy of the *Reliques* says that the much paraded cruelties which followed Monmouth's Rebellion were nothing by comparison. Thomas Plumtre, who had celebrated High Mass for the rebel host in Durham Cathedral, was hanged before its west door, the door open 'so that he could look upon the altar which he had profaned!' 'Unrecorded hundreds were piked to death upon the moors, or left swinging from the trees of Richmondshire.'<sup>5</sup> It was this savage inhumanity which determined Pope Pius V to his unfortunate resolve to proceed with the suspended sentence of excommunication upon the English Queen.

The Earl of Northumberland went into hiding and after many escapes reached Scotland. He was given up to the Regent, Murray, by

Hector Graham of Harlaw, and later imprisoned in Lochleven Castle under the charge of William Douglas. In August, 1572, Elizabeth persuaded the new Regent, the Earl of Mar, to deliver him up for the sum of £2,000. He was executed at York without trial as an attainted criminal on August 22. His right, now recognized by the Church, to be held a martyr for the faith, rests principally upon the testimony of William, Cardinal Allen: 'We also can tell you that the renowned Count of Northumberland died a saint and holy martyr. For what former quarrel or cause of his death soever there was, yet was he a true martyr, in that he was offered his life if he would alter his religion: as divers others were of the same action in the North; . . . Which life and living in as much as they refused for Christ and His faith when it was offered; they be in the number of Saints and Confessors, no less than if they had died only for the same.'<sup>6</sup>

As Brenan remarks: 'It was, of course, grossly unjust to blame the entire kingdom of Scotland for the evil deed of the Regent, Black Morton, and their venal associates. The surrender of Northumberland was looked upon by the great majority of Scots with abhorrence.'<sup>7</sup> Singleton's language, indeed, is completely outdone by that of *Ane Schort Inweccyde maid aganis the delyverance of the erle of Northumberland* in Sir Richard Maitland's manuscript,<sup>8</sup> which begins:

Quhart faithfull hairt dois not for sorrow burst,  
To heir thair realme blasonit and blasphemit,  
And of all other countreis comptit as accurst.<sup>9</sup>

Of the author of the indignant but unpoetical lines which we reprint, we know little. From the heading in the manuscript it appears that Singleton was once a prisoner at York 'for religion.' Gillow mentions that he was of Broughton Tower, Lancashire, and was afterwards exiled.<sup>10</sup> It was another Richard Singleton whom William, afterwards Cardinal, Allen recommended warmly to Father Agazzari, S.J., the rector of the English College at Rome, in letters dated from Rheims, June 26 and August 28, 1583. He mentioned that Singleton had been commended to his affection by Father Robert Southwell.<sup>11</sup> This young man entered the English College at Rome in the same year at the age of seventeen and became a Jesuit. Our author was probably the son of James Singleton, Esq., and of a daughter of Sir Thomas Talbot, and was married to a Bolton.<sup>12</sup> In an *inquisitio post mortem* on the estate of George Allen, the Cardinal's brother, January 12, 1579-80, there is mention of land in Amounderness held from Thomas Singleton of Broghton, a minor. This will be Richard's nephew, a son of his brother William.<sup>13</sup> Thomas, Edward, and Henry Singleton all appear as Recusants in 1608 in the Middlesex Sessions Rolls.<sup>14</sup>

85. THE UNTIMELY END: *Tychbornes Elegie, written with his owne hand in the Tower before his execution.* (By Chidiock Tichborne, 1558?—



1586.) Text from *Verses of Prayse and Joye*, 1586, (S.T.C. 7605), British Museum, sig. A 2<sup>v</sup>. It is followed in this pamphlet by a poem in reply, signed 'T.K.', which paraphrases the original. Tichborne's poem occurs in at least eight manuscripts in the British Museum, three manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, one at Christ Church, Oxford, and one in the Edinburgh University Library.<sup>15</sup> The poem is ascribed to Throckmorton in *Lansdowne MS.* 777 and to John Ward in *Add. MS.* 30,982, but apart from the preponderant testimony of the other manuscripts, the version in *Tanner MS.* 169 is endorsed by Sir Francis Colepepper, 'Written by himsealfe 3 days before his exequution: I have the originall written with his owne hand.' The manuscript in the Edinburgh University Library has two other poems by Tichborne.<sup>16</sup> It should be added that the poem survives in two substantially different versions, as H. J. L. Robbie has shown. These verses found their way after a very few years into the commonplace books and song-books. Some lovely music was set to them by John Mundy in *Songs and Psalms* (1594), by Michael East in *Madrigals* (1604), and by Richard Alison in *An Hour's Recreation in Music* (1606). They appear in *Reliquæ Wottonianæ* as well as in the third volume of Holinshed's *Chronicle* (1587).<sup>17</sup> They have been absurdly attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh. There is an echo in the poem of two lines in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, which appeared in 1579:

And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,  
And yet alas, yt is already donne.<sup>18</sup>

Peter Tichborne, a Hampshire squire, and his wife, Elizabeth Middleton, 'ardent papists,' were the parents of the better-known Chidiok Tichborne, who was in all probability a namesake, if not a godson, of Lord Chidiok Paulet, a neighbour, and a conspicuous Catholic. He had four brothers and six sisters. The Tichbornes, father and son, were of the 'spaniolated' party, and had much to do with Spain, religiously and politically; Walsingham had the latter questioned in 1583 about certain 'Popish reliques' fetched from abroad.<sup>19</sup> Chidiok Tichborne, young, happily married, and upright, but moved by what evil persuasions we know not, threw in his lot with his beloved Anthony Babington (a boy of twenty) and his twelve confederates, when they planned to liberate the Queen of Scots and assassinate Queen Elizabeth in 1586. Tichborne was captured and thrown into the Tower on August 14 of that year. He pleaded guilty at his trial and was executed on September 20. His last speech clears him of actual complicity. 'Countrymen and my dear friends,' he said, 'let me be a warning to all young gentlemen, especially *Generosis adolescentulis*. I had a friend, and a dear friend, of whom I made no small account . . . ; he told me the whole matter, I cannot deny, as they had laid it down to be done; but I always thought it impious, and denied to be a dealer in it; but

the regard of my friend caused me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified, 'I was silent, and so consented.' . . . God knows, what less in my head than matters of State?'<sup>20</sup> Copies have been preserved of his most affecting last letter to his wife Agnes, 'the most lovinge wife alive.' He wishes to be prayed for, to be pardoned, and to have all his debts paid. 'Nowe sweet cheeke what is left to me to bestowe on thee, a small joynture, a small recompense for thy deservinge. . . . The holly goast comforte thee . . . untill it shall please almightie god I meete thee, fare well lovinge wife, fare well the deerest to me on all the Earth fare well.'<sup>21</sup> On the scaffold he also alluded to his ancient paternal line, 'from 200 years before the conquest, never stained till this my misfortune.'<sup>22</sup> His fate, so similar to that of Everard Digby after him, awoke much popular feeling of a sympathetic kind, a feeling not diminished because both were men of conspicuous personal beauty, an attribute to which that age paid much attention. The elder Disraeli says that the conspirators were 'worthy of ranking with the heroes, rather than with the traitors, of England.'<sup>23</sup>

Though Chidioc was the only conspirator of the family, many of his kinsmen suffered prison or death. Thus his father was in prison in London in 1583, some years before his son's execution. His uncle Nicholas of Hartley Maudit lay in Winchester gaol for nine years, and died there in 1589.<sup>24</sup> Father Thomas Tichborne, the martyr, executed in 1601, was probably the son of this Nicholas, and another kinsman, also Nicholas, was executed about the same time for attempting the priest's release. 'There was scarcely a year of Elizabeth's reign that did not find one or another of this staunchly Roman family either in Winchester gaol or in one of the London prisons.' It is curious to learn that it was in 1601 that the Queen knighted at Basing Chidioc's second cousin of the elder line, Benjamin Tichborne of Tichborne, who was also a Recusant. Sir Benjamin took upon himself to proclaim at Winchester the accession of James I upon the very day of Elizabeth's death. This action so pleased the King that he heaped favours on him, made him a Baronet, and knighted his four sons.<sup>25</sup>

86. AT FOTHERINGAY: *Decease, Release: Dum Morior Orior.* (By Blessed Robert Southwell, S.J.) Text from *Add. MS.* 10,422, ff. 317-32. It was first reproduced in Turabull's edition of Southwell's poems. The poem is unsigned in the British Museum manuscript, but in *MS.* 655 in Lambeth Palace Library, among the Bacon Papers, it is endorsed: '*Des vers de Mr Southwell de la reyne d'Escosse: l'an 1596, reçeus au moi de fevrier.*' Across this is written: '*Sa vertu m'attire.*' In the line

Once Mary call'd, my name now Martyr is,

the space where 'Mary' is was originally left blank, and was filled in by another hand, in another ink. This Lambeth version has 'darnell' for 'kernell' in the third line. The two closing stanzas are verbally tricky,

but the seventh is one of Southwell's most beautiful and pathetic utterances.

It was no death to mee but to my woe

is a line repeated almost verbatim in a poem of Southwell's called *The Death of Our Lady* in this same manuscript.<sup>26</sup> According to Turnbull, this manuscript is contemporaneous, or nearly so, with Southwell. He adds that 'it tallies in contents and arrangement with the one formerly in the library of the Catholic Church at Bury St Edmunds, noticed in Canon Oliver's Collections, but which unfortunately has gone amissing since he compiled his biographies.'<sup>27</sup>

*Decease, Release: Dum Morior Orior* represents faithfully the English Catholic tradition, then forming, in regard to the cause for which Mary, Queen of Scots died, and her right to be considered a martyr. Often, and even before the block in the great hall of Fotheringay Castle on February 8, 1587, she declared that her crimes were her birth (bringing her into the direct line of succession to the English throne); the injuries she had received (meaning the befouling of her reputation by slanders connected chiefly with Darnley's murder in the beginning and with her encouragement of Anthony Babington's plot against Queen Elizabeth in the end); and lastly, and chiefly, her religion, which she had found to be her 'one hope and consolation'; and for which she was willing to die. She had been told that there was no security for the reformed religion while she lived as a Catholic, that her life would be its death or its death her life, and she thanked God that it was so. She had been nineteen years a prisoner with seven changes of abode since she fled to England and threw herself on the protection of her cousin Elizabeth.

87. THE GLORY OF THE NORTH: Untitled fragment from the close of the twelfth book of *The Crowne of Thornes*, *Add. MS.* 33,392, f. 143. The tenth line states the case with unlooked for gentleness, as if Scotland only were active and England purely passive under 'the miners of Gods house.' *The Crowne of Thornes* has been attributed to Robert Clarke,<sup>29</sup> but it was almost certainly written by Sir John Beaumont on grounds to be discussed in the Second Series of *Recusant Poets*.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> (S.T.S.), I, 68-81.
- <sup>2</sup> Cranston, *op. cit.*, I, 81.
- <sup>3</sup> *History of England* (1823), VIII, 53.
- <sup>4</sup> *Sadler Papers* (1809), II, 325.
- <sup>5</sup> Brenan, *A History of the House of Percy*, I, 318-20.
- <sup>6</sup> *A True, Sincere, and Modest Defence of English Catholics* (1914), I, 65.
- <sup>7</sup> Bienan, *op. cit.*, I, 340.
- <sup>8</sup> Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge.
- <sup>9</sup> Reprinted in Cranston, *op. cit.*, I, 248-53.
- <sup>10</sup> *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*, v, 267.
- <sup>11</sup> *Letters and Memorials of William, Cardinal Allen* (1882), 198, 208.
- <sup>12</sup> Flower, *Visitation of Lancaster* (Chetham Society, LXXXI), 128.
- <sup>13</sup> *Letters and Memorials of William, Cardinal Allen*, 443, 446.
- <sup>14</sup> Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, II, 27-8, 33-4.
- <sup>15</sup> *Egerton MS.*, 923, f. 56<sup>v</sup>, *Lansdowne MS.*, 777, f. 66<sup>v</sup>, *Harleian MSS.* 36, f. 269<sup>v</sup>, and 6410, f. 141<sup>v</sup>; *Sloane MS.* 3769, f. 1, *Add. MSS.* 30,076, f. 27<sup>v</sup>, 30982, ff. 24 and 160, and 38,823; *Ashmole MS.* 781, f. 138, *Malone MS.* 19, f. 55<sup>v</sup>, and *Tanner MS.* 169; *Christ Church MS.* 184, f. 49, and *Laing MSS.* Div. II, 69 (Edinburgh University Library).
- <sup>16</sup> Reprinted by H. J. L. Robbie in *M.L.R.*, January, 1929, XXIV, 64-6.
- <sup>17</sup> 1570. <sup>18</sup> *Januarye*, II, 29-30.
- <sup>19</sup> *P.R.O. State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CLXV, No. 18.
- <sup>20</sup> Howell, *State Trials*, I, 1157. <sup>21</sup> *Harl. MS.* 36, ff. 353<sup>v</sup>-354.
- <sup>22</sup> Howell, *State Trials*, I, 1157.
- <sup>23</sup> *Curiosities of Literature* (1840), 233.
- <sup>24</sup> Gasquet, *The Old English Bible* (1908), 324-5.
- <sup>25</sup> *Victoria County History of Hampshire*, II, 84-5.
- <sup>26</sup> *Add. MS.* 10,422, f. 8, 1, 7. <sup>27</sup> *op. cit.*, x.
- <sup>28</sup> f. 143.
- <sup>29</sup> *D.N.B.*, art. *Robert Clarke*, Dodd, *Church History* (ed. Tierney), III, 311.

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## OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

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### 83. THE SAKELESS QUEEN

. . . . .

IF tongue could tell or pen could write, the craftie cloaked  
case  
or yet the treasons to recyte of this newe Regents grace  
Then Tullies stile or Vergills vearse of god sure would I  
crave  
his shameles acts here to rehearse as he deserves to have

. . . . .

A scholler sure of pregnant wit and apt for such a place  
who trayned up was in the schole of Iyeinge *Sathans* grace.  
where he hath learned a finer feate then *Richard* earst did see  
to doe the deede and laye the blame on them that blameles be  
for he and his companions eake agreeing all in one  
did kill the kinge and laye the blame the sakelesse Queene  
upon

. . . . .

Alack good Q. what hap hadst thou so oft thy foes to trust  
couldst thou not shun these biteinge beastes who then had  
tryed unjust

. . . . .

But when amongst the simple sort this rumour once was  
brought  
it ran abrode from place to place more swift then can be  
thought  
So they not privy to the sleight did think it for most sure  
that she to wed the murderer the murder did procure  
And thus this simple Q. each way was wrapt in wo & care  
for they that cannot skil of craft are sonest caught in snare

. . . . .

Thus sinfull *Sathan* workt his will through these his children  
dere  
that falsehood raignes in steed of right as here it doth appere

. . . . .

## 84. THE BETRAYAL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

. . . . .  
ILOTHE to tell howe nowe of late  
that cruell Scotland hathe procurde  
The sclander of their Realme & state  
By promise broken most assurde.  
Which shamefull Act from mynde of man  
Shall not departe doe what they can  
The noblest Lord of Percie kinde  
Of honours & possessions faire  
As God to him the place assigned  
To Scottishe grounde made his repaire  
Who after promise manifolde  
Was last betrayed for Englishe golde  
Who shall herafter trust a Scott  
Or who will doe that nation good  
That so themselves doe stayne & blott  
In sellinge of suche noble blood.  
Lett Lordes of this a mirour make  
And in distresse that land for sake.  
Their Lordes & Limmours are forlorne  
Their people cursed of eche degree  
Their faith & promise all to torne  
And Rumor rings it to the skie  
Howe they for mony solde their gest  
Unto the Schambles like a beast  
Loughleven now is lost for aye  
Sithe *Duglesse* did so fowle a dede  
Thus will all men herafter saye  
When we are gone they shall it reede  
That Scotland is a cursed ground  
The like I knowe can not be found  
. . . . .

## 85. THE UNTIMELY END

MY prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
 my feast of joy is but a dish of paine:  
 My Crop of corne is but a field of tares,  
     and al my good is but vaine hope of gaine  
 The day is past, and yet I saw no sunne,  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,  
     my fruit is falne, & yet my leaves are greene:  
 My youth is spent, and yet I am not old,  
     I saw the world, and yet I was not seene.  
 My thred is cut, and yet it is not spunne,  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my wombe,  
     I lookt for life, and saw it was a shade:  
 I trod the earth, and knew it was my Tombe,  
     and now I die, and now I was but made.  
 My glasse is full, and now my glasse is runne,  
 And now I live, and now my life is done.

## 86. AT FOTHERINGAY

THE pounded spise both tast & sent doth please  
 In fadinge smoke the force doth incense showe  
 The perisht kernell springeth with increase  
 The lopped tree doth best & soonest growe

Gods spice I was & poundinge was my due  
 In fadinge breath my incense favoured best  
 Death was my meane my kernell to renewe  
 By loppinge shott I upp to heavenly rest

Some thinges more perfit are in their decaye  
Like sparke that going out geeves clerest light  
Such was my happe whose dolefull dying daye  
Begane my joye & termed fortunes spight

Alive a Queene now dead I am a Saint  
Once *Mary* cald my name now Martyr is  
ffrom earthly raigne debarred by restraints  
In lieu wherof I raigne in heavenly blis

My life, my griefe; my death, hath wrought my joye  
My freendes, my foyle, my foes, my weale procurd  
My speedie death hath scorned longe annoye  
And losse of life an endles life assurd.

My scaffold was the bedd where ease I fownde  
The blocke a pillowe of eternall rest.  
My headman cast mee in in blesfull sownde  
His axe cutt of my cares from combred brest

Rue not my death rejoyce at my repose  
It was no death to mee but to my woe  
The budd was opened to let owt the rose  
The cheynes unloosed to let the captive goe

A Prince by birth a prisoner by mishappe  
ffrom crowne to crosse from throne to thrall I fell  
My right my ruth my tytles wrought my trapp  
My weale my woe my worldly heaven my hell

By death from prisoner to a prince enhaunced  
ffrom crosse to crowne from thrall to throne againe  
My ruth my righte, my trappe my styll advaunced  
ffrom woe to weale from hell to heavenly raigne.



## 87. THE GLORY OF THE NORTH

· · · · ·  
A MONG those queenes who decke their royall stemmes  
on earth with pearles, in heaven with richer gemmes,  
shall wee forget one glorie of the north,  
Triumphant Marye, who dispersing forth  
her beames from snowie Calidonian hills,  
this happie Ile with princely ofspring fills;  
while two large realmes, united in her sonne,  
laments the wronges which they to her have done;  
when Scotland clood in walls her freeborne breath,  
and England stood astonisht att her death.  
The bloud which shee from kingly vaines receivd  
confirmed that faith, to which her parents cleavd.  
The miners of Gods house distroyd this wall;  
and joynd her murder to our churches fall;  
but hee who firmnesse to his rocke imparts,  
erects new temples in religious harts;  
as hee hath changd her short, and earthly raigne  
for heavenly crownes, which noe foule hand can staine;  
soe though with us material churches faile,  
Devotion lives and shall, at last, prevaile.  
· · · · ·

## XXV

## BLESSED HENRY WALPOLE, S.J.

1558-1595

BLESSED Henry Walpole of the Society of Jesus is one of the more conspicuous names in the lists of the English martyrs. He came of an old Norfolk stock, the Walpoles of Houghton. His father was Christopher Walpole of Docking Hall. Henry was educated at Norwich Grammar School and at Peterhouse, Cambridge. That he left without a degree points to his profession of the old faith; yet about this time he may have conformed to the new religion to the extent of attending church, for he was afterwards dispensed in Rome from disabilities arising from connection with heresy. In 1581, he was present at Blessed Edmund Campion's execution at Tyburn, and Campion's blood was spattered upon his garments. This made a great change in him.<sup>1</sup> After bringing out, with the aid of Stephen Vallenger, the little book<sup>2</sup> which commemorates the martyr, he went as a student to the English College at Rheims in 1582, and then to Rome where, in 1584, he joined the Society of Jesus. Ordained priest in Paris in 1588, he served as a military chaplain to 'The English Regiment' in Flanders. In 1592, he went to Spain, where he assisted Father Persons in his work of founding seminaries for the English Mission. On his return in the following year, he carried with him a diploma from Philip II for the foundation of the College at St Omers.

The desire which he must long have nursed for work in England was now to be satisfied. In December, 1593, he landed secretly with his brother Thomas and another companion at Bridlington. All three were arrested before they had got many miles inland and imprisoned in York Castle. Topcliffe came down towards the end of January, and, when he had wrung various disclosures from Thomas Walpole, the captives were transferred to the Tower. After four months of solitary confinement, the examination of Blessed Henry Walpole was continued with the aid of Topcliffe's favourite torture of hanging up by the wrists for hours together. The notes of his replies taken down by hostile notaries show little lack of firmness, but there are confessions in the prisoner's own hand, brought to light only in our own time, which prove a temporary yielding. It is noteworthy that these

belong to the earlier part of his imprisonment. In a paragraph which Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., describes as the 'longest and strongest' of these passages, Walpole declares that he 'never allowed of the ambition' or 'unjust usurpation over princes' of the Popes, renounces all sympathy with plans of Spanish invasion, and declares himself ready to defend his country 'conforming myself to the laws of the realm.' He then goes on to request that he may be allowed to preach in the Protestant churches a doctrine which he declares conformable both to the Catholic and Protestant view concerning the authority of the Crown in 'temporal and spiritual' causes, declaring that in conferences with Protestant divines at York, 'I did find much less difference than I thought.' Of these matters he adds that 'if I had talked with my Superiors I could have affirmed more undoubtedly.' Possibly these confessions are to be explained by Walpole's eagerness to obtain any kind of opportunity to forward the interests which he had returned to England to promote and to escape the utter failure of his purposes which the promptness of his arrest had brought upon him.

Since the Assize Rolls for this period are lost, we have only fragmentary details of his trial, which was held in York in April, 1595, before Mr Justice Beaumont, father of Francis Beaumont the dramatist, and three other Judges. He was accused of abjuring the realm without a licence, receiving Holy Orders overseas, and coming into England, being a priest. He was sentenced along with Father Alexander Rawlins. During the following two days persistent efforts were made, both by official and other persons, to induce him even then to save his life by admitting the royal supremacy in spirituals. Walpole spent what time they left to him in prayer, and in the writing of verses, though his maimed hands could scarce hold a pen. He was executed at the Knavesmire outside Micklegate Bar on April 17, being allowed to hang till he was dead before being dismembered. He was beatified in 1929.

Three of Henry's brothers, Richard, Christopher and Michael, followed him into the Society of Jesus, as did also his cousin Edward Walpole of Houghton. Blessed Henry Walpole's life has been written by Augustus Jessopp, who also edited his letters for private circulation. It is from Jessopp's life of Walpole that the present chapter is drawn.

88. A PRISONER'S SONG: *The description of heavenly Jerusalem*. Text from *Add. MS.* 15,225, ff. 39-42<sup>v</sup>, with ll. 1-4 and 5-8 transposed, as is obviously correct. The poem appears in an inferior text in *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*, 1601, (S.T.C. 17547), pp. 30-37. It was reprinted from the manuscript by Father Morris in *The Month*<sup>4</sup> and by Rollins in *Old English Ballads*, 1553-1625.<sup>5</sup> We have the testimony of Father Christopher Grene, writing about 1666,<sup>6</sup> that Walpole was regarded as the author of the poem, and the present editors have found it in a manuscript of a date much earlier than this which belonged to the late Joseph Gillow, where it is ascribed to 'H.W.' The poem has also been reprinted in Bonar's *The New Jerusalem*.<sup>7</sup> It has been described as a translation of St Peter Damian's *Ad perennis vita fontem*, and there is a very close correspondence between the opening lines of the two pieces.<sup>8</sup> Thereafter, however, the English poem is no more than a descant upon the Latin theme, and is nearly twice the length of St Peter Damian's hymn.

89. THE SONG OF MARY THE MOTHER OF CHRIST: *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*. Text from *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*, 1601, (S.T.C. 17547), British Museum, ll. 1-6, 79-96, 109-110, 167-172, 257-268, 299-304, 311-316. The poem has ninety-five stanzas with an intermittent refrain. The book, which is without indication of authorship, contains six poems, three of which are also found in *Add. MS.* 15,225, notably Walpole's *A Prisoner's Song*. There is only internal evidence to stamp *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ* as Walpole's, but this evidence is strong. With the opening stanzas of the first elegy on Campion which we print<sup>9</sup> the reader may compare the first stanza of the present poem. We add here a few other lines from *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*, not included in our extracts, which contain striking parallels with the elegy.

An angels Trompe is not so lowde and shrill,  
As fitting were, much lesse this verse of mine.<sup>10</sup>

Let it suffice, thou hast a ready will,  
Christ doth accept the measure of the minde  
And not above the compasse of thy skill,  
Exacteth ought, then take thy part assign'd.<sup>11</sup>

If this and some of the other poems in the book could be established as Walpole's, we should have recovered a not unworthy companion to that greater martyr-poet, Blessed Robert Southwell, S. J. Farr<sup>12</sup> prints copious extracts from this and the preceding poem, omitting, however, such parts as stamp them as the work of a Recusant. Other poems by Catholics appear, curiously enough, in this book which, printed for the Parker Society, was intended to illustrate the influence of the Reformation upon English poetry.

Two other poems, probably by Blessed Henry Walpole, will be found on pages 272 and 278, and it will be suggested in the following chapter that he was possibly the author of several others.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Jessopp, *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, 105, citing MS 4554, Burgundian Library, Brussels.

<sup>2</sup> See page 178.

<sup>3</sup> *One Generation of a Norfolk House* (1879), *Letters of Henry Walpole, S.J.* (Norwich, 1873).

<sup>4</sup> *The Month* (1871), II, 235-40.

<sup>5</sup> 170-9.

<sup>6</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Grene, Collectanea* N 1, p. 3.

<sup>7</sup> (Edinburgh, 1852), 77-84.

<sup>8</sup> Migne. *Patrol*, CXLV, col. 862.

<sup>9</sup> See page 176.

<sup>10</sup> ll. 7-8.

<sup>11</sup> ll. 49-52.

<sup>12</sup> *Select Poetry, Chiefly Devotional, of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, 422-32.

88. A PRISONER'S SONG

*The Under songe*

Jherusalem, thy joyes Devine  
noe joyes may be compard to them  
noe people blessed soe as thine  
noe Cittie like hierusalem.

**M**Y thirstie soule Desyres her Drought  
at heavenlie fountains to refreshe  
my prisoned mynd would faine be out  
of chaines and fetters of the flesh  
She looketh up unto her state  
from whence she downe by sinne did slyde  
she mournes the more the good she lost  
for present ill she Doeth abyde.

She longes from roughe and Dangerous seas  
to harbour in the haven of blisse  
where safetie ancoreth at her ease  
and shore of sweete contentment is  
from bannishment she more and more  
Desyres to see her countrie Deare  
she sittes and sendes her sighes before  
her joyes and treasures all be there

ffrom Babilon she would retorne  
unto her home and towne of peace  
hierusalem where joyes abound  
continue still and never cease  
There blusteringe winter never blowes  
nor summers parchinge heate Doth harme  
It never freeses there nor snowes  
the weather ever temperate warme

The trees Doe blossom bud and beare  
the birdes doe ever chirpinge singe  
the fruit is mellow all the yeare  
they have an everlastinge springe  
The pleasant gardens ever keepe  
their hearbes and flowers fresh and greene  
All sortes of pleasant daintie fruites  
at all times there are to be seene

The lillie white: the ruddie rose  
the crimsone and carnation flowers  
be wattered there with honie dewes  
and heavenlie Droppes of goulden showers  
Pomegrannat prince of fruit the peach  
the daintie date, and pleasant figge  
The almond, muscadell and grape  
exceedinge good, and wonderous bigge

The lemmond Orange, medler, Quince  
the apricocke and Indie spice,  
the Cherrie, warden, plumbe, and peare  
more sortes then were in Paradice  
The fruite more eisome, toothsome farre  
then that which grew on Adames tree  
with whose delightes assailed were  
and both suppressed Eave, and hee

The swellinge Odoriferous balme  
most sweetely there doth sweate and droppe  
the fruitfull and victoriôus palme  
layes out her mountie loftie tooppe  
The river wine most pleasant flowes  
more pleasant then the honie combe  
Upon whose bankes the sugar growes  
enclosd in reedes of Cinomond

The wales of Jasper stone be built  
most rich and faire that ever was  
the streetes, and houses paved, and guilt  
with gould more cleare then Christall glasse  
her gates in equall distance bee  
and eac[h]e a glisteringe margerite  
which commers in farre of may see  
a gladsome and a glorious sight

Her inward Chambers of Delight  
be Decte with pearle and pretious stone  
The Doares and posternes all be white  
of wrought and burnisht Ivorie bone  
Her sunne doth never eclips nor cloud  
her moone doth never there wax wanne  
The lambe with lighte hath her endowde  
whose glorie pen cannot explane

The glorious saintes there dwellers bee  
in number more then man can thinke  
soe manie in a companie  
as love in likelnesse doth thinke  
The starrs in brightnesse they doe passe  
in swiftnesse arrowes frome a boe  
In strength and feircenesse, steele and brasse  
in lightnesse fire, in whitenesse snowe

Their cloathing is more softe then silke  
with guirdles guilt of beaten gould  
They in their handes more white then milke  
of Palme triumphant branches hould  
Their faces shininge like the sunne  
shoote out their gladsome glorious beames  
The feild is fought the battell woone  
their heades be crownd with diademes



Rewarde as merit Different is  
distinct their Joy and happinesse  
But each in Joy of others blis  
doth as his owne the same possesse  
Soe each in glorie doth abounde  
and all their glories Doe excell  
But where as all to each redownd  
whoe canne thexceedinge glorie tell

Triumphant marters you may heare  
recount their dangers which doe cease  
And noble Citicens ever weare  
their happie gownes of joy and peace  
There learned clarkes with sharpened wittes  
their makers wonderous workes doe tell  
The Judges grave on bence doe sitte  
to Judge the tribes of Israell.

The glorious courtiers ever there  
attend on person of their kinge  
with Angells joyned in a Queere  
melodious himmes of praises singe  
The virginne[s] chaste in lillie white  
the marteres clad in scarlet red  
The holie fathers which did write  
weare Lawrell garelandes on their heads

Each Confessor a goulden crowne  
adornd with pearle and precious stone  
Thapostles pearles in renowne  
like princes sit in regall throne  
Queene mother virgine Iminent  
then saintes and Angels more devine  
like sunne amidst the firmament  
above the planetes all doth shine

The King that heavenlie pallace rules  
dothe beare upon his goulden sheild  
A crosse in signe of triumph gules  
erected in a vardiant feild  
his glorie saith as doeth behoove  
him in his manhood for to take  
whose godhead earth and heaven above  
and all that Dwell therein did make

Lyke frendes all partners as in blis  
with Christ, their lord and maister Deare  
lyke spouses they the brydgroome kis  
whoe feasteth them with heavenlie cheere  
With tree of life and manna sweete  
which tasted doth such pleasure bringe  
As non to Judge thereof be meete  
but such as banquet with the kinge

With Cherubimms their winges they moove  
and mount in contemplation highe  
with Seraphins the[y] burne in love  
the beames of glorie be soe nighe.  
The virgins Children Deare they bee  
her lovinge sonne for to imbrace  
And Jesus his brethren for to see  
his heavenlie fathers glorious face

O sweete aspecte vision of peace  
happie regard and heavenlie sight  
O en[d]les joy without surcease  
perpetuall day which hath noe night  
O well and wale fountaine of life  
of springe of everlastinge blis  
eternall sunne resplendant light  
and eminent cause of all that is

River of pleasure sea of Delight  
garden of glorie ever greene  
O glorious glasse and mirror bright  
wherein all truth is ever seene  
O princie palace royall court  
monarchall seate imperiall throne  
where kinge of kinges and sovraigne lord  
for ever ruleth all alone

Where all the glorious saintes doe see  
the secretes of the Deitie  
The godhead and in persons three  
the super-blessed trinitie  
The depth of wisdom most profounde  
all puisant high sublimitie  
The breadth of love without all bound  
in endlesse longe eternitie

The heave earth belowe by kynd  
above ascendes the mountinge fier  
Be this the Center of my mynd  
and loftie speare of her desyre  
The Chafed Deare Doe take the soyle  
the tyred hart the thicke and wood  
Be this the comfort of my toyle  
my refuge hope and soveraigne good

The marchant cutes the seas for gaine  
the soldier serves for his renowne  
The tilman plowes the ground for graine  
be this my joy and lastinge crowne  
The falkener seeks to see a flight  
the hunter beates to see his gamme  
Longe thou my soule to see that sight  
and labor to enjoy the same

Noe houre without some one delight  
which he endeavours to attaine  
Seeke thou my soule both day & night  
this one which ever shall remaine  
This one containes all pleasure true  
all other pleasures are but vaine  
Bid thou the rest my soule adew  
and seeke alone this one to gaine

Goe count the grasse upon the ground  
or sandes that be upon the shoare  
And when you have the number found  
the joyes thereof be manie more  
more thousand thousand yeares they last  
and lodge within the happie minde  
And when soe manie yeares be past  
yet more and more bee still behind

ffar more they be then we can weene  
they doe our Judgment much excell  
Noe eare hath hard, nor eie hath seene  
noe pen can wryte, noe tounge can tell  
An Angells tonge cannot recyte  
the endlesse joyes of heavenlie blis  
which beinge whollie infinite  
behond all speach, & wrytinge is.

We can imagine but a shade  
it never entred into thought  
what joy he is enjoynd that made  
all joy and them that joy of nought  
My soule cannot the joyes contayne  
let her lord enter into them  
for ever with thee to remayne  
within thy towne hierusalem

## 89. THE SONG OF MARY THE MOTHER OF CHRIST

F AINE would I write, my minde ashamed is,  
 My verse doth feare to do the matter wrong:  
 No earthly musique good enough for this,  
 Not *Dauids* harpe, nor *Hieroms* mourning song.  
 Nor *Esaies* lippes are worthy once to moove,  
 Though *Zeraphins* fire hath kindled them with love

. . . . .

Then sing o Saints, o holy heavenly quire!  
 And I shall strive to follow on your song:  
 This sacred Ditty is my chiefe desire,  
 My soule to heare this Musique now doth long.  
 And longing thus, all whist, there was no din,  
 They silent stood, to see who should begin.

For none did thinke him worthy to be one,  
 And every one to other there gave place:  
 But bowing knees to *Jesus* every one,  
 They him besought for to decide the case.  
 Who said to me, most fit for this appears  
 My mothers plaint, and sacred Virgins teares.

Straight all agreed, the Virgin ready prest  
 To doe the will of her eternall Sonne:  
 With heavenly cheare and most melodious brest,  
 Her sacred song and Ditty thus begunne.  
 Bowing herselfe unto the glorious Throne,  
 Where Three did sit adored all in one.

. . . . .

And still as they the Virgin singing heare,  
 In selfe same time, so ecchoed all the quire.

. . . . .

Thou onely Sonne of God, Father of might,  
Maker of me and all, the well of grace:  
Fountaine of love, eternall Sonne of light,  
Became my Sonne; and falling on her face,  
Repeating this full oft (with musique sweet)  
She did adore and kisse our Saviours feete.

O how my crosse was ever mixt with sweet!  
My paine with joy, mine earth with heavenly blisse!  
Who alwaies might adore my Saviours feete,  
Imbrace my God, my loving infant kisse.  
And give him sucke, who gives the Angels foode,  
And turne my milke, into my Saviours bloud.

Sometimes he cast his hand about my necke,  
And smyling, lookt his mother in the face:  
Some joy or skill, I found in every becke,  
Each day discovered wisdom, love and grace,  
I cannot utter what I did espye,  
When I beheld his little glorious eye.

Till thirty yeares, my Lord at home did dwell,  
*Joseph* and I enjoyed his presence still:  
Where I my selfe abashed am to tell,  
How he in all, obeyed to my will.  
How doe you thinke I mooved was, to see  
The Prince of Angels subject unto me?

What should I heere his holy life recount,  
Which he with me these thirty yeares did spend?  
This story would unto a volume mount,  
My song doth to his sacred passion tend.  
And all doe know his piety needs must passe,  
Who, of all Saintes, the Lord and Saviour was.

## XXVI. ANONYMOUS POEMS

### *from a Catholic Commonplace Book*

THESE poems are all from a manuscript of sixty leaves in the British Museum (*Add. MS.* 15,225), by which it was purchased at Bright's sale in 1844. Pages 95-98 are missing. The foot of the last page seems to bear the title of a poem that once followed on another leaf. The date of the manuscript is 1616, but many of the poems which it contains belong to an earlier period. The whole of the contents are verse. The Catholic character of the collection may be judged from the poems printed in this section, and from others from the same source elsewhere in the present collection. A manuscript of about the same date and of similar character, numbering fifty-five leaves, was in the possession of the late Joseph Gillow. Of the poems found in *Add. MS.* 15,225, the *Gillow MS.* contained at least six, one of which, *Calvary Mount*, is printed below. Three of the poems in *Add. MS.* 15,225 and one stanza of a fourth, were printed with but slight changes in *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*, 1601. The poems hitherto unpublished in *Add. MS.* 15,225 were first printed in 1920 in a slightly modernized text by Hyder E. Rollins in *Old English Ballads*, 1553-1625.

90. CALVARY MOUNT: Untitled poem. Text from *Add. MS.* 15,225, ff 2<sup>v</sup>-3, ll. 1-16, 25-44, 49-56. There is a slightly inferior version in the *Gillow MS.* The authorship is unknown. Blessed Henry Walpole, S.J., the martyr, would be a very reasonable conjecture; the last two lines of the poem are printed as the concluding quatrain of the next poem in our collection, which was published in *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*, a book containing *A Prisoner's Song* as well as the title-poem, both of which are probably by Walpole. As will be seen, it is a poem that it was not safe to print at the time when it was written.

91. REPENTANCE: Untitled poem. Text from *Add. MS.* 15,225, ff. 11<sup>v</sup>-13, ll. 53-64, 69-76. The first two stanzas of this poem came somehow to be attached to the hymn known as *Father Postgate's Hymn*.<sup>1</sup> This poem is printed entire in *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ* with numerous but slight variants. The last stanza of the complete poem is identical with the last stanza of *Calvary Mount*. It suggests the possibility that this poem is also by Blessed Henry Walpole, S.J. With the final stanza of our extract may be compared that quoted below<sup>2</sup> from the *Gillow MS.* of *Hierusalem my happy home*: 'Noe persecutinge potentate,' and again with 'Noe pursivant I would esteeme,' and the next following lines in *Calvary Mount*. The Recusant poets of that day wrote with the

rack and Tyburn as an ever-present vision of what they might any day be called to face for the proving of their constancy.

92. THE NEW LEARNING: Untitled poem. Text from *Add. MS.* 15,225, ff. 33<sup>v</sup>-35, ll. 1-24, 33-40, 45-56, 65-68, 85-92. These very homely verses seem to deserve a place in our collection on other than poetical grounds. They illustrate the bewilderment which the Lutheran claims produced in the minds of simple Catholics even when the sixteenth century was over, or drawing to its close. We have given them a title which was the ordinary name (as is shown by many a writer from 1535 to 1553) for the new theological doctrines on which the Reformation was based. The phrase does not refer (as some compilers of text-books have imagined) to the Renaissance. 'It was merrie in England before the new learning came up, and I would to God it were as in times past,' was a saying of Thomas, third Duke of Norfolk, in the later years of Henry VIII. We subjoin here for its historical interest an omitted stanza disagreeable to all modern readers, whether Catholic or not:

ffrom Angelles honour taken is  
 from saintes all worshippe dewe  
 the mother of our livinge god  
 a thing most strang yet true  
 Compared is by manie a Jacke  
 unto a safron bagge  
 to a thinge of nought, to a paltrie patch,  
 and to our vicars haggel<sup>a</sup>

The poem seems to be Jacobean.

93. JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME: *A song Mad by I.B.P. To the Tyme of Diana*. Text from *Add. MS.* 15,225, ff. 36<sup>v</sup>-37<sup>r</sup>. The twentieth stanza is inserted from *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*, 1601, (S.T.C. 17547), British Museum. On ff. 3<sup>v</sup>-6<sup>r</sup> there is a poem of fifty-five quatrains on the same subject, which is somewhat similar to the present poem. It has been reprinted by Rollins.<sup>4</sup> This longer poem is also found under the title of *A meditatione of the Joyes of heaven* with four additional stanzas in the *Gillow MS.*, which is of about the same date. We may quote one quatrain, the eleventh, from this to be compared with the twenty-first of our poem:

Amidst the streefes the well of life  
 with goulden streame doth flowe  
 Upon whose bankes the tree of life  
 in statelie sort doth growe.

This poem is even more obviously of Catholic origin than the present one. It contains allusions to the persecutions, as in stanza 47:

Noe persecutinge potentate  
 Doth rule and governe there  
 Noe workmaister or pursivant  
 hath office there to beare.



It is curious that in the *Gillow MS.* the word 'potentate' is replaced by 'protestant,' and 'workmaister' by 'Racke Master.' This would seem to indicate that the *Gillow MS.* is the earlier. 'Potentate' is, of course, a slurring allusion to James I. In *Add. MS.* 15,225 'potentate' is substituted for the word 'protestant,' which has been crossed out.

There is a broadsheet which W. T. Brooke dates about 1660<sup>5</sup> preserved in the Rawlinson collection in the Bodleian<sup>6</sup> entitled *The true description of the everlasting joys of Heaven. To the Tune of, O man in desperation.* It is a crude expansion of our poem. The additions are very notably inferior poetically, somewhat Puritan in tone, and often rather foreign to the subject. The most notable omission is that of the very Catholic lines:

Our Ladie sings magnificat  
with tune surpassinge sweete,

which becomes in the broadsheet:

Gods prayers there are always sung  
with harmony most sweet,

and the next four lines of the present version (on the Virgins, and on Saints Ambrose and Augustine), are so omitted as to spoil a rhyme. A portion of the poem in this broadsheet is also found in the *Shirburn Ballads*,<sup>7</sup> a volume based on a manuscript copied from broadsheets, in the opinion of its editor, in the first years of the seventeenth century. It is there entitled: *The zealous Querister's songe of Yorke, in the prayse of heaven, to all faithfull singers and godlye readers in the world. To the tune of O man in desperation.*

The same poem in its entirety appears again in *Add. MS.* 38,599, ff. 133<sup>v</sup>-134<sup>v</sup>, entitled *The Queristers song of yorke in praise of heaven.* There follows a line of music, preceded by the words 'this is the tune.' A photograph of the title and opening stanzas forms the frontispiece to the Hon. Eleanor Brougham's *Corn from Olde Fieldes.* Sir Richard Terry, however, has pointed out that 'the copyist of the words has given as the tune something which is not the melody, but obviously one of the parts, and therefore identification from it becomes impossible.'<sup>8</sup> In *Corn from Olde Fieldes*, this manuscript is said to be chiefly written by Richard Shann (1561-1627).<sup>9</sup>

The earliest poem which can bear any relation, and that but a slight one, to the present poem is found in *The Glasse of vaine glorie: Faithfully translated (out of S. Augustine his books, intituled Speculum peccatoris) into English, by W. P. Doctor of the Lawes, 1583 (S.T.C. 929).* In an address to the reader at the end of his book, W.P., whom Brooke in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology* identifies as William Prid,<sup>10</sup> says that he has translated from the twenty-fourth chapter of 'S. Augustines booke of Prayers' and has 'as neare as I could possiblie, followed the very wordes of mine Authour.' Brooke prints a passage from St

Augustine's *Meditationes, Soliloquia et Manuale*<sup>11</sup> which shows that this is an error. Such sentences as: *Non lucet in te lux lucernæ, aut splendor lunæ, vel jubar stellarum, sed Deus de Deo, Lux de Luce, Sol Justitiæ semper illuminat te*; or again: *Mansiones tuæ multæ, quadris lapidibus fundatæ, sapphis constructæ, laterculis coopertæ aureis, in quas nullus ingreditur nisi mundus, nullus habitat inquinatus*, are merely the basis of St Peter Damian's hymn *Ad perennis vitæ fontem*.<sup>12</sup>

Prid's poem consists of forty-four quatrains and draws chiefly from St Peter Damian's hymn, which is drawn in turn from the prose of St Augustine, and came to be attributed commonly to the latter at the time. Another paraphrase is to be found in *The Meditations, Soliloquia, and Manuale of the Glorious Doctour S. Augustine*, Paris, 1631, (S.T.C. 943).<sup>13</sup> This English translation of St Augustine is by John Floyd, S.J., and his paraphrase of St Peter Damian's hymn is of considerable poetic merit. The poem is entitled *A Hymne of Paradise* and consists of twenty six-line stanzas. It has even less resemblance to the present poem than Prid's verses. It is not mentioned by Brooke, who devotes much space to Prid, presumably because of the plagiarism of the present poem by one David Dickson, a Presbyterian minister at Irvine about the middle of the seventeenth century. Horatius Bonar<sup>14</sup> reprints the broadsheet, which is attributed to Dickson by his biographer Robert Wodrow.<sup>15</sup> Dickson's poem of 248 lines embodies 74 lines of our poem (in four different places), a great deal of Prid, and a very little which is presumably Dickson's own. He seems on the strength of this piece of literary piracy to have been regarded for some time as the author of the famous hymn.

After Dickson *Hierusalem my Happy Home* became common property, and Brooke<sup>16</sup> names various borrowers: William Burkitt in *A Help and Guide to Christian Families* (1693) prints a hymn of eight stanzas, of which four are from our poem. Parts of it appear again in *Psalms and Hymns* by W.S., London, 1725. It reaches its modern popular hymn form in Williams and Boden's *Collection of above Six Hundred Hymns: designed as a New Supplement to Dr. Watt's Psalms & Hymns*, Doncaster, 1801.<sup>17</sup> Brooke shows with high probability that James Montgomery was the redactor of this version.<sup>18</sup>

*Hierusalem My Happy Home* was apparently first printed in *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ*, 1601.<sup>19</sup> It is there shortened to nineteen stanzas; the comparatively few variant readings are generally inferior, but this version has one stanza not found elsewhere. The puritanized broadsheet versions of the *Shirburn Ballads* and of the Rawlinson broadsheet already mentioned, which are roughly identical, were probably printed before 1616.<sup>20</sup> Brooke's assignment of the latter to a date contemporary with Prid is no more than an *obiter dictum*. In more recent times the present poem has been printed entire in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.<sup>21</sup> The contributor remarks: 'It will surprise a good

many of those whose hearts have been often lifted up in the saying of this inspiriting hymn, to learn that it is built upon a Roman Catholic foundation.' Two years later the whole poem was printed in Bonar's *The New Jerusalem*. Dr Neale in *Hymns, Chiefly Mediæval, on the Joys and Glories of Paradise*,<sup>22</sup> prints a complete but edited version. The poem was printed from *Add. MS.* 15,225 in *The Month* in 1871,<sup>23</sup> and quite recently by the Hon. Eleanor Brougham in *Corn from Olde Fieldes*.<sup>24</sup>

Various guesses have been made as to the identity underlying the letters 'I.B.P.' in *Add. MS.* 15,225. It is more than probable that the 'P,' which has an abbreviation stroke across its tail, stands for 'priest' (rather than 'pater,' as suggested by Dr Neale's friend, Daniel Sedgwick). Two Christian names in that age were unknown in England. Gillo<sup>25</sup> read the first letter as a capital 'I,' and attributed the poem to John Brerely, a name on the title-page of several old controversial works and an alias, according to him, of Lawrence Anderton, S.J. By most other editors the 'I' has been read as a lower-case 'f.' Examination of capital 'I' where it occurs elsewhere in the manuscript of this poem bears out the former reading, which is also confirmed by the British Museum officials.

Sedgwick's guess communicated to Dr Neale was 'Francis Baker, *Pater*.' Father John Morris, S.J.,<sup>26</sup> proposed Father Bennet, the Franciscan and martyr, but only on the grounds that the thirteenth and fourteenth stanzas of the poem suggested an author who had undergone great sufferings in prison. That does not seem to be sufficient ground for this idea. The lines in question allude only to the grief felt by any soul at the exclusion during mortal life from the joys of the heavenly city. It would be quite possible, but not very profitable, to propose other names beginning with 'B.' If *A Prisoner's Song* (No. 88 in this collection) is really by Blessed Henry Walpole, S.J., as the evidence appears to indicate, it would seem from the close stylistic parallels, not sufficiently accounted for by the indebtedness of both poems to St Peter Damian's hymn, that Walpole, rather than Anderton, is the author of *Hierusalem My Happy Home*.

94. A FRIEND INDEED: Untitled poem, Text from *Add. MS.* 15,225, f. 38. In style it is remarkably suggestive of Southwell, to whom perhaps it should be ascribed. The theme of these lines, the falseness of seeming friends, would come very naturally to a Recusant of those days surrounded as he often was by spies who were sometimes found even within the circle of the household. The poem was printed with many variations and two additional stanzas in John Forbes's *Cantus, Songs, and Fancies*, 1666. Rollins has reprinted the additional stanzas.<sup>27</sup>

95. THE BELLMAN'S GOOD-MORROW: *The bellmanes good-morrowe. To the Tune of awake, awake, o England*. Text from *Add. MS.* 15,225, ff. 45<sup>v</sup>-47, ll. 1-4, 9-12, 33-48. The ballad was licensed for publication on November 21, 1580. Another version has been printed

in the *Shirburn Ballads*.<sup>28</sup> The *Shirburn MS.* version was copied from a printed broadsheet. It has an additional stanza between the sixth and seventh stanzas of the present version. The last stanza in the *Shirburn Ballads* begins:

Lord, save our gracious sovereigne,  
Elizabeth by name.

In *Add. MS.* 15,225 the second of these lines becomes

yea James our king, by name.

The editor of the *Shirburn Ballads* notes that the transcriber of his version has 'daye' in error for 'joye' in the refrain in stanzas 3 and 5. In *Add. MS.* 15,225 the same error occurs in these stanzas and also in stanzas 9, 10, and 11 (10, 11 and 12 of the *Shirburn MS.* version.)

#### NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> See *Recusant Poets. Second Series.*    <sup>2</sup> p. 269.    <sup>3</sup> ll. 25-32.
- <sup>4</sup> *op. cit.*, 152-62.
- <sup>5</sup> Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1907, 582.
- <sup>6</sup> Press-mark 4<sup>o</sup>, Rawl 566, f 167.    <sup>7</sup> (ed. Clark, 1907), 170-2.
- <sup>8</sup> Quoted, from a letter, by James Britten in *Times Literary Supplement*, Jan. 1, 1920, XIX, 9.
- <sup>9</sup> Frontispiece.    <sup>10</sup> Julian, 581.    <sup>11</sup> (Venice, 1553), caput 25
- <sup>12</sup> Migne, *Patrol.*, CXLV, col 862.    <sup>13</sup> 93-8.
- <sup>14</sup> *The New Jerusalem* (Edinburgh, 1852)
- <sup>15</sup> *Life of David Dickson* (1726).    <sup>16</sup> Julian.    <sup>17</sup> No. 193.
- <sup>18</sup> Julian.    <sup>19</sup> 38.    <sup>20</sup> *Shirburn Ballads*, 2.
- <sup>21</sup> December, 1850, n.s., LIV, 585-7.
- <sup>22</sup> (1865), 16-23.    <sup>23</sup> XV, 232-5.    <sup>24</sup> 19-24.
- <sup>25</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, XVI, 421-2.
- <sup>26</sup> *The Month* (1871), XV, 232-5.
- <sup>27</sup> *op. cit.*, 224-5.    <sup>28</sup> 182-5.

90. CALVARY MOUNT

CALVARIE mount is my delight: a place I love so well  
Calvarie mount O that I might: deserve on thee to dwell  
O that I might a pilgrime goe: that sacred mount to see  
o that I might some service Doe: where Christ died once for  
me.

O that I had some hole to hyde: my head on thee to stay  
To vewe the place where Jesu Dyed: to wash my sinns away  
Lyke wordes then would I utter there: that Peter sometimes  
did  
Lord well it is that I am heere: let me still heere abide.

Let me still heere abyde & be: and never to remoove  
heere is a place to harbour me: to ponder on thy love  
To ponder lord upon thy paines: that thou for me hast felt  
to wonder at thy firvent love: where with thy hart did melt

Loe heere I see thee faintinge goe: with Crosse which thou  
hast borne  
Imbrude with blood from top to toe: lyke one that were  
forlorne  
Like one forlorne alacke for greefe, with torments over  
runne  
and alle deare lord to seeke releefe: for that which man hath  
done.

. . . . .  
Might there my Dwellinge be noe foarce: nor feare should  
me remoove  
To meditate with great remorse: upon my saviours love  
Noe herode nor herodiane: should cause me thence to flee  
Noe Polat, Jew, nor soldier: should moove me till I dye.

Nor all the helpe that they would have: from Calvins  
 cu[r]sed crue  
 There would I make my tombe, & grave: and never wish  
 for new  
 Noe pursivant I would esteeme: nor craftie catchpole feare  
 Of gaile nor gailer nothinge deeme: if I might harbour  
 there

Noe rope nor cruell tortour then: should cause my minde to  
 faile  
 nor lewde device of wicked men: should cause my corage  
 quaile  
 On racke in tower let me be lead: let Joynts at large be  
 stretched  
 Let me abyde each cruell braid: till blood frome vaines be  
 fetched

And if they can devise worse waies: to utter thinges untrue  
 let them proceede by all assaies: to frame Inventions newe  
 Let all Distresse to me befale: to doe my Countrie good  
 and let the thirst of Tyrantes all: be quenched in my blood  
 Let me be falslie condemned: let Sherife on me take charge  
 with boes & billes let me be led: least I escape at large  
 Let me from prison passe away: on hurdle hard to lye  
 to Tyburne drawne without Delay: in tormentes there to  
 Dye

O London let my quarters stand: upon thy gates to drye  
 and let them beare the world in hand: I did for treason dye  
 Let croes and kytes my carkas eate: let ravens their portion  
 hav[e]  
 least afterwarde my frendes intreate: to lay my corpes in  
 grave

Sweete Jesu if it be thy will: unto my plaintes attend  
 grant g[r]ace I may continue still: thy servant to the end  
 Grant blessed lord grant saviour sweete: grant Jesu kinge  
 of blisse  
 that in thy love I live and dye: sweete Jesu grant me this

## 91. REPENTANCE

ALL worldlie honour now farewell  
 all wicked welth adew  
 Pryde and vaine glorie packe you hence  
 too longe I served you

In you I Dreamd my joy had beene  
 but I Deceived was  
 and now broade wakeinge I doe see  
 that it hanges on the Crosse

Upon the Crosse betweene two thieves  
 starke Dead alacke hee hanges  
 for me the Child of endlesse Death  
 hee felt these bitter panges

O that I might with Magdalenne  
 Imbrace his fastened feete  
 Or with that good thefe hange by him  
 a thinge for me more meete

Then would I bouldlie dare to say  
 that neither racke nor Coard  
 Nor any tormentes in the world  
 Debarre me from my lord

## 92. THE NEW LEARNING

WINTER could into summer hoate  
 well changed now may bee  
 for thinges as strange doe come to passe  
 as we may plainlie see  
 England priestes which honourd hath  
 soe manie hundred yeares  
 Doth hange them up as Traytors now  
 which causeth manie teares

She doeth condemne her elders all  
as all the world besyde  
religion ould which long hath beene  
in landes both farre and wyde  
A gospell new she hath found out  
a bird of Calvins broode  
Abandoninge all memorie  
Of Christ his holie roode.

Abstinence is Papistrie  
as this new error saith  
fastinge, praier, and all good workes  
avoyde for onelie faith  
Doth bringe us all to heaven straight  
a doctrine verie strange  
which causeth men at libertie  
of vice, and sinne to range.

. . . . .

Unitie is cleane exilde:  
for preachers doe agree  
as doe our clockes when they strike noone  
now one, now two, now three  
But all together never Jumpe  
when as our elders all  
of faith and doctrine did accorde  
in poyntes both great and smale

. . . . .

Noe vow observd,\* noe promise kept  
flesh frydaies now afoarde  
Which of our elders as great sinne  
and vice was much abhorde



ffastinge did enrich the Relme  
 feastinge the same distroyes  
 single life helpt poore mens needes  
 wivfde life church weale annoyes  
 Raysinge of rentes pikes poore mens purse  
 divorcementes doe devyde  
 The husband from his wedded wife  
 whom god him selfe hath tyde.

Contrition a trashe is cald  
 confession scofte and scornd  
 And soe is satisfaction  
 purgatorie paines forlornd

Noe feare of god, noe Dread of manne  
 of Prince, nor yet of lawes  
 Almesdeedes as all devotion  
 esteemed are as strawes

Wherefore I hould him verie wise  
 which doth their gospell flee  
 And cleave unto religion ould  
 and therein live and dye.

### 93. HIERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME

**H**IERUSALEM my happie home  
 when shall I comē to thee  
 When shall my sorrowes have an end  
 thy joyes when shall I see.

O happie harbour of the saintes  
 O sweete and pleasant soyle  
 In thee noe sorrow may be founde  
 noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle

In thee noe sicknesse may be seene  
 noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore  
 There is no Death, nor uglie Deuill  
 there is life for evermore.

Noe Dampishe mist is seene in thee  
 nor could nor Darksome night  
 There everie soule shines as the sunne  
 there god himselfe gives light

There lust and lukar cannot dwell  
 there envie beares noe sway  
 there is noe hunger heate nor coulde  
 but pleasure everie way

Hierusalem: Hierusalem  
 god grant I once may see  
 Thy endlesse joyes, and of the same  
 partaker aye to bee

Thy wales are made of precious stones  
 thy bulwarkes Diamondes square  
 Thy gates are of right Orient pearle  
 exceedinge riche and rare

Thy terrettes, and thy Pinacles  
 with Carbuncles Doe shine  
 Thy verie streetes are paved with gould  
 surpassinge cleare, and fine

Thy houses are of Ivorie  
 thy windoes Cristale cleare  
 thy tyles are mad of beaten gould  
 O god that I were there

Within thy gates nothinge Doeth come  
 that is not passinge cleane  
 Noe spiders web noe Durt noe Dust  
 noe filthe may there be seene

Ay my sweete home hierusaleme  
would god I were in thee  
would god my woes were at an end  
thy joyes that I might see

Thy saintes are crownd with glorie great  
they see god face to face  
They triumph still they still rejoyce  
most happie is their case

Wee that are heere in banishment  
continuallie doe mourne  
we sighe and sobbe, we weepe and weale  
perpetually we groane

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule  
our pleasure is but paine  
Our joyes scarce last the lookeing on  
our sorrowes still remaine

But there they live in such delight  
such pleasure and such play  
As that to them a thousand yeares  
doth seeme as yeasterday

Thy Viniardes and thy Orchardes are  
most beutifull and faire  
full furnished with trees and fruites  
most wonderfull and rare

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes  
continually are greehe  
theré groes such sweete and pleasant flowers  
as noe where eles are seene

There is nector and Ambrosia made  
there is muske and Civette sweete  
there manie a faire and daintie Drugges  
are troden under feete

There Cinomon there sugar groes  
 there narde and balme abound  
 what tounge can tell or hart conceive  
 the joyes that there are found

Thy happy Saints (Jerusalem)  
 doe bathe in endlesse blisse  
 None but those blessed soules can tell  
 how great thy glory is

Quyt through the streetes with silver sound  
 the flood of life doe flowe  
 upon whose bankes on everie syde  
 the wood of life doth growe

There trees for evermore beare fruite  
 and evermore doe springe  
 there evermore the Angels sit  
 and evermore doe singe

There David standes with harpe in hand  
 as maister of the Queere  
 tenne thousand times that man were blest  
 that might this musique heare

Our Ladie singes magnificat  
 with tune surpassinge sweete  
 And all the virginns beare their partes  
 sitinge above her feete

Te Deum doth sant Ambrose singe  
 saint Augustine dothe the like  
 Ould Simeon and Zacharie  
 have not their songes to seeke

There Magdalene hath left her mone  
 and cheerefullie doth singe  
 with blessed saintes whose harmonie  
 in everie streete doth ringe

Hierusalem my happie home  
would god I were in thee  
would god my woes were at an end  
thy joyes that I might see

## 94. A FRIEND INDEED

THE thoughtes of man doe daylie change  
as fancie growes within their brestes  
for now their nature is soe strange  
a few can finde where frenshippe restes  
the hautie hart soe plentie growes  
that everie weede doth seeme a rose

The stidfast faith that frendes professe  
is fled away and little usd  
whoe hath soe sure a frend possest  
by whome he never was abusd  
but where thou findest a frend indeed  
a score there be that faile at neede

A frend in wordes, where Deedes be Dead  
is like a well that water wantes  
and he that with faire wordes is fead  
doth looke for fruites of withered plantes  
but there as wordes and deedes agree  
accept that frend and credit mee

The barren tree Doth blossomes beare  
as well as those that good fruites yeald  
And boughes and branches beene soe faire  
as any tree within the feild  
as simply lookes the subtile man  
as he that of noe falshood can

## 95. THE BELLMAN'S GOOD-MORROW

FROM sluggishe sleepe and slumber  
 good Christians all aryse  
 for Christ his sake I pray you  
 lift up your drowsie eies  
 The night of shame and sorrow  
 is partinge cleane away  
 god give you all good morrowe  
 and send you happie day

ffrom all the rage of wickednesse  
 looke that you strip you quite  
 in garmentes of true godlinesse  
 see that your selves be decte  
 Shake of all shame and sorrowe  
 which doth your soules distroy  
 god give you all good morrowe:  
 and send you happie day

And beinge thus attyred  
 you may in peace proceede  
 Unto the heavenlie table  
 of Christ our lord indeede  
 Where neither shame nor sorrowe  
 shall you in ought anoy  
 god give you all good morrowe  
 and send you happie day

Then looke your lampes be readie  
 and that with oyle of store  
 to waite upon the brydgroome  
 even at his Chamber doore  
 Where neither shame nor sorrowe  
 shall you in ought annoy  
 god give you all good morrow:  
 and send you happie day

Then shall you rest in blessednesse  
which never shall have end  
Injoyinge Christ his presence  
our sweete and surest frend  
where nether shame nor sorrow  
shall you in ought annoy  
god give you all good morrow:  
and send you happie day

Thus with my bell, and lantorne  
I bid you all farewell  
and keepe in your remembrance  
the soundinge of my bell  
least that with sinne and sorrowe  
you doe your selves distroy  
god give you all good morrow  
& send you happie joy.

. . . . .

## XXVII. WILLIAM BLUNDELL

1560-1638

THIS William Blundell, generally known as the Elder, to distinguish him from his grandson, the Cavalier, was one of a long line that supported from generation to generation the sufferings and penalties that were the inevitable lot of such a staunchly Recusant (and still Catholic) family. He was born in 1560 and educated at Douay.<sup>1</sup> His father, Richard Blundell, Esq., of Crosby, near Liverpool, was arrested in 1590 for having harboured a priest, and was imprisoned in various places till his death in 1592. His eldest son, William, shared with him the charge and the penalty. The latter at different times after his release was obliged to seek safety abroad. He married Emilia, sister of Sir William Norris. She, also, underwent for her religion captivity in Chester Castle. Their eldest son, Nicholas, was 'born, or at least suckled, in prison, where his parents for a long time lay on account of their faith.'<sup>2</sup> William Blundell wrote a good deal of prose and verse, some of which is to be found in *Crosby Records*, and among other papers one describing how he was brought before the Star Chamber in 1611, and fined £2000 for a supposed riot, but really for laying out a Catholic burying ground, a charity to which he had been moved by learning that the body of a poor Catholic woman, refused burial in the parish churchyard, and interred hastily by a roadside, had been uncovered by the rooting of swine.

William Blundell, the Elder, died on July 2, 1638, his wife having predeceased him; and left a namesake grandson who married a daughter of Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart., and kept the flag of the old faith flying. This was William Blundell, the Cavalier, who was lamed for life by a wound received at the siege of Lathom House, and whose letters show affection and whim, wit and high spirits. 'High spirits,' says Mr Chesterton gravely, 'are natural to the spiritual.' The family gave an extraordinary number of sons and daughters to the religious Orders. In fact, 'the Blundells of Little Crosby stand unsurpassed in the heroic annals of Catholic Lancashire for their unshaken loyalty to their religion.'<sup>3</sup>

96. CHANGES: Untitled poem. Text from *Add. MS.* 6,402, ff. 120  
120<sup>v</sup>. The poem is also found in *Add. MSS.* 10,309, ff. 148<sup>v</sup>-149<sup>v</sup>,



and 5832, f. 209<sup>r</sup>, as well as in a manuscript volume at Crosby Hall, Lancashire. *Add. MS.* 5,832 is an eighteenth-century transcript and attributes the poem to 'the Beginning of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.' *Add. MS.* 10,309 has twelve stanzas, of which the last is:

The time hath beene, that Noble race  
And ancient houses sprung apace.  
The time is now, through vengeance just,  
Such glory fades through filthy lust.

Of the eighteen pieces of verse by William Blundell in the *Crosby Hall MS.*, the editor of *Crosby Records* prints three, noting that the others are chiefly translations of pious Latin hymns.

97. A RECUSANT'S PRAYER: Untitled poem. Text from *Crosby Records*, 1887, (*Chetham Society*, n.s. xii), pp. 26-8, ll. 1-18, 37-42, 55-60, where it is printed from a manuscript preserved at Crosby Hall.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *First and Second Douay Diaries*, 166.

<sup>2</sup> Gibson, *Crosby Records: A Chapter of Lancashire Recusancy* (*Chetham Society*, n.s. xii), 25.

<sup>3</sup> Hamilton, *Chronicle of the English Augustinian Canonesses . . . in Louvain*, I, 138.

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WILLIAM BLUNDELL

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96. CHANGES

Sweete Jesu with thy mother mylde  
sweete Virgin mother with thy childe  
Angells, and saints of eich degree  
redresse our countries myserie

THE time hath beene we had one faith  
and all trode right one antient path  
the time is now that each man may  
see new religions coynde each day: sweet Jesu: &c.

The time hath beene preists did accorde  
in exposition of gods worde  
the time is now like shipmans hose  
It's turn'd by eich fonde preachers glose: sweete Jesu, &c.

The time hath beene the sheepe obey'de  
their pastors: Doeinge as the[y] said  
the time is now eich sheepe will preach  
and the antient pastors seeme to teach: sweete Jesu: &c.

The time hath been the prelates doare  
was seeldome shut against the poore  
the time is now soe wives goe fine  
they care not though the beggar pine: sweete Jesu with &c.

The time hath beene preistes women were  
accounted strumpets everie where  
the time is now that wedde such will  
though law leave base their issue still: sweete Jesu: &c.

The time hath beene men could live chaste  
and soe could maides that vowes had past  
the time is now that gifte is gone  
now gossellers such giftes have nonne: sweete Jesu with:  
&c.

The time hath beene men did beleewe  
gods sacraments, gods grace did give  
the time is now men say the[y] are  
uncertaine signes, and tokens bare: sweete Jesu with: &c.

The time hath bene that saints could see  
could heare and helpe our myserie  
the time is now that feinds alone  
have power to range saints must begonne: sweete Jesu: &c.

The time hath beene feare made us quake  
to sinne, least god should us forsake  
the time is now the lewdest knave  
is sure he saith god will him save: sweete Jesu: &c.

The time hath beene to fast and pray  
and doe almsdeedes was thought the way  
the time is now they say indeede  
such stuffe with god hath little neede: sweete Jesu: &c.

The time hath beene within this land  
ones word, as good was, as his band  
the time is now as all men see  
new faithes have kild ould honestie

Sweete Jesu with thy mother myld  
sweete virgin mother with thy child  
Angells and saints of each degree  
redresse our countrees myserie.

## 97. A RECUSANT'S PRAYER

WE Catholicks tormented sore  
 With heresies fowl railing tonge,  
 With prisons, tortures, loss of goodes,  
 Of land, yea lyves, even thieves amonge  
 Do crave with harte surcharged with grieffe  
 Of thee, sweet Jesu, some relieffe.

We crave relieffe in this distresse,  
 We seeke some ease of this annoye,  
 Yett are wee well content with all,  
 So thee in end we may enjoye;  
 Ourselves to thee we do resygne,  
 Relieve us, Lord, our cause is thyne.

Our cause is thyne, and thyne are wee,  
 Who from thy trueth refuse to slyde:  
 Our faithe thy trueth, true faith the cause  
 For which these garboyles wee abyde,  
 True faith, I say, as plaine appears  
 To all whoe shutt not eyes and ears.

Themselves to gaule they wil be sure  
 Whoe stryve to ruinate thy howse,  
 And to withdrawe thy children deare  
 From saufte lappe of thy dearest spouse,  
 Thy children whom, with streames of bloode,  
 Thou bought, sweet Lorde, upon the Roode.

Geeve judgment, Lord, twixt them and us,  
 The ballance yett let pittie houlde:  
 Let mercie measure their offence,  
 And grace reduce them to thy foulde,  
 That wee, all children of thy spouse,  
 May live as brethren in thy house.

## XXVIII

### *Blessed* ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.

1561?-1595

SOUTHWELL, the English poet whose fate has been lamented most by lovers of beauty and of justice, was born at Horsham St Faith's, Norfolk, about 1561, being son of Richard Southwell, sprung from an ancient county family. He has recorded that, as an infant, he was stolen from the cradle by a gypsy, but soon restored to his mother. This lady was maternally allied to the Shelleys, ancestors of a greater poet than her son. As a boy he was educated at Douay and Paris. At this time his father evidently had not wholly abandoned, as he did subsequently, the practice of his religion. In 1578, the boy entered the Society of Jesus in Rome. He is said to have spent his noviciate at Tournai, but the Jesuits were expelled from that city late in 1578 and did not return till 1581. He became Prefect of Studies in the English College at Rome, probably about the year 1584 or 1585. In 1586, two years after his ordination, he proceeded with Father Henry Garnet to work on the English mission. He was received into the family of William, third Lord Vaux of Harrowden, and lived afterwards at Arundel House in the Strand as chaplain to the saintly Anne Dacres, Countess of Arundel, during the imprisonment of the Earl. For both husband and wife, and for the former's sister, Margaret Sackville, Countess of Dorset, Father Southwell had a devoted affection.

After six years of a busy ministry passed in almost unbroken quiet, during which he published not a little prose through his private press, Father Southwell was betrayed on June 20, 1592, while he was a guest of the Bellamys at Uxendon Hall near Harrow. He fell at once into the all-dreaded hands of Richard Topcliffe, who in June wrote to the Queen, in his uniquely grotesque spelling, a letter in which he reports that he has Father Southwell manacled in the strong chamber of his house, and that there he keeps him out of sight of all eyes save those of Nicholas (the under-keeper) and 'my boye Nicolas,' who was the instrument of the capture. Topcliffe finds that the young priest's answers are all foul and suspicious; he feels it his duty to extract information from him by an ingenious torture called 'standing against the wall'; that is, his toes may touch the floor, and his hands be tied above his head as high as they can be drawn. Her Majesty is

begged to consider the expediency of all this, believing that so weighty a man (in the moral sense) had never come into Topcliffe's net.<sup>1</sup>

Later Southwell was moved to the Westminster Gatehouse and subsequently to the Tower. For a short while he was kept in a cell close to that of his dear friend Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel. They seem, however, never to have met. A pretty incident is recorded in the manuscript life of the latter. 'The Lieut. telling him . . . that his (the Earl's) dog came into Father Southwell's chamber whilst he was there with him, he answered that he loved his dog the better for it, and the Lieutenant in a scoffing manner saying it might be the dog came thither to have his blessing; the *Earl* reply'd, it was no news for irrational creatures to seek blessing at the hands of holy men.'<sup>2</sup> Southwell, in his publications and correspondence, had naturally long been concerned with Arundel and his tragic fortunes. The poem *I die without Desert* deals almost certainly with the sufferings and the character of Blessed Philip Howard, though the subject of the lines is presumed by both Turnbull and Grosart to be Mary, Queen of Scots. Our conclusion is borne out by Father Pollen.<sup>3</sup>

During the three years of his confinement, Blessed Robert Southwell was repeatedly racked and tortured. 'Thirteen times most cruelly tortured,' writes Cecil admiringly, 'he cannot be induced to confess anything, not even the colour of the horse whereon on a certain day he rode.'<sup>4</sup> From the Tower Southwell passed to the horrible dungeon in Newgate called 'Limbo,' and thence to his so-called trial under Chief Justice Popham. Charged with his priesthood, and his return to his native land as a 'seminarie,' Southwell, gentle and indomitable, like Campion, and surmounting the same extreme of physical exhaustion, made a magnificent defence of his innocent purposes; but he was condemned under the statute of high treason and sent to Tyburn to receive his crown on February 23, 1595. He was beatified by the Catholic Church on December 15, 1929. Southwell had a profound literary influence on the next generation. The subject has been treated by Father Thurston.<sup>5</sup>

98. TIMES GO BY TURNS: *Times goe by turnes*. Text from *Saint Peters Complaynt*, London, 1595, (S.T.C. 22956), British Museum, p. 39.

99. AND THE LORD, TURNING, LOOKED ON PETER: Stanzas 55-57, 62, 64-65 of *Saint Peters complaynt*. Text from *Saint Peters*

*complaynt*, 1595, (S.T.C. 22956), British Museum, pp. 14-17. The title comes from *St Luke*, xxii, 61; and the opening line of our fifth stanza refers to the *Canticle of Canticles* (*Solomon's Song*), vii, 4: 'Thine eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bath-Rabbim.' These stanzas echo closely stanzas 1, 55-60, of Luigi Tanzillo's *Le Lacrime di San Pietro*, which is the source of *Saint Peter's Complaint*, as Mario Praz has pointed out.<sup>6</sup>

100. A PRAYER FOR PARDON: Stanzas 126-128, 132 of *Saint Peters complaynt*. Text from *Saint Peters complaynt*, 1595, (S.T.C. 22956), British Museum, pp. 32-4. The reference to the story of King Manasseh is 2 *Paral.* (2 *Chron.*) xxxiii, 9-13; L. 16 is a rendering of a famous passage in the *Confessions* of Saint Augustine: *Da quod jubes: jube quod vis.*<sup>7</sup>

101. FLOWERS OF HEAVEN: *Seeke flowers of Heaven*. Text from *Mæoniæ*, 1595, (S.T.C. 22955), Bodleian, p. 32.

102. TO THE WOUND IN CHRIST'S SIDE: *Man to the wounde in Christs side*. Text from *Mæoniæ*, 1595, (S.T.C. 22955), Bodleian, pp. 22-3. The conception of the Wounded Heart as a 'pleasant port' is patristic; any one of scores of phrases which might be cited could have served for Southwell's inspiration.

103. THE DIVINE BLOSSOM: *Christs returne out of Egypt*. Text from *Mæoniæ*, 1595, (S.T.C. 22955), Bodleian, p. 10. The poem is based on the narrative of *St Matthew*, ii, 14-23. The text connotes the idea that the word 'Nazareth' means a flower. This is not quite accurate. The true meaning of 'Nazareth' is 'the protected one.' A somewhat similar Hebrew word, 'Nẕr' or 'Nāẕar,' does however mean a branchy garland, or coronal of flowers: on this Southwell may have founded his poetical metaphor.

104. NEW HEAVEN, NEW WAR: *New heaven, new warre*. Text from *Saint Peters Complaint*, 1605? (S.T.C. 22961), British Museum, pp. 75-77. The charming imagery in our second stanza comes from 2 *Paral.* (2 *Chron.*) v, 7-9, and *Tobias*, v, 3-5.

105. A CHILD MY CHOICE: *A child my choyse*. Text from *Saint Peters complaynt*, 1595, (S.T.C. 22956), British Museum, p. 46. The poem is familiar from its inclusion in anthologies. Our modern taste may sometimes wonder why Ben Jonson's enthusiasm for *The Burning Babe*, expressed to Drummond of Hawthornden in 1619, was not rather directed towards this other poem of the Divine Childhood, or towards *New Heaven, New War*. But *The Burning Babe* is all one metaphor, and the metaphor is a 'conceit' in true late sixteenth-century style; and Ben's critical faculty, perhaps the highest of his age, yet belonged to that age, and prized what pleased it.

106. SCORN NOT THE LEAST: *Scorne not the least*. Text from *Saint Peters complaynt*, 1595, (S.T.C. 22956), British Museum, p. 43. The Scriptural references are: for Haman and Mordecai, *Esther*, iii-iv;

for the 'certain beggar named Lazarus' and 'the rich man,' the *Gospel of St Luke*, xvi, 19-25.

107. THE PATHS OF PEACE: *To the Christian Reader*. Text from *St Peters complaint*, 1620, Barret edition, (S.T.C. 22965), Bodleian, sigs. T 9<sup>r</sup>-10. The whole conception of the austere leadership of Virtue is anticipatory of two celebrated passages of Milton.

A poem by Blessed Robert Southwell on Queen Mary Stuart's execution will be found on page 252 (no. 86), and another poem which may possibly be ascribed to him on page 282 (no. 94).

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Lansdowne MS.* 72, f. 113.

<sup>2</sup> *The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres, His Wife* (1857),

135-6

<sup>3</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, xxi, 323

<sup>4</sup> More, *Historia Provinciae Anglicanae Societatis Jesu* (1660), 193.

<sup>5</sup> *Catholic Writers and Elizabethan Readers*, in *The Month*, January, 1896, LXXXVI,

32-50.

<sup>6</sup> *M.L.R.*, July, 1924, xix, 273-90.      <sup>7</sup> x, xxix.



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BLESSED ROBERT SOUTHWELL

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98. TIMES GO BY TURNS

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower:  
The soriest wight may finde release of paine,  
The dryest soyle sucke in some moystning shower.  
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces chaunge by course:  
From foule to faire: from better happe, to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flowe,  
She drawes her favours to the lowest ebbe:  
Her tydes hath equall times to come and goe,  
Her Looome doth weave the fine and coursest webbe,  
No joy so great, but runneth to an end:  
No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies fall of leafe, nor ever spring,  
No endles night, yet not eternall day:  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storme a calme may soone alay.  
Thus with succeeding turnes God tempereth all:  
That man may hope to rise, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may winne that by mischaunce was lost,  
The net that holdes no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crost,  
Fewe, all they neede: but none, have all they wish,  
Unmedled joyes here to no man befall,  
Who least, hath some, who most, hath never all.

99. AND THE LORD, TURNING, LOOKED  
ON PETER

. . . . .  
IN time, o Lord, thine eyes with mine did meete,  
In them I reade the ruines of my fall:  
Their chearing raies that made misfortune sweete,  
Into my guiltie thoughts poud floods of gall,  
Their heavenly lookes that blest where they beheld,  
Darts of disdaine, and angrie checks did yeeld.

O sacred eyes, the springs of living light,  
The earthly heavens, where Angels joy to dwell:  
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,  
Or let your heavenly beames looke on my hell?  
But those unspotted eyes encountred mine,  
As spotlesse Sunne doth on the dounghill shine.

Sweet volumes stoard with learning fit for Saints,  
Where blisfull quires imparadize their minds,  
Wherein eternall studie never faints,  
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds,  
How endlesse is your laborinth of blisse,  
Where to be lost the sweetest finding is?

. . . . .  
O living mirrours, seeing whom you shew,  
which equall shadows worths with shadowed things:  
Yea make things nobler then in native hew,  
By being shap'd in those life-gyving springs;  
Much more my image in those eyes was grac'd,  
Then in my selfe, whom sinne and shame defac'd.

. . . . .  
O Pooles of Hesebon, the bathes of grace,  
Where happy spirits dive in sweet desires:  
Where Saints rejoyce to glasse theyr glorious face,  
Whose banks make Eccho to the Angels quires;  
An Eccho sweeter in the sole rebound,  
Then Angels musick in the fullest sound.

O eyes, whose glaunces are a silent speech,  
 In ciphred words high misteries disclosing:  
 Which with a looke all Sciences can teach,  
 Whose textes to faithfull harts neede little glosing:  
 Witnesse unworthy I, who in a looke,  
 Learn'd more by rote, then all the scribes by booke.

. . . . .

100. A PRAYER FOR PARDON

. . . . .

CHRIST, health of fever'd soule, heaven of the mind,  
 Force of the feeble, nurse of Infant loves,  
 Guide to the wandring foote, light of the blind,  
 Whom weeping winnes, repentant sorrow moves.  
 Father in care, mother in tender hart:  
 Revive and save me slaine with sinnefull dart.

If king Manasses sunke in depth of sinne,  
 With plaints and teares recovered grace and crowne:  
 A worthlesse worme some milde regard may winne,  
 And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.  
 A poore desire I have to mend my ill;  
 I should, I would, I dare not say, I will.

I dare not say; I will, but wish I may,  
 My pride is checkt, high wordes the speaker spilt:  
 My good, o Lord, thy gift; thy strength my stay:  
 Give what thou bidst, and then bid what thou wilt.  
 Worke with me that thou of me do'st request;  
 Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

. . . . .

Redeeme my lapse with raunsome of thy love,  
 Traverse th'inditement, rigors doome suspend:  
 Let frailtie favour, sorrowes succour move,  
 Be thou thy selfe, though changling I offend.  
 Tender my sute, clense this defiled denne,  
 Cancell my debts, sweet *Jesu*, say Amen.

101. FLOWERS OF HEAVEN

SOARE up my soule unto thy rest, cast off this loathsome  
 loade,  
 Long is the date of thy exile, too long the strickt abode.  
 Graze not on worldly withered weede, it fitteth not thy  
 taste,  
 The flowers of everlasting spring, doe grow for thy repast.  
 Their leaves are staine in beauties die, and blazed with their  
 beams  
 Their stalks enameld with delight, and limbde with glorious  
 gleams,  
 Life giving juice of living love, their sugred veines doth fill,  
 And watred with eternall showers, they nectared drops  
 distill.  
 These flowers do spring from fertile soile, though from  
 unmanurde field,  
 Most glittering gold in lieu of glebe, these fragrant flowers do  
 yeeld.  
 Whose soveraigne sent surpassing sense, so ravisheth the  
 minde.  
 That worldly weedes needs must be loath, that can these  
 flowers find.

102. TO THE WOUND IN CHRIST'S SIDE

O PLEASANT port, O place of rest,  
 O royal rift, O worthy wound,  
 Come harbour me a weary guest,  
 That in the world no ease have found.  
 I lie lamenting at thy gate,  
 Yet dare I not adventure in:  
 I beare with me a troublous mate,  
 And cumbred am with heape of sinne,  
 Discharge me of this heavy loade,  
 That easier passage I may find,  
 Within this bowre to make abode,  
 And in this glorious toomb be shrin'd.

Here must I live, here must I die,  
 Here would I utter all my griefe:  
 Here would I all those paines descrie,  
 Which here did meete for my releefe.  
 Here would I view that bloody sore,  
 Which dint of spiteful speare did breed:  
 The bloody woundes laid there in store  
 Would force a stony heart to bleede.  
 Here is the spring of trickling teares,  
 The mirror of all mourning wights,  
 With dolefull tunes, for dumpish eares,  
 And solemne shewes for sorrowed sights.  
 O happie soule that flies so hie,  
 As to attaine this sacred cave:  
 Lord send me wings that I may flie,  
 And in this harbour quiet have.

## 103. THE DIVINE BLOSSOM

**W**HEN death and hell their right in *Herod* claime,  
 Christ from exile returnes to native soile:  
 There, with his life more deeply death to maim  
 Then death did life by all the infants spoile.  
 He shewed the parents that the babes did mone,  
 That all their lives were lesse then his alone.  
 But hearing *Herods* sonne to have the crowne,  
 The impious offspring of a bloody sire,  
 To Nazareth (of heaven beloved) towne,  
 Flowre to a flowre he fitly doth retire.  
 For he is a flower and in a flower he bred,  
 And from a throne now to a flowre he fled.  
 And wel deserv'd this flower his fruit to vew  
 Where he invested was in mortal weede,  
 Where first into a tender bud he grew  
 In virgin branch unstaind with mortall seede.  
 Young flower, with flowers, in flower well may he be:  
 Ripe fruit he must with thornes hang on a tree.

## 104. NEW HEAVEN, NEW WAR

COME to your heaven you heavenly quires,  
Earth hath the heaven of your desires:  
Remove your dwelling to your God,  
A stall is now his best abode;  
Sith men their homage doe denie,  
Come Angels all their fault supply.

His chilling cold doth heate require,  
Come Seraphins in lieu of fire;  
This little Arke no cover hath,  
Let Cherubs wings his bodie swathe:  
Come Raphaell, this Babe must eate,  
Provide our little Tobie meate.

Let Gabriell be now his groome,  
That first tooke up his earthly roome;  
Let Michaell stand in his defence,  
Whom love hath linkt to feeble sense,  
Let Graces rocke when he doth crie,  
Let Angels sing his lullabie.

The same you saw in heavenly seate,  
Is he that now sucks Maries teate;  
Agnize your King a mortall wight,  
His borrowed weed lets not your sight:  
Come kisse the maunger where he lies,  
That is your blisse above the skies.

This little Babe, so few dayes olde,  
Is comne to ryfle Sathans folde;  
And hell doth at his presence quake,  
Though he himselfe for cold doe shake:  
For in this weake unarmed wise,  
The gates of hell he will surprise.

With teares he fights and winnes the field,  
 His naked breast stands for a shield;  
 His battering shot are babish cries,  
 His Arrowes lookes of weeping eyes,  
 His Martiall ensignes cold and neede,  
 And feeble flesh his warriers steede.

His Campe is pitched in a stall,  
 His bulwarke but a broken wall:  
 The Crib his trench, hay stalks his stakes,  
 Of Sheepheards he his Muster makes;  
 And thus as sure his foe to wound,  
 The Angells trumps alarum sound.

My soule with Christ joyne thou in fight,  
 Stick to the tents that he hath dight;  
 Within his Crib is surest ward,  
 This little Babe will be thy guard:  
 If thou wilt foyle thy foes with joy,  
 Then flit not from the heavenly boy.

#### 105. A CHILD MY CHOICE

LET folly praise that fancie loves, I praise and love that  
 child,  
 Whose hart, no thought, whose tong, no word: whose hand  
 no deed defild.  
 I praise him most, I love him best, all praise and love is his:  
 While him I love, in him I live, and cannot live amisse.

Loves sweetest mark, lawdes highest theme, mans most  
 desired light,  
 To love him, life: to leave him, death: to live in him, delight.  
 He mine, by gift: I his, by debt: thus each, to others due:  
 First friend he was: best friend he is: all times will try him  
 true.

Though young, yet wise: though smal, yet strong: though  
man yet God he is:

As wise, he knowes: as strong, he can: as God, he loves to  
blisse.

His knowledge rules: his strength, defends: his love, doth  
cherish all:

His birth, our joye: his life, our light: his death, our end of  
thrall.

Alas, he weepes, he sighes, he pants, yet doo his Angels sing:  
Out of his teares, his sighes and throbs, doth bud a joyfull  
spring.

Almightie babe, whose tender armes can force all foes to  
flie:

Correct my faults, protect my life, direct me when I die.

#### 106. SCORN NOT THE LEAST

**W**HERE wards are weake, & foes encountering  
strong:

Where mightier doe assault, then doe defend:

The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,

And silent sees, that speech could not amend.

Yet higher powers must thinke, though they repine,

When sunne is set: the little starres will shine.

While Pike doth range, the silly Tench doth flie,

And crouch in privie creekes, with smaller fish:

Yet Pikes are caught when little fish goe bie:

These, fleet a flote; while those, doe fill the dish.

There is a time even for the wormes to creepe:

And sucke the dew while all their foes do sleepe.

The Marlyne cannot ever sore on high,

Nor greedy Grey-hound still pursue the chase:

The tender Larke will finde a time to flie,

And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.

He that high growth on Ceders did bestow:

Gave also lowly Mush-rumpts leave to grow.



In Amans pompe poore Mardocheus wept;  
Yet God did turne his fate upon his foe.  
The Lazar pinde, while Dives feast was kept,  
Yet he, to heaven; to hell did Dives goe.  
We trample grasse, and prize the flowers of May:  
Yet grasse is greene, when flowers doe fade away.

## 107. THE PATHS OF PEACE

IF vertue be thy guide,  
True comfort is thy path,  
And thou secure from erring steps,  
That leade to vengeance wrath.

Not widest open dore,  
Nor spacious wayes she goes,  
To straight and narrow gate and way,  
She cals, she leades, she shewes.

She cals, the fewest come,  
She leades the humble sprited,  
She shewes them rest at rases end,  
Soules rest to heaven invited.

Tis she that offers most,  
Tis she that most refuse,  
Tis she prevents the broad way plagues,  
Which most do wilfull chuse.

Do chuse the wide, the broad,  
The left hand way and gate:  
These vice applauds, these vertue loaths  
And teacheth hers to hate.

Her wayes are pleasant wayes,  
Upon the right hand side,  
And heavenly happie is that soule,  
Takes vertue for her guide.

## XXIX. HENRY CONSTABLE

1562-1613

HENRY CONSTABLE was the son of Robert Constable of Newark,<sup>1</sup> knighted by the Earl of Essex in Scotland in 1570;<sup>2</sup> the grandson of Sir Robert Constable of Everingham who married Catherine Manners, through whom the poet was distantly related to the Earl of Shrewsbury; and the great-grand-nephew of the Sir Robert Constable who was hanged in chains at Hull in 1537, for his share in the Pilgrimage of Grace.<sup>3</sup> Sir Robert Constable of Newark held the office of Master of the Ordinance,<sup>4</sup> which is enough to prove that he was not a Catholic; but his sister Barbara married a Recusant, Sir William Babthorpe, whose son Sir Ralph Babthorpe was the father of a large family numbering priests and nuns among its members, so that the poet had Catholic kinsfolk.<sup>5</sup>

He matriculated as a Fellow-Commoner from St John's College, Cambridge, at Easter, 1578, and took his Bachelor's degree by a special grace on January 15, 1579-80.<sup>6</sup> He is next heard of in Paris on December 15, 1583, when Stafford writes to Walsingham promising to further Constable's interests, not only as his own cousin, but because of the recommendation from Walsingham which Constable has brought with him.<sup>7</sup> The poet was still in Paris on May 30, 1584, when Stafford suggested to Walsingham that Queen Elizabeth should authorize him to send either 'Mr Bacon at Bordeaux or my cousin Constable' to comfort the French King in his religion.<sup>8</sup> From this letter it would appear that the poet was employed as an English political agent, and that he was not yet a Catholic.

From a letter of Constable to Walsingham on July 14, 1584, we learn little more than that he is still in Paris.<sup>9</sup> In May, 1585, he appears to have been in Heidelberg or Hamburg (probably the latter), where he defended Queen Elizabeth in a pamphlet, which has not survived if it was ever published, against the 'slanders' of Thomas Throckmorton.<sup>10</sup> He alludes to this pamphlet in a sonnet addressed *To the Queene: upon occasion of a Booke he wrote in Answer to certayne objections against her proceedings in the Low Countryes*.<sup>11</sup> Tanner MS. 169, which dates from about 1620, says that Constable was in Heidelberg, but Anthony Tyrrell alludes in 1593 to the fact that Constable had once done good Protestant service in Ham-

burg.<sup>12</sup> Thomas Throckmorton was a well-known English Catholic of the Spanish party. 5

In 1587, Constable's cousin Babthorpe and 'Henry Constable, of Holderness,' a Recusant relative who is not to be confused with our author, appear on a list of Catholics in Norfolk who were considered by '*Jacobus Stuart, natione Scotus*,' favourable to Spain.<sup>13</sup>

We next hear of Constable on October 20, 1589, when Thomas Fowler writes to Cecil from Edinburgh that the poet has had several secret conferences with King James, in which he has fulfilled a commission from the Earl of Essex and Lord and Lady Rich, brought with him Lady Rich's picture (perhaps the portrait by Hilliard on which he wrote a sonnet which survives), and transmitted a special message from 'the Lady Talbot [later Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury] . . . , saying that it might be that in respect he was in the company and so near allied to the lady Arbella [*i.e.*, Arabella Stuart, a rival claimant to King James for the English succession], he might be taken partial of her side; but he protested he knew the right, and ought his duty to him, as he should have good proof when time served.' Constable also brought the King 'commendations from the Countesses of Warwick and Cumberland, and pressed the King to write to Lady Rich, but the King would not do so.'<sup>14</sup>

This letter serves to date some of Constable's secular sonnets and to shed considerable light on the allusions to contemporary figures which they contain.

The poet seems to have returned at once to London. On November 2, 1589, R. Douglas, the nephew of the Scottish Ambassador in London, writes from Edinburgh to Constable in London that 'the day after I parted from you his Majesty embarked, so it was impossible for me to speak with him, or to learn of himself that which I promised to learn.' Apparently the King had given a packet destined for Constable to the wrong man. Douglas adds: 'I am busy here with one of your books which I received yesternight from Mr Hilman. I see perfectly therein the draughts of the spirit of my *Sconsolato*(?), which I honour.' From this letter it would seem as if Constable's Petrarchan love sonnets were already circulating. The letter was evidently intercepted by Cecil, as well as another letter from Douglas written in French on the same day to 'V.S.P.,' from which it is plain that Constable had carried letters and a report upon Scottish conditions to the latter, who was perhaps a French agent.<sup>15</sup> What followed the

visit to King James is by no means clear. Whether Constable was arrested or succeeded in fleeing the country at once is doubtful. The Todd manuscript of his sonnets is followed by two sonnets by an unknown author, the second of which, *To H.C. upon occasion of leaving his countrye, and sweetnesse of his verse*, ends with the lines:

Come, feare thou not the cage, but loyall be,  
And ten to one thy Sovereigne pardons thee.<sup>16</sup>

This suggests no very serious view of the matter, but a biographical account of Constable in the Westminster Cathedral Archives<sup>17</sup> states that he was stripped of his inheritance and exiled twice. Although no dates are given, his first enforced exile may date from this period. Perhaps the safest inference to draw is that Constable fled the country because he was suspected of treasonable dealings with James VI, and that he remained abroad because he had meanwhile become a Catholic.

Elizabeth may have regarded Constable's association with Arabella Stuart, to whom he wrote several sonnets, as treasonable. From the internal evidence of his love sonnets, it would appear that one of the ladies he loved was associated with the Shrewsburys and with Arabella Stuart and that her name was Grace. Perhaps she was Grace Talbot, the wife of Henry Cavendish. Other love sonnets are obviously addressed to Sidney's 'Stella,' Penelope Devereux, Lady Rich.

The date of Constable's conversion appears to have been 1591. This is to be inferred from the examination of Anthony Tyrrell before Richard Young on October 10, 1593. 'He [Young] asked this examine if he knew Mr Constable, and he said very well, and marvelled that he would play such a part, having been so well affected in religion, as he was before both at Hamburg<sup>18</sup> and in England. And Ferris told him that Mr Constable spoke very broad in maintenance of the Popish religion at a supper in Sir Roger Williams' chamber, and that, fearing lest he should be sent back into England, he took his horses the next morning and rode away, and now he is in great favour with the King; as Ferris said, but this examine said that his revolt was the cause of his father's death.<sup>19</sup> Sir Robert Constable died on November 12, 1591.<sup>20</sup>

According to Thompson Cooper,<sup>21</sup> the poet sold his Newark property soon after his father's death to William Cecil, grandson of Burghley; but this sale left Constable financially embarrassed,

for he had still to settle his father's accounts as Master of the Ordnance with the Government, as is clear from a letter dated February 28, 1592, from Sir John Fortescue to Mr Fanshaw, the Remembrancer. Thompson Cooper unfortunately cited no references for these statements, and we have been unable to trace his warrant for them.

In 1591 Constable contributed a laudatory sonnet to James VI's *Poeticall Exercises*,<sup>22</sup> and in the following year his sequence of twenty-three sonnets entitled *Diana* appeared in London. The unique surviving copy of this book, which is incomplete, is now in the Huntington Library in California.<sup>23</sup> In 1594, *Diana* 'augmented with divers Quatorzains of honorable and learned personages,' was reissued, omitting one sonnet, but including sixty-four others. Of the eighty-six sonnets in this edition,<sup>24</sup> eight are known to be by Sir Philip Sidney, and considerable suspicion as to the authorship of forty-one other sonnets must be raised. A manuscript in the library of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, known as the *Todd Manuscript*,<sup>25</sup> which Park dates about 1590,<sup>26</sup> has sixty-three sonnets by Constable, of which thirty-eight do not appear in either the 1592 or 1594 *Diana*. Four of the thirty-eight new sonnets were published, however, with Constable's signature in the 1595 edition of Sidney's *Apologie for Poetry*.<sup>27</sup>

Seventeen *Spirituell Sonnettes To the honour of God: and hys Sayntes* survive in *Harleian MS.* 7553, ff. 32-40. Sir Sidney Lee dates these about 1593.<sup>28</sup> Constable also contributed a commendatory sonnet to Bolton's *Elements of Armorie*, 1610.<sup>29</sup> The four poems signed 'H.C.' in *Englands Helicon*, long held to be Constable's, are now ascribed to Henry Chettle. One of them had already appeared in *Piers Plainness*<sup>30</sup> in 1595, which is usually assigned to Chettle, though it is signed simply with the initials 'H.C.'<sup>31</sup>

Twenty-one sonnets to be found also either in *Diana* or in the *Todd Manuscript* survive in *Add. MS.* 28,635, ff. 89-94, which is a nineteenth-century transcript of a manuscript belonging to Dr Harington of Bath, containing poems by Sir John Harington and others. The poems to Lady Rich are there dated 1589. Sir John Harington knew Constable and alludes to him in his translation of *Orlando Furioso*, 1591.<sup>32</sup> Thirteen sonnets appear unsigned in *Ashmole MS.* 38.<sup>33</sup> Two sonnets appear in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.<sup>34</sup>

The Constable canon remains unaltered since Hazlitt estab-

lished it in 1859, save for the rejection of the four poems in *Englands Helicon*, and the addition of the commendatory sonnet to Edmund Bolton. Park ascribes to Constable the sonnet prefixed to James I's βασιλικὸν δῶρον.<sup>35</sup> This is now usually ascribed to James I, though its excellence seems beyond his powers. It bears no resemblance to Constable's other sonnets, and it is hard to believe that this convinced glorification of the divine right of kings proceeds from his pen.

It would seem that in his early life Constable had travelled extensively on the Continent. Tyrrell, as we have seen, alludes to the poet's stay in Hamburg, and in a sonnet by Constable addressed *To the Queene: after his retorne out of Italye* he alludes to his recent travels in Poland.<sup>36</sup> He is known to have left Italy in the summer of 1595. An unsigned report to Cecil from Rome dated August 11, 1595, says that 'Harry Constable is departed from Rome and gone into France. They do not trust him in anything, so I learn by their own speeches.'<sup>37</sup> By September he had reached Paris. On September 22, Ed. Wylton writes in cipher to the Earl of Essex: 'I have met with Harry Constable in Paris: hee protesteth love and loyalty to his country hate to Spayn and al service to your lordship *salva conscientia* he hath a thousand crounes pention [sic] of the King his intelligence good with the Papistes both in England and on this side the seas and I thincke the advertisements he is willing to give your Lordship in that behalfe wilbe nothing offensive.'<sup>38</sup>

On October 6, Constable wrote directly to Essex saying that 'he was more affectionate to him than to any' before he left England, and that although his difference from Essex in religious matters had since forced him to depend on others, this had been against his will. He says that while he is passionately devoted to his religion, he does not wish its restoration in England or the servitude of his country to foreign tyranny, and that he has on several occasions dissuaded some of his Catholic countrymen from violence, 'and such as be in authority in the church from approving of them.' He offers his services to Essex, 'hopes his Lordship will be . . . willing that he should have some preferment under a King that loves his lordship,' and suggests that Essex should recommend him to the King 'for greater and surer maintenance.' The letter seems to have reached Cecil.<sup>39</sup>

Constable wrote on the same day offering his services to Anthony Bacon. In this letter he discloses his proposals more

fully. 'An honest man may be a Catholic and be no fool. And further I need not write, because my purpose is not to prove my Religion but to excuse myself. Howbeit if by looking into the uncertain state of things to come [in other words, the succession to the throne] by reason of the said Division, you did desire an Union, which neither by severity of Laws against us, nor by the practices of ours is to be brought to pass, it is the thing in the world I would desire the most, to confer with so virtuous and so wise a Gentleman, as you, thereof.'<sup>40</sup>

Apparently neither Essex nor Bacon responded at the time to these appeals. Constable wrote once more to Essex on December 7 asking him how he stood in the Earl's opinion,<sup>41</sup> but no reply to this letter has been preserved.

On January 8, 1596, he wrote to Anthony Bacon from Rouen sending him 'a copy of a little encounter between the ministers of the French gospel . . . which . . . I have not published as yet . . . If either here, or at Rome, whither if possible, I can recover means to make the journey, I mind to go, I may do you or my country any service, which a Catholic & an honest man may do, I will not fail to employ myself therein. If it please you to vouchsafe me any answer, I beseech you to deliver it to Mr Edmonds who can inform you of my honest purpose.'<sup>42</sup> The pamphlet to which he refers was probably not published. Constable was concerned, however, in a treatise published by the Bishop of Evreux, afterwards Cardinal Davy du Perron, entitled *Refutation de l'écrit de Maistre Daniel Tilenus contre le Discours de Monsieur l'Evesque d'Evreux, touchant les Traditions Apostoliques*. There is a copy of this book in the British Museum.<sup>43</sup> In the preface,<sup>44</sup> du Perron states that Constable has lent his name for the book, but has not written it.

Cecil must have warned Shrewsbury at least to avoid Constable, for on October 3, 1596, the Earl writes to Cecil from Rouen that Constable is there, and that he has asked Edmonds to tell him that he wishes to have no further dealings with him.<sup>45</sup>

On March 10, 1597 (N.S.), the poet wrote to Essex again in terms which show that there was by now a friendly understanding between them. He renews his protests of lawful affection for his country, and says that he has written to Rome to dissuade the Pope from believing that the English Catholics are in favour of Spain's designs against Queen Elizabeth. He introduces the bearer as one who has just come from Rome 'to suggest that those of my

condition should by oath oppose ourselves against all violent proceedings for religion. His intention is to go into Scotland to inform the Catholics there of the finished purposes of Spain, and he requested me to seek means to inform English Catholics of the same.<sup>246</sup>

On October 31, 1597, John Petit writes to Peter Halins, *alias* Thos. Phelippes, from Liège: 'I like her Majesty's religion better than the Scot's. One Constable, a fine poetical wit who resides in Paris, has in his head a plot to draw the Queen to be Catholic. It is to be wrought by means of M. Sancy, a great minion of the King of France, and of the bishop that went to Rome to procure him absolution.'<sup>247</sup> We next hear a rumour in an anonymous news-letter of September 5-15, 1598, that 'an Englishman, thought to be Constable, is going from the Pope into Scotland, with Tempest, a priest.'<sup>248</sup> This is confirmed on September 12 by Sir Thomas Edmondes in a letter to Cecil from Paris. 'It was projected there between the Legate and the English, to send Mr Constable to Scotland, to encourage the King to allow the Catholics there a toleration of Religion; and to assure him, that the Catholics in England should be at his devotion. And because that King was curious in the knowledge of the controversies of Religion, wherein Mr Constable was held to be very well exercised, that thereby he should seek to practise on the said King's mind.'<sup>249</sup> A French spy warns Cecil on September 19-29 that '*voire agent* [sic] *fréquente fort un homme nomme Mre. Conestable, anglois, lequel est un double traître, car c'est luy qui fait tenir toutes les lettres par un poste nomme Jean Symonds qui viennent des Jesuites et autres meschants en Angleterre.*'<sup>250</sup> This seems to imply no more than that Constable was working against the Spanish party among English Catholics abroad.

In December, 1598, Cecil received information that 'the English priests at Paris, by aid of the Bishop of Paris, labour with the King for a new college or seminary there; especially Mr Constable and Dr Smith.'<sup>251</sup> Constable's name appears at the head of a list of English Catholics residing in Paris sent by a spy to Cecil in this year.<sup>252</sup>

On March 3, 1599, George Nicolson reports to Cecil from Edinburgh that Constable has arrived from France. 'The Laird of Boniton, a great papist, is come with him.' George More reports to Nicolson from Leith on the following day that Constable has come to offer his services to the King. On March 6, Roger Aston



reports to Cecil from Holyrood that the King has refused Constable an audience. On the 24th, Nicolson informs Cecil that the poet has been cited before the Lords of Sessions.<sup>53</sup> Apparently no harm came to him, as John Colville encloses in a letter to Cecil on August 18 a memorandum from his nephew about the negotiations of the poet and the Laird of Boniton with King James on behalf of the Pope. Nicolson reports to Cecil on September 22 that Constable is going to France.<sup>54</sup>

The object of Constable's mission is clear enough from a dispatch sent by the French Ambassador in London on September 1, to the King of France: '*J'apprens icy que le Roy du dict pays [Scotland] est fort pressé de Sa Sainteté, par l'entremise de Constable, Anglois, et Boniton, Escossois, naguères arrivés de France, d'accorder aux Catholiques liberté de conscience et déclarer la guerre a la Royne d'Angleterre, lui offrant pour cest effect grand denier et l'assistance de tous les Princes catholiques de la Chrestienté et d'ung grand nombre de Catholiques de ce royaume.*'<sup>55</sup> Rumours of Constable's mission had reached Brussels in August. John Petit writes to Peter Halins from Brussels on August 18-28: 'You say that some there will not believe that the King of Scots intends to cut the grass under Her Majesty's feet.' He also alludes to 'what has been done in Paris by Constable and the English priests of the Scottish faction.'<sup>56</sup>

Further light on Constable's mission is shed by the examination of 'the Irish priest, Thomas O'Mulckloy' on May 6, 1599. 'There was an Englishman (servant to Mr Constable) that remained in Dundee with this Irishman till one Matthew Sempill (serviteur to the Lord Sempill now in Spain, and going thither to the same lord) did come to Dundee. This Englishman, as soon as he had spoken with the said Matthew, did return back to Mr Constable his master at the Court of Edinburgh. The Irishman may therefore be demanded, (1) what covenant he had with the said Englishman or with Mr Constable. . . . (2) Also, if he spake with another Englishman, a pedagogue to the young earl of Mar. . . . (3) Also, if he spake with the King. After Mr Constable had been with the young lord of Boniton (who is excommunicate) at Brussels, he returned to Paris, and after many days' conference with the Bishop of Glasgow, he went home to Scotland with the said Boniton, for whom the King did earnestly write notwithstanding his excommunication.'<sup>57</sup>

The mission was unsuccessful. John Petit writes to Peter

Halins from Brussels on November 13-23, 1599: 'Mr Constable has returned from Scotland to Antwerp, and enquired for Tempest, a priest, and then for the Earl of Westmoreland, with whom walking, they met an English youth that is with a printer, and asked him what books are printing against the King of Scotland's title; he said he knew of none . . . Constable says the King of Scotland relies on no party in England but the Puritans, and will enter with that pretence, and before the tree falls, if he can find opportunity.'<sup>58</sup> The printer to whom allusion is made in this letter is probably Verstegan.

On December 7-17, Petit writes to the same correspondent from Antwerp: 'Mr Constable has been to Paris, but since his return from Scotland, he has been as backward for the King of Scots as he was forward before; he speaks of him as little better than an atheist, of no courage nor judgment, and says he and his intend to make havoc of England, when the day comes.'<sup>59</sup> However this may be, the poet was evidently still committed to the affair. Advices from Scotland to Cecil in April, 1600, speak of 'advertisement given to the King by Henry Constable, from Arragon,' which seems to mean that Constable was then in Spain, and on July 22, 1600, George Nicolson reports to Cecil from Edinburgh that a book written by Henry Constable has been sent to the King. 'There is also a printed book comed to the King, intituled a counterfeit discourse between counterfeit travellers, etc. said to be written & sent by Henry Constable. It is against Doleman—but Persons he terms him—against them and their reasons that wold not have her Majestie name her successor, in favour of the King and his title, and in favour of the Pope's authority in such cases.'<sup>60</sup>

From a statement made by Father Persons to the Duke of Sesia late in 1600 or early in 1601, it would appear that Constable's real aim at this time was to win English Catholic freedom by French rather than by Spanish aid. This seems probable in view of his French pension.

The document states that Henry Constable, who in recent years had been in Rome and had gone afterwards to live in Paris upon an allowance from the Duchess of Vendôme, the King's sister, continued to write to the Pope and to Cardinal Baronio making proposals for the conversion of England by means of France. The plans which Constable proposed had been discussed by Cardinal Baronio with Father Persons in the previous May, and as Persons

had assured him that they had no practical basis, the Cardinal had told him that the Pope would not consider them. Constable continued to press his suggestions, apparently in conjunction with certain other Englishmen in Flanders; and had, it was reported, gained over M. d'Epernon and M. de Sancy, two great 'politicians' in France, who had won to the idea the Papal Nuncio in Paris among others. They had sent Robert Tempest, an English doctor, whose brother was 'one of the most seditious priests in Rome,' to try and win over the Earl of Westmorland and David Ingleby, his brother-in-law. Constable had also written to Dr Stapleton of Louvain, Dr Barrett, then Rector of the English seminary at Douay, and Doctor Gifford, Dean of Lille. The memorandum points out Gifford's close connection with Paget in Flanders, and his continuous correspondence with Mauvissière in Rome. The general object of Constable's plan, according to this document, was to bring England into the French sphere of influence at the expense of Spain through negotiations at the instance at the King of France, for the granting of qualified religious liberty during the life of Queen Elizabeth. After her death the understanding would be that the same religious freedom would continue under the rule of the King of Scotland, who was mixed up in the affair. The King of Scotland, the document goes on to state, had already begun to arrange the matter with his nobles, and had appointed the Archbishop of Glasgow as his ambassador in France. The Archbishop's devotion to the French was such that he would aid Constable's object with all his power. The memorandum reports a rumour that the matter has advanced so far that its promoters have their agents in England with the Earl of Essex and other members of the Queen's Council, that Lord Dacre is in Paris with the Archbishop of Glasgow, that it is said that he is to go to Scotland to discuss the matter with the King, and that Constable is to be sent to Rome on a similar errand.<sup>61</sup>

The Duke of Sesia forwarded this information to Spain from Rome, and on February 1, 1601, the Spanish Council of State reported to Philip III that an English Catholic named Constable, a great confidant of the King of Scotland, had arrived in Rome, it was believed with the consent of the King, and had tried to persuade the Pope that the King might be converted; that if the Pope and the Spanish King would help him to the English succession, both countries—England and Scotland—might return to the Catholic faith. Constable promised to promote this. It was Father

Persons's opinion that Constable might be sent to sound the King of Scotland. The Pope would not consent, but told him that he might go on his own account without any authority. It was most important that the King of Spain should decide quickly whom he wished to succeed on the death of Queen Elizabeth, as it was feared otherwise that the chief men might agree with the King of Scotland. The Council was satisfied that the real claimants were now reduced to the Infanta and the Archduke on the one hand, on the other the King of Scotland. The Council approved of the Pope's refusal to give a brief to Constable authorizing him to enter into negotiations for the conversion of the King of Scotland. The latest information which had come to the Council was that King James was of the same religion as the Queen of England. The Council thought it probable that Constable might come back with feigned professions of conversion (like those of the King of France) in order to gain the Pope, to the great injury of Catholicism there.<sup>62</sup>

A paper dated October (?), 1601, describes Constable's appearance and circumstances at this time and alludes to him as 'pensioner of the King of France.'<sup>63</sup>

One Christopher Cocks sent Cecil on February 10, 1601-2, a letter which was in the possession of Mr Tristram Tirwhit when he died near Siena in the winter of 1601. The writer of this letter says that he is 'credibly informed that H. C . . . e was employed here [Rome?] by the French king to negotiate . . . with the P[ope]' about the English succession.<sup>64</sup> This Tristram Tirwhit may have been related to Constable. The Babthorpes and Tyrwhitts intermarried.

On March 24, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died and James I succeeded to the English throne. Constable was hopeful, and on June 11 he wrote to Cecil from Paris expressing his wish to return to England, and stating that he had inferred from the English Ambassador that Cecil was not unwilling that he should do so. He says that he has also written to the King through Scottish friends, and that he will be careful 'to behave himself to the King's liking in all actions that he can with reason require of one of his religion.'<sup>65</sup> We have no record of Cecil's reply to this letter, but it is clear that Constable soon returned to England.

We next hear of him as a prisoner in the Tower. On April 28, 1604, the Venetian Ambassador wrote home to the Doge and Senate: 'A few days ago Henry Constable was sent to the Tower

on account of some intercepted letters, which he had written to the Papal Nuncio in France [Del Buffalo], in which he said that he held it for certain that the King had no religion at all, and that everything he did was governed by political expediency.<sup>66</sup> He was committed to the Tower about April 15 and released on July 9. Cobham and Raleigh were among his fellow-prisoners.<sup>67</sup> On his release, he was confined for a time to his own house, and was then exiled.<sup>68</sup>

While confined in the Tower, Constable wrote a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury on May first,<sup>69</sup> and two to Cecil.<sup>70</sup> In his letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, he says that he will be grateful if the Lords of the Council will permit his friends to visit him, especially his cousin Sir William Constable and his uncle. Sir William Constable was the son of Sir Robert Constable of Flamborough and Holme, Yorkshire, who had been fined £100 for his share in Essex's rebellion, and who was later to become one of the regicides.

Two undated letters to the Countess of Shrewsbury also survive, which have been incorrectly assigned to 1596.<sup>71</sup> One of these letters was evidently written after Constable's release from the Tower, while he was confined to his house. In it he writes: 'I hear the Counsell hath a purpose to banish me, which if it be so, I would desire, by my Lord's means and my other good friends', to obtayn two requests; the one, that I be not absolutely banished, but so as upon my good deserts I may return; the other, that I may, with the King's good liking, and som of my friends' recommendation, go with the Constable of Castill into Spayn; for that the King of France (which sent my letters into England, for which I am troubled, and heareth that his dealing with me is a blot to his reputation among thos of my profession) will be my enemy.'

In the other letter, which seems to have been written later from abroad, he writes: 'God is my witnes that the miserys of France be not such as should make me once wish to return for any great benefit if it weare not onely for your cause and yours.' He promises that if he is allowed to return to England, he will 'ingraft an English humor' into himself. Otherwise he will 'live contented with how little soever I shall have, serving no other mistres but God Allmighty, who I know will love me if I love him, & in whose company I can be when I will.' He appears to be about to join the King's army abroad.

A copy of a letter also exists from Constable to Dr Bagshaw,

a Catholic divine at the College of Mignon in Paris who disputed later with Daniel Featley. This was written from Kingston on January 9, 1604-5, giving intelligence of priests in England.<sup>72</sup> 'All the Catho[lick] prisoners of England are released save t[hose] in the Clunck.' The letter has suffered badly from fire.

Apparently Constable returned to England later, for on January 8, 1607-8, the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the Earl of Shrewsbury to say that Henry Constable, having neglected to appear according to his engagement, had been apprehended.<sup>73</sup> From Constable's two letters to the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury respectively, dated from the Fleet Prison on February 9, 1607-8, we gather that they had befriended him in prison with money and in other ways. On February 11, John Chamberlain writes to Sir Dudley Carleton that Tobie Matthew is ordered to depart the realm, and that Harry Constable and Richard Carey are committed to prison.<sup>74</sup>

We do not hear of Constable again until September 4, 1612, when he was present, as one of a group of witnesses which also included Ben Jonson and a young man named John Ford, who was very possibly the dramatist, at a religious disputation on the question of the Real Presence which took place between the Bishop of Chalcedon and Daniel Featley, the Protestant divine, at the house of an Englishman named Knevet in Paris. This Knevet was related to Ford.<sup>75</sup>

In 1613, Benjamin Carier, an English divine who had sought the union of the Church of England with Rome and, finding this impossible, had become a Catholic, was at the Jesuit College in Liège, and appears to have been in communication with Cardinal du Perron through Constable. He wrote a letter to King James from Liège on December 12, 1613, which was subsequently printed.<sup>76</sup> This letter serves to fix approximately the date of Constable's death, when taken in conjunction with the statement of George Hakewil, who writes, alluding to Carier's French mission: 'But God blessed not his vaine project, *Mr Henrie Constable* dying within fortnight after he came from *Paris*, by Cardinal *Perrons* appointment, to *Leidge*, to conferre with him; and himselfe a while after in *Paris*, within a moneth of his comming thither to conferre with the *Cardinall*.'<sup>77</sup> This would imply that Constable died at Liège toward the end of 1613. October 9, 1613, is the date usually assigned without citation of authority.<sup>78</sup>

The account of Constable in the Westminster Cathedral Archives states that he had<sup>76</sup> been imprisoned in the Tower for three years, that he lived at Paris for many years, and that he spent twelve years at Lyons [error for 'Liège'?] where he died. It describes the circumstances of his last illness and death.<sup>79</sup>

The problem of clearing up the details of the poet's biography is complicated by the fact that there were at least two other men of the same name in England at the time, one of whom, Sir Henry Constable of Holderness, was a Recusant relative of the poet. Another 'Harry Constable' died in November, 1611. Either he or a third Henry Constable, who was living in December, 1598, was not unconnected with the Earl of Essex and Sir Henry Constable's daughter Dorothy Lawson.<sup>80</sup> There also survives a warrant to the Lord Treasurer dated May 20, 1605, 'not to suffer any grant or lease to be made of the lordship and demesnes of Chopwell, in the Bishopric of Durham, to Hen. Constable or any other, the same being already in lease to Ambrose Dudley.'<sup>81</sup>

Constable's poems were praised by Ben Jonson,<sup>82</sup> Edmund Bolton,<sup>83</sup> Sir John Harington,<sup>84</sup> Robert Tofte,<sup>85</sup> Drayton,<sup>86</sup> and the author of *The Returne from Parnassus*.<sup>87</sup> His work is alluded to by Edward Phillips, Meres, Winstanley and Samuel Holland.<sup>88</sup> Harington and Tofte call Constable their very good friend.

*The Catholike Moderator*, 1623 (and later editions), which has been ascribed to Constable, is clearly not his. It seems, however, to have been issued as by 'H.C.' in the hope of thus pressing his name posthumously into Protestant controversy.

108. TO GOD THE FATHER: *To God the father*. Text from *Harl. MS.* 7553, f. 32.

109. TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT: *To the blessed Sacrament*. Text from *Harl. MS.* 7553, f. 33<sup>v</sup>.

110, 111. TO OUR BLESSED LADY: *To our blessed Lady*. Text from *Harl. MS.* 7553, ff. 37<sup>v</sup>, 38<sup>v</sup>.

112. TO SAINT PETER AND SAINT PAUL: *To St Peter and St Paul*. Text from *Harl. MS.* 7553, f. 35<sup>v</sup>.

113. TO SAINT MARY MAGDALEN: *To St Mary Magdalen*. Text from *Harl. MS.* 7553, f. 39.

114. TO SAINT MARGARET: *To St Margaret*. Text from *Harl. MS.* 7553, f. 37. The poem is addressed to St Margaret of Antioch, who was disowned by her pagan father because she refused to marry

the prefect Olybrius of Pisidia. She is said to have fought with the devil, who appeared to her in the form of a dragon. She was beheaded, and her relics are believed to rest at Montefiascone in the Cathedral.

115. ON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: The second of *Four Sonnets written by Henrie Constable to Sir Phillip Sidneyes soule*. Text from Sidney, *An Apologie for Poetrie*, 1595, Olney edition, (S.T.C. 22534), Bodleian, sig. A 3.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Dodsworth MS.*, 118, f. 74<sup>r</sup> (Bodleian).
- <sup>2</sup> *Register and Magazine of Biography*, Jan., 1869, I, 4.
- <sup>3</sup> Foster, *Yorkshire Pedigrees*, III, Certificate of Henry Constable's descent in *Add. MS.* 12,225, f. 59 (*Aspidora Segariana*).
- <sup>4</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* 4th Report, Appendix, 335; P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, Addenda, xxxii, 10.
- <sup>5</sup> Morris, *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, I, 220.
- <sup>6</sup> Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, I, 380, *Register and Magazine of Biography*, I, 4-5.
- <sup>7</sup> *Cal. State Papers, For. Eliz.* 1583, Nos. 310, 329.
- <sup>8</sup> *Id.*, No. 630.
- <sup>9</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, Addenda, xxviii, 88.
- <sup>10</sup> *Tanner MS.*, 169, ff. 197<sup>r</sup>-198.
- <sup>11</sup> *Diana* (ed. Hazlitt), 32-3.
- <sup>12</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* Hatfield House, IV, 394.
- <sup>13</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Spanish*, 1587-1603, No. 190.
- <sup>14</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* Hatfield House, III, 438.
- <sup>15</sup> *Id.*, III, 441-2.
- <sup>16</sup> *Diana* (ed. Hazlitt), xviii. <sup>17</sup> IV, ff. 249-52.
- <sup>18</sup> Probably an allusion to the pamphlet in defence of the Queen.
- <sup>19</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* Hatfield House, IV, 394.
- <sup>20</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* 4th Report, Appendix, 335, letter of Richard Broughton to Richard Bagot.
- <sup>21</sup> *Register and Magazine of Biography*, I, 5.
- <sup>22</sup> S.T.C., 14379. <sup>23</sup> S.T.C., 5637. <sup>24</sup> S.T.C., 5638.
- <sup>25</sup> *Miscellany MS.*, F. 25, 44.
- <sup>26</sup> *Harleian Miscellany*, IX, 489. This appears to be the manuscript which Francis Davison was anxious to obtain for his *Poetical Rhapsody* (*Harl. MS.* 1323, quoted in *Poetical Rhapsody*, ed. Bullen, I, liii). Manuscript notes in an ancient hand in Malone's copy of the 1594 *Diana* in the Bodleian Library credit 'H.C.' with precisely the same sonnets as appear in the Todd manuscript (Malone 436).
- <sup>27</sup> S.T.C., 22534. <sup>28</sup> Lee, *Life of Shakespeare* (1931), 717.
- <sup>29</sup> S.T.C., 3220. <sup>30</sup> S.T.C., 5124.
- <sup>31</sup> H. E. Rollins, 'England's Helicon' and Henry Chettle in *Times Literary Supplement*, Oct. 1, 1931, 754; Chambers, *The Oxford Book of Sixteenth-Century Verse*, 884.
- <sup>32</sup> 288 (S.T.C. 746). <sup>33</sup> 52-5. <sup>34</sup> (ed. Bullen), II, 125-7.
- <sup>35</sup> S.T.C., 14348, etc. <sup>36</sup> *Diana* (ed. Hazlitt), 31.
- <sup>37</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* Hatfield House, V, 313.
- <sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, V, 386. <sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, V, 403.
- <sup>40</sup> Transcript in *Add. MS.* 4,114, ff. 28<sup>r</sup>-30.
- <sup>41</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* Hatfield House, V, 487; Transcript in *Add. MS.* 4,114, f. 90.
- <sup>42</sup> *Diana* (ed. Hazlitt), xi-xii. Transcript in *Add. MS.* 4,114, ff. 144-5.
- <sup>43</sup> Hazlitt, *Collections and Notes*, I, 97.
- <sup>44</sup> sig. A 4.
- <sup>45</sup> Lodge, *Illustrations* (1791), III, 79. From *Talbot Papers* in College of Arms, I, f. 245. <sup>46</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm.* Hatfield House, VII, 86.



- <sup>47</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXIV, 149.  
<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, CCLXVIII, 48.  
<sup>49</sup> Birch, *An Historical View of the Negotiations* (1749), 176-7.  
<sup>50</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, VIII, 351.  
<sup>51</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXIX, 27.  
<sup>52</sup> Guilday, *The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent*, 14-18, P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXIX, 69.  
<sup>53</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Scotland*, 1509-1603, II, 766; P.R.O., *State Papers, Scotland*, LXIV, 35-37, 44.  
<sup>54</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Scotland*, LXV, 161, 46.  
<sup>55</sup> Teulet, *Relations politiques de la France et de l'Ecosse avec l'Espagne*, IV, 222-3.  
<sup>56</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXXII, 52.  
<sup>57</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, IX, 156.  
<sup>58</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXXIII, 27.  
<sup>59</sup> *Ibid.*, CCLXXIII, 45.  
<sup>60</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Scotland*, 1509-1603, II, 781, 784, P.R.O. *State Papers, Scotland*, LXVI, 18, 44.  
<sup>61</sup> *Add. MS.* 28,420. Abstracted in *Cal. State Papers, Spanish*, 1587-1603, No. 704.  
<sup>62</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Spanish*, 1587-1603, No. 705. (*Estado* 840.)  
<sup>63</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, *Addenda*, XXXIV, 41.  
<sup>64</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, XII, 49.  
<sup>65</sup> *Ibid.*, XV, 131.  
<sup>66</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Venetian*, 1603-1607, No. 213. (Original Despatch, Venetian Archives.)  
<sup>67</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, IV, 239. *Tower Bills*.  
<sup>68</sup> *Cal. State Papers, Venetian*, 1603-1607, No. 259.  
<sup>69</sup> *Lambeth MS. Cod. Tenison*, 708, Vol. xv, f. 125, May 1, 1604. Printed in *Harleian Miscellany* (ed. Park), IX, 489.  
<sup>70</sup> May 11 and June 3, 1604. Now at Hatfield House.  
<sup>71</sup> Printed in *Drana* (ed. Hazlitt), 77-9, and Lodge, *Illustrations* (1791), III, 80-2, from *Talbot Papers* in College of Arms, Vol. o, ff. 92, 94. The reference to Velasco, Constable of Castile, in the first of these, dates the latter 1604, and the other letter would seem to be not much later.  
<sup>72</sup> *MS. Cotton. Calig. E.* xi, 25.  
<sup>73</sup> *Talbot Papers* in College of Arms, Vol. L, ff. 125-6, 137, Vol. M, ff. 489-90, 493-6.  
<sup>74</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. James I*, XXXI, 26.  
<sup>75</sup> Herford and Simpson, *Ben Jonson: The Man and his Work*, I, 65-7, L.I., *The Relation of a Conference touching the Reall Presence*, Douay, 1635, (*S.T.C.* 14053), 5, Featley, *Grand Sacrilege of the Church of Rome*, 1630, (*S.T.C.* 10733), 287-306.  
<sup>76</sup> *A treatise written by Mr Doctour Carier, Liège*? 1614? (*S.T.C.* 4623). See also *Harl. MS.* 6035, f. 189.  
<sup>77</sup> Hakewil, *An Answer to a Treatise Written by Dr Carier*, 1616, (*S.T.C.* 12610), *Epistle Dedicatorie*, 5.  
<sup>78</sup> Foster, *Yorkshire Pedigrees*, III, copied by D.N.B.  
<sup>79</sup> *Westminster Cathedral Archives*, IV, 1586-94, ff. 249-52. This account, which is erroneously dated, is entered in the Index Volume of the *Archives* as *Oration at Henry Constable's funeral*.  
<sup>80</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. James I*, XIV, 11; LXVII, 67; *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, VIII, 482.  
<sup>81</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. James I*, XIV, 11.  
<sup>82</sup> Underwood, *An Ode*, in *Poems of B. Jonson*, 1936 p. 129.  
<sup>83</sup> *Hypercritica*, 1618? In Spingarn, *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, I, 110.  
<sup>84</sup> *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, (*S.T.C.* 746), 288.  
<sup>85</sup> Varchi, *The Blazon of Jealousie*, 1615 (*S.T.C.* 24593), 6.  
<sup>86</sup> *Englands heroicall epistles*, 1599, (*S.T.C.* 7195), *Idea, Sonet III*.  
<sup>87</sup> (1606), (*S.T.C.* 19309), sig. B 2. <sup>88</sup> *Romance-Mastrix*, 1660.

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## HENRY CONSTABLE

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### 108. TO GOD THE FATHER

**G**REATE God: within whose symple essence, wee  
nothyng but that which ys thy self can fynde;  
when on thyself thou dydd'st reflect thy mynde,  
thy thought was God, which tooke the forme of thee:  
And when this God thus borne, thou lov'st, & hee  
lov'd thee agayne, with passion of lyke kynde  
as lovers syghes, which meete become one mynde,  
both breath'd one spryght of æquall deitye.  
Æternall father, whence theis twoe do come  
and wil'st the tytle of my father have,  
an heavenly knowledge in my mynde engrave,  
That yt thy sonnes true Image may become:  
and sence my hart with syghes of holy Love,  
that yt the temple of the Spright may prove.

### 109. TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

**W**HEN thee (O holy sacrificed Lambe)  
in severed sygnes I whyte & liquide see:  
on thy body slayne I thynke on thee,  
which pale by sheddyng of thy bloode became.  
And when agayne I doe behold the same  
vayled in whyte to be receav'd of mee:  
thou seemest in thy syndon wrap't to bee  
lyke to a corse, whose monument I am.  
Buried in me, unto my sowle appeare  
pryson'd in earth, & bannish't from thy syght,  
lyke our forefathers, who in Lyombo were.  
Cleere thou my thoughtes, as thou did'st gyve the light:  
And as thou others freed from purgyng fyre  
quenche in my hart, the flames of badd desyre.

## 110, 111. TO OUR BLESSED LADY

SOVEREIGNE of Queenes: If vayne Ambition move  
 my hart to seeke an earthly prynces grace:  
 shewe me thy sonne in his imperiall place,  
 whose servants reigne, our kynges & queenes above.  
 And if alluryng passions I doe prove,  
 by pleasyng sighes: shewe me thy lovely face:  
 whose beames the Angells beuty do deface:  
 and even inflame the Seraphins with love.  
 So by Ambition I shall humble bee:  
 when in the presence of the highest kynge  
 I serve all his, that he may honour mee.  
 And love, my hart to chaste desyres shall brynge,  
 when fayrest Queene lookes on me from her throne  
 and jealous byddes me love but her alone.

SWEETE Queene: although thy beuty rayse upp mee  
 from syght of baser beutyres here belowe:  
 yett lett me not rest there: but higher goe  
 to hym, who tooke hys shape from God & thee.  
 And if thy forme in hym more fayre I see,  
 what pleasure from his diety shall flowe,  
 by whose fayre beames his beuty shineth so  
 when I shall yt beholde æternally.  
 Then shall my love of pleasure have his fyll,  
 when beuty self in whom all pleasure ys,  
 shall my enamored sowle embrace & kysse:  
 And shall newe loves, & newe delyghtes distyll,  
 which from my sowle shall gushe into my hart  
 and through my body flowe to every part.

## 112. TO SAINT PETER AND SAINT PAUL

**H**E that for feare hys mayster dyd denye,  
and at a maydens voyce amazed stooode,  
the myghtyest monarche of the earth withstoode:  
and on his maysters crosse rejoyc'd to dye./  
He whose blynde zeale dyd rage with crueltye:  
and helpt to shedd the fyrst of martyrs bloode:  
by lyght from heaven hys blyndenesse understoode,  
and with the chiefe Apostle, slayne doth lye./  
O three tymes happy twoe: O golden payre  
who with your bloode, dyd lay the churches grounde,  
within the fatall towne, which twynnes dyd founde.  
And setled there the Hebrew fishers chayre,  
where fyrst the Latyn shepehyrd rais'd his throne;  
and synce the world, & church were rul'd by one.

## 113. TO SAINT MARY MAGDALEN

**B**LESSED Offendour: who thyselfe haist try'd,  
how farr a synner differs from a Saynt  
joyne thy wett eyes, with teares of my complaint,  
while I sighe for that grave, for which thou cry'd.  
No longer let my synfull sowle, abyde  
in feaver of thy fyrst desyres faynte:  
but lett that love which last thy hart did taynt  
with panges of thy repentance, pierce my syde./  
So shall my sowle, no fqolysh vyrgyn bee  
with empty lampe: but lyke a Magdalen, beere  
for oyntment boxe, a breast with oyle of grace:  
And so the zeale, which then shall burne in mee,  
may make my hart, lyke to a lampe appere  
and in my spouses pallace gyve me place.

## 114. TO SAINT MARGARET

FAYRE Amazon of heaven: who took'st in hand  
 St Mychaell, & St George to imitate:  
 and for a tyrantes love transform'd to hate,  
 wast for thy lylly faith retayn'd in bande:  
 Alone on foote, & with thy naked hande  
 thou dydd'st lyke Mychaell, & his hoste: & that  
 for which on horse arm'd George we celebrate:  
 whylst thou lyke them a dragon dydd'st withstand.  
 Behold my sowle shutt in my bodyes Jayle,  
 the which the drake of hell, gapes to devowre;  
 teache me (o virgyn) how thou dydd'st prevayle:  
 Virginity thou saiest was all thy Ayde:  
 gyve me then purity insteade of power,  
 and let my soule mayd chaste, passe for a Mayde.

## 115. ON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SWEETE Soule which now with heav'nly songs doost tel  
 Thy deare Redeemers glory, and his prayse,  
 No mervaille though thy skilfull Muse, assayes  
 The songs of other soules there to excell:  
 For thou didst learne to sing divinely well,  
 Long time before thy fayre, and glittering rayes  
 Encreas'd the light of heav'n, for even thy layes  
 Most heavenly were, when thou on earth didst dwell:  
 When thou didst on the earth sing Poet-wise,  
 Angels in heav'n pray'd for thy company,  
 And now thou sing'st with Angels in the skies,  
 Shall not all Poets praise thy memory?  
 And to thy name shall not their works give fame,  
 When as their works be sweetned by thy name?

## XXX. HENRY FITZSIMON, S.J.

1566-1643

**T**HIS Irish Jesuit is called 'a thoroughbred Palesman' by his modern biographer. He was a 'pillar of the Catholick Church' and a 'great ornament' and 'defender,' according to Anthony Wood.<sup>1</sup> His parents were Nicholas Fitzsimon, of an old Norman-Irish family, and Anna Edgrave or Sedgrave; and, related as he was to the Stanihursts and the Usshers, he saw in Dublin Campion, their guest, while he himself was a child of nine or ten. Born on December 31, 1566, he alludes to himself as a heretic at ten years old, when he was sent to be educated in Puritan Manchester. On April 26, 1583, he was matriculated at Hart Hall, Oxford,<sup>2</sup> where he must have been contemporary with little John Donne, his junior, who came up eighteen months later. 'In the yeare 1587,' he writes of himself, 'being twentieth of my age, & the tenth of my education in heresie, I came to Paris;—so farre overweening of my profession, that I surmised to be able to convert to Protestancie any incounter who soever. Neither did I fynde many of the ordinarie Catholikes, whom I did not often gravel. At length by my happines I was overcome by F. Thomas Darbishire ane owld English Jesuit.'<sup>3</sup>

After his conversion, he seems to have gone to Rome; then almost at once to Pont-à-Mousson for his studies, where he took his M.A. in 1591. He entered the Society of Jesus at Douay, and at Tournai spent his noviciate from April, 1592, to June, 1593. He had already developed most bookish tastes, and 'ransacked all libraries in his way for our country's antiquities.' On June 2, 1593, he went to Louvain to study theology, and shortly after was appointed to the chair of philosophy at Douay. In October, 1596, Fitzsimon landed in Ireland at Waterford, and two years later it is reported that 'he converts hundreds to the faith,' going about with little caution and prepared to dispute with the parsons at the special invitation of the Viceroy. Father Fitzsimon had mighty controversial weapons in a tremendous voice and an imperturbable good humour.

However, the years 1599 to 1604 saw him imprisoned in Dublin Castle. Set free, he seems to have visited the Irish colleges in Spain, and later to have been stationed at Tournai. In 1608 he travelled to Rome, visiting Loreto on the way; and there for three

years 'the true father of modern Irish hagiography' studied deeply, and wrote his work on the Mass, whilst attending to the spiritual wants of English visitors. He had seen a good deal of Belgium when he settled there in 1611; he served the plague-stricken inhabitants and contracted the disease, but survived to publish at Douay in 1615 his *Catalogus Præcipuorum Sanctorum Ibernæ*. He went through the campaign of 1620 in Bohemia, as military chaplain, was present at the victory of Prague, and wrote of it as Constantius Peregrinus. His long exile ended in 1630. He worked zealously at home in Ireland through the fearful days of 1641-1643. In 1641 he was condemned to be hanged, but escaped to the Wicklow mountains, living precariously among shepherds' huts for two bitter winters, apostolic and humorous as ever. At last, enfeebled, he reached the headquarters of his fellow-Royalists, probably at Kilkenny. Father Young, S.J., Novice-Master there at the time, has preserved for us the date of his death, November 29, 1643.

His life has been written by Edmund Hogan, S.J., upon whose work this biographical account is based.<sup>4</sup> 'As professor of philosophy, missionary, controversialist, prisoner, military chaplain, war correspondent, and writer, he let his light shine.' He possessed, adds the biographer, immense force of character, chivalrous courage, and uncompromising love of truth. 'Not many, if any, Irishmen have known, or been known by, so many men of mark.'<sup>5</sup>

116. SWEARING: Untitled poem. Text from *The Justification and Exposition of the Divine Sacrifice of the Masse*, Douay, 1611, (S.T.C. 11026), Bodleian, pp. 130-1. It is prefaced by Father Fitzsimon's personal remarks: 'For one thing I am very thankful to our Reformers: that they imitat lesse everie day the corrupt custome of our louse Catholikes, who usually sweare at every occasion, by the Masse. Yet I ame sorie, that they are proceeded to a greater inconvenience, by what succeedeth. They love rime, and poetrie, in al things, even in their psalmes (& why should not a light religion love a light stile?) & their very positions for Doctorship in divinitie, at least with us in Dublin, are in verse. Therfor I will in their affected stile, present them this epigrame. What may wante in the rime, shall be recompensed in the maters pithines.' This seems a clear claim to authorship. The lines are to be found, anonymous, in at least eight manuscripts: *Add. MSS.* 10,309, f. 62<sup>r</sup>, 15,227, f. 5<sup>v</sup>, 22,603, f. 32<sup>v</sup>, and 25,707, f. 129; *Harl. MS.* 4064, f. 223; *Egerton MS.* 2421, f. 19; and *Sloane MSS.* 1446, f. 41<sup>r</sup>, and 1489, f. 10. They are attributed to Ben Jonson in the *Bodleian*

*MSS. Addit.* B 97, f. 39, and *Ashmole* 47, f. 47; and to Sir John Harington in his *Epigrams*, 1615, (S.T.C. 127.5). They figure also in *Wit Restor'd*, 1658.<sup>6</sup> This last version, while almost identical with the unpublished others, is in a slight degree, and from a literary point of view, more spirited. Father Fitzsimon's authorship is strengthened by the fact that two similar epigrams occur in his book,<sup>7</sup> and by its close parallel to another epigram beginning 'You hold your Church invisible till Luther's time,' which appears in Fitzsimon's *Words of Comfort to Persecuted Catholics*, 1608.<sup>8</sup>

The epigram tries to point out some chronological sequence in English profanity: on such sequence its point depends. But there is a good deal of evidence, some of it overlooked by Julian Sharman in his charming book, *A Cursory History of Swearing* (1884), to show that the 'gradation,' if ever it existed, was imperfect. Legislation against swearing by the Mass was made by the great Synod of 1562. For nearly a century, from *Respublica* (1553) and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (1563) to the witty satire of an anonymous bard on the destruction of Charing Cross (1647) reproduced in Percy's *Reliques*,<sup>9</sup> the principal former oaths cited by Father Fitzsimon were synchronous and interchangeable. *Romeo and Juliet* (1597) has nearly all of them. Sir Thomas Elyot<sup>10</sup> finds that by 1531 'Masse!' was already 'onely used amonge husbände men and artificers,' and Nicholas Breton, in his *Phyllida and Corydon* (1591) says that such mild expletives as 'faith and troth!' are 'such as silly shepherds use.' Yet Sir Henry Herbert, the censor, was still busy attacking 'faith!' in the dramas of 1663, and later yet 'troth!' in the north-country form of 'By my troggs!' was still going it strong in the mouth of Sir Edmund Saunders, Lord Chief Justice.<sup>11</sup>

Swearing by the grey groat has no recorded instance in the New English Dictionary. The fourpenny silver coin bore, as did most coins of the time, a cross. The expression 'grey' groat, like our still extant usage of 'brass' farthing, merely adds a touch of contemptuous humour. The last oath, unfortunately still characteristic of English parlance, was certainly not known before the Reformation, and has nothing to do with the French army 'godons' (since corrupted into 'goddams') of Jeanne d'Arc's time.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Ath Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), III, 96.      <sup>2</sup> Foster, *Alumn. Oxon.*, II, 504.

<sup>3</sup> *Justification and Exposition of . . . the Masse*, (1611), 115-6.

<sup>4</sup> *Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century, First Series*, 196-310. See also Fitzsimon, *Words of Comfort to Persecuted Catholics* (ed. Hogan), Dublin, 1881.

<sup>5</sup> *op. cit.*, 197.      <sup>6</sup> Hotten reprint, I, 206.      <sup>7</sup> 124, 295.

<sup>8</sup> Reprint by Hogan, 12.      <sup>9</sup> Second Series, Bk II, No. 11.

<sup>10</sup> *The Governour* (ed. Croft), II, 254-5.

<sup>11</sup> Jessopp, *The Lives of the Norths* (1890), I, 294.



116. SWEARING

IN Elder times an ancient custume t'was,  
I to sweare in weightie maters by the Masse.  
But when Masse was put down, as Ould men note,  
They swore then by the Crosse of this graye grote.  
And when the Crosse was held like wise in scorne  
Then Faith, and trowth, for common oathes weare sworne.  
But now men banisht have both faith & trowth,  
So that God damne me, is the common oath.  
So custome keeps Decorum, by gradation,  
Loosing masse, Crosse, Faith, trowth, followth damnation.

## XXXI ANTHONY COPLEY

1567-1609?

COPLEY, 'a man of whynynge speech but a shrewd invention and resolucion,' is so described in a report of his arraignment for the Bye Plot on November 15, 1603.<sup>1</sup> He was the son of Sir Thomas Copley of Gatton, Surrey, claiming the title of Lord Thomas Copley de Gatton, which had been conferred upon him by the King of Spain, and of Catherine (not Elizabeth, as stated in the *Chronicle of St Monica's, Louvain*), daughter of Sir John Luttrell of Dunster, Somerset.<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas had married this lady against the desire of Lord Howard of Effingham, who wished his sister to be the bride. The peer revenged himself by setting the penal laws in motion against Sir Thomas, then a resolute Catholic, and finally brought about the confiscation of his estates, which he secured for himself.<sup>3</sup>

Anthony Copley, born probably in the same year as Alabaster, had almost as varied a career. He 'stole away' while a boy to rejoin his father, who had gone, or had been driven, to France. A letter from Copley dated January 6th, 1590-1, to William Waad, who was Lieutenant of the Tower, tells us that he was at the time 'of scarce 15 yeeres of age and then a yong student of Furnevalls Inne under the charge of a kinsman of myne one Mr Southwell whoe is now himself beyond sea.' Copley says he got away in secret from his guardian 'to Rome to my Father & Mother who were dwelling thear at that time, namely the year 1582.' He says he 'continued 2 yeeres or thear about brought upp by them and Instructed in the knowledge & certainty of the faith I professe'; that a Court lady in Parma obtained him the opportunity of being page to the Prince, but that his father, sympathizing with a desire for change and travel in 'my yonger yeers,' allowed him to refuse. He then rather paradoxically refers to journeying to 'Rome,' and for the special reason that 'a kinsman of myne one Mr Rob. Southwell a Jesuite in Rome brother to the foresayd Thomas Southwell,' had 'of his owne accord & love toward me' secured a pension of ten crowns from Pope Gregory for the seventeen year old boy. At Rome he tells us he remained two years more, 'having my chamber & table in the Inglishe college'; but, the Pope and a Cardinal patron having died, young Copley returned to Flanders.<sup>4</sup>

Father Persons says that he was dismissed from the English

College because he had neglected his studies to write poetry, that he was sent to the college at Rheims, where he offended Cardinal Allen by writing to ask for the hand of his niece, that he was therefore expelled from Rheims, that he then became an English soldier in Flanders under Sir William Stanley, whence he deserted to the Spaniards, from whom he had a pension of twenty-five crowns a month.<sup>5</sup>

His father was dead, his mother and brother gone back to England, where they were soon imprisoned as Recusants. We learn this from a Latin letter of Copley's affectionate friend and cousin, Blessed Robert Southwell, to Father Agazzari, S.J., written December 22, 1586.<sup>6</sup> Southwell gives Anthony an earnest message from Mrs Copley in Newgate that he must not think of leaving the College, as he had written for her permission to do, but her wishes were disregarded by her son. For some four years he took service in the armies of Spain in the Netherlands: an offence repented of in the long letter from which we have been quoting, and in which he begs employment for his Prince and country to his life's end. He adds a paragraph about his religion which would have been considered satisfactory, though it says nothing. 'As for my Religion, I protest . . . I will so behave my self therin as no scandal shall be geven neither will I refuse conference with any learned man, minister or other to th'end to be resolved in an other faith in case they cann of certaintye prove it unto mee that I beleeeve amisse.'<sup>7</sup>

It is clear from this letter that Copley came home early in 1590 without permission, and that he had been arrested and sent to the Tower. He must have been released soon after, and by 1592 was living at Roughay near Horsham. 'The most desperate youth that liveth' is what Topcliffe calls him,<sup>8</sup> though Copley was then married and in his twenty-sixth year. Topcliffe reports some amusing antics of Copley, rather of the Jenny Geddes order. In 1596, 'Anthony Copley, a popish gentleman, now a prisoner, sometime in service abroad,' sent a long letter 'to Mr Will. Wade . . . Addressed to the lords.' The information concerns chiefly the political and military action in the Low Countries of the King of Spain and the Duke of Parma, and the writer states that his former soldiering in their cause is 'the demerit for which I rest presently in durance.'<sup>9</sup> The tone of the letter is passionately loyal, and has the ring of sincerity. He asks for some post in the army, that death in Her Majesty's service may make amends for

his temporary lapse: 'I vow it, at all occasions in my heart.' The chief value of this beautiful letter is its apology for the colonies of exiles, 'who only for their conscience . . . have betaken themselves to foreign infelicity and misadventures; willing, if occasion were, to lose life and all for England and her majesty, might they by your honours' favours be but permitted to live at home.' Strype gives another letter from Copley to the Council, wholly concerned with English gentlemen abroad.<sup>10</sup> It is, of its kind, a masterpiece of construction, for though very many are named, and at some length, Copley somehow manages to incriminate none, save perhaps the four known to be disaffected. It would have been immensely to Copley's temporal advantage to have told a few lies about the poor refugees and their political sentiments.

The pamphlets by 'A.C.' of 1601 and 1602 against the Jesuits are attributed without hesitation to Copley by Father Pollen in his work on the unhappy and prolonged Archpriest controversy.<sup>11</sup> Copley had several Jesuit kinsmen, and as a young student in 1586 had signed a petition asking for the retention of the Jesuits at the English College in Rome, as the printed Diaries of that College show.<sup>12</sup> But the age was a fiery one, the controversy obsessing, and it seemed to offer a promising opening to a clever young Catholic whose prospects in other directions were barred. Father Persons retorts on 'A.C.' that he remembers the latter as 'a litle wanton idle-headed boy in the English Roman colledge, so light witted as once (yf we remember wel) he went up with a rose in his mouth to preach or make the tones (as there they cal them) before all the colledge out of a pulpit.'<sup>13</sup> In 1607, the quarrel was composed, so far as Copley and Father Persons were concerned. The younger man apologized for the scurrility (extreme, even in that age) which he had allowed his pen.<sup>14</sup>

Copley engaged in the conspiracy to seize the King known as the Bye Plot: for which cause he was arrested in July, 1603. He was tried in November of the same year and condemned to death with eight other conspirators. He saved himself, however, by making a cowardly confession,<sup>15</sup> as a result of which the two priests Watson and Clarke were seized and executed. He obtained his pardon in August, 1604. The brief remainder of his life may be gathered from *The Chronicle of the English Augustinian Canonesses . . . at St Monica's, in Louvain*. We there read of him: 'Seeing that hopes in men failed he gave himself after his coming on this side the seas to devotion, and took a voyage to the Holy

Land, together with Mr Ambrose Vaux, and coming to Jerusalem they were both knighted at our Lord's Sepulchre, as the manner is. . . . In their return home he died by the way, and Sir Ambrose Vaux coming home brought news of his death.<sup>16</sup> From a letter of Sir Henry Wotton to Salisbury dated August 18, 1605, it is clear that Copley had already reached Rome, and sought pardon from the Pope.<sup>17</sup> In the Pilgrim Book of the English College in Rome are found the following entries. '1606. Copley, Anthony, Mr (*nobilis*), . . . January 24. Until April 3, 1609. Vaux, Ambrose, Mr (*nobilis*), and servant, . . . August 12.'<sup>18</sup> These two entries make it clear that Copley died before August, 1609. That 1609 is the date of Copley's death is made practically certain by the fact that his daughter (afterwards Sister Clare at St Monica's, Louvain), who was born in 1603, was adopted at the age of six or seven by her uncle William Copley, her father being dead.<sup>19</sup>

The contradictions of Anthony Copley's career are reflected in his family relationships. His father lost his faith in youth, and was a 'hot heretic' under Mary, but recovered it and, reversing the procedure of so many of his contemporaries, became a Catholic confessor and exile under Elizabeth. His saintly brother William (who married the granddaughter of Sir Thomas More's adopted daughter, Margaret Gigs), was the father of a Jesuit priest, Thomas Copley, nearly a martyr in Maryland, and of two nuns who were at St Monica's, Louvain, with Anthony's own daughter. His brother John, on the other hand, a 'seminarie,' after suffering for the faith in the company of future martyrs, apostatized. Anthony Copley had for brother-in-law Campion's great friend Richard Stanihurst, the father of two Jesuit priests, and himself a priest after his wife's death. We may add in conclusion that our poet's widow, after much vacillation between Recusancy and conformity, died a Catholic.<sup>20</sup>

The editors may as well confess at once that in regard to Copley they have used to the full the lawful privileges of the anthologist. Out of his amorphous and diffuse pages they have been able to cull comparatively few passages which are strictly consecutive. The result of their electiveness will at least show that Copley was meant to be an Elizabethan lyricist of no small merit. His verses have a hortatory and even martial note hardly expected.

117. THE INVINCIBLE: Four unrelated stanzas from *A Fig for Fortune*. Text from *A Fig for Fortune*, 1596, (S.T.C. 5737), Bodleian, pp. 12, 13, 36, 40.

118. AGE AND THE TEMPTER: *Loves Owle*. In *dialogue-wise betweene Love, and an olde man*, ll. 1-2, 11-25, 36-7, 41-5, 48-52. Text from *Wits Fittes and Fancies*, 1595, (S.T.C. 1596), Bodleian, *Loves Owle*, sig. A 1-1<sup>v</sup>.

119. THE DISCOURAGED SOUL AND THE ANGEL OF GOOD CHEER: A DIALOGUE: Four unrelated stanzas from *A Fig for Fortune*. Text from *A Fig for Fortune*, 1596, (S.T.C. 5737), Bodleian, pp. 6, 44, 48.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Ashmole MS.* 830, f. 52.

<sup>2</sup> *Visitation of Surrey* (*Harleian Society*), XLIII, 121.

<sup>3</sup> Hamilton, *Chronicle of . . . St Monica's, Louvain*, I, 88.

<sup>4</sup> *Lansdowne MS.* 66, No. 47.

<sup>5</sup> Persons, *A Manifestation of the Great Folly* (1602), 96-7.

<sup>6</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Anglia*, VI, 7, 55. Published in *Catholic Record Society Publications*, V, 315-9.

<sup>7</sup> *Lansdowne MS.* 66, No. 47. <sup>8</sup> Strype, *Annals* (1824), IV, 186.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, IV, 379-85. <sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, IV, 385-93.

<sup>11</sup> *The Institution of the Archpriest* Blackwell (1916), 102.

<sup>12</sup> Foley, *Records*, VI, 507.

<sup>13</sup> R. Persons, S.J., *A Manifestation of the Great Folly (and Bad Spirit of certayne in England calling themselves Secular Priests, etc.)*, 1602, ff. 96-97. Copley was a cousin of the Blessed Robert Southwell.

<sup>14</sup> From information supplied by J. H. Pollen, S.J., based on a manuscript by Copley dated 1607 and now at Stonyhurst.

<sup>15</sup> Printed in Dodd, *Church History* (ed. Tierney), IV, App. I-XVII.

<sup>16</sup> Hamilton, *op. cit.*, I, 261-2.

<sup>17</sup> Pearsall Smith, *Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton*, I, 330-1.

<sup>18</sup> Foley, *Records*, IV, 580, 586.

<sup>19</sup> Information supplied from the records of St Augustine's Priory, Newton Abbot, by Sister Mary Alphonsus, May 14, 1915.

<sup>20</sup> Hamilton, *op. cit.*, I, 90.

## 117. THE INVINCIBLE

. . . . .  
GIVE me the man that with undaunted spirit  
Dares give occasion of a Tragedie:  
And be content for his more after-merit  
To be downe beaten from felicity:  
To th'end that with a fierce amount he may  
Re-blesse himselfe in spight of Fortunes day.

. . . . .  
'Tis humane fate, sometime to slip and fall,  
But to ingrovell in durt is beastlie base:  
To rise againe, oh that is Joviall,  
Or els revenge to death the downe-disgrace:  
Therefore, thou hast a spirit of despight,  
As well as in good hap to take delight.

. . . . .  
Stand thou on Reasons haughty Promontorie  
Superiour and secure over all disgrace,  
Rage wind, and wave, & horror round about thee  
Yet all is glorie and peace in that bright place:  
Nor Death, nor Hell can damnifie thy honer  
So long as Reasons arme beares up thy banner.

. . . . .  
If once thy hope be anchored in God  
No wave, no bluster can endanger thee,  
Thy foot from falling is securely shod  
He corresponding thy fidelitie:  
If God thy Centre be and thy defence  
Be Hell, be Devil thy Circumference.

. . . . .

## 118. AGE AND THE TEMPTER

*The Old Man*

TELL me naked wretch of sin,  
My gates are shut, how cam'st thou in,

Goe to (sirrha) get you gone,  
Let an aged man alone,  
All retyred as you see  
To record repentingly  
his youthes amisses.  
Neither is this sap-lesse tree,  
Fit for woonted jollitie:  
Her fruites and floures are long agoe,  
Withered in her root below  
all to anguishes.

All her greene, and sweetes are done,  
Her shadowes dead for want of sonne:  
All is bryer, and nettle now,  
That whilom was a gallant bough,  
and faire flourished.

This house, whose battlements on hie,  
Whilom faire, brav'd the lofty skie.

See now a cottage it is becoom  
Of withered sedge, fearne, brake and broome,  
Ay-me, a rotten reed I am,  
A cripple, juyce-lesse aged man,  
deceast to pleasure.

This garden is a solitude,  
With ghostly sollaces indu'd;  
I have no leasure  
To entertaine nor thee, nor thine,  
Fooles and furies of ruine:



119. THE DISCOURAGED SOUL AND THE ANGEL  
OF GOOD CHEER: A DIALOGUE

THERE is no hell like to declined glorie,  
Nor is *Promethæus* Vulture halfe so fell  
As the sad memorie of a happie storie  
To him, that in adversitie doeth dwell:  
Ah, let him die that is not as he was,  
With ending blesse breake he the houre-glasse.

What booteth it to live in base contempt  
In ever melancholie-adumbred mood?  
A fable to the vulgar babblement,  
A muddie ebbe after a Chrystall flood?  
Out with thy candle, let it burne no more,  
When once thou art become the worlds eye-sore.

Wilt thou submit thy mind to Fortunes Impostes  
Faithlesse of Gods benigntie and care?  
Ah, rather doe disdain her bales and bostes  
As Crocadyle-deceipts, and crabbed ware:  
And to thy God alonly plie thy hest  
For such is pure dutie, and the pure best.

Inshrine thy Patience in his Passion  
Thy Hope, thy Constance in his after-boones  
To his entire irradiation  
Submit thy night-shades and decreased Moones,  
He is the Sonne of Right, and will appay  
All vertues anguor with a Hollie-day.

## XXXII. WILLIAM ALABASTER

1567-8-1640

**W**ILLIAM ALABASTER was the son of Roger Alabaster and of Bridget, the daughter of Adam Winthrop of Groton in Suffolk, and the aunt of the first Governor of New England.<sup>1</sup> He was nephew to Bishop Still by the marriage of his aunt Anne.<sup>2</sup> His father had been born in reduced circumstances and, in early life, was a Spanish merchant.<sup>3</sup> The poet was born on January 27, 1567-8,<sup>4</sup> and was baptized at Hadleigh, Suffolk, on February 28.<sup>5</sup>

He was matriculated pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1584, became Scholar on Westminster election in the same year, B.A. in 1587-8, Fellow in 1589, M.A. in 1591, and D.D. in 1614.<sup>6</sup> He was incorporated at Oxford on July 11, 1592.<sup>7</sup> In 1596, he went as chaplain to the Earl of Essex on the famous Cadiz expedition, and on his return Essex presented him to the rectory of Landulph in Cornwall, for the first fruits of which he compounded on September 8 of that year.<sup>8</sup> This living was worth four hundred crowns a year, and Alabaster had sought it because he was engaged to be married. According to his own story, he was suddenly converted to the Catholic faith by reading William Rainolds's *Treatise conteyning the true catholike faith of the holy sacrifice ordeyned by Christ*,<sup>9</sup> experienced a profound change of heart, and gave up his marriage engagement and all his hopes of preferment.<sup>10</sup> The date of his reception into the Catholic Church is fixed by an entry in his cousin Adam Winthrop's diary: "The xiiiith day of July my cosen Alib *fatebatur se esse papistam*, the xiiiith we did ride together to London and retourned home the xxiith."<sup>11</sup>

What had actually happened was this. A Jesuit named Thomas Wright met Alabaster, who had been sent to him by Topcliffe and others to convert him to Protestantism, and Wright by the force of his reasoning had persuaded Alabaster of the truth of the Catholic religion.<sup>12</sup> Wright was the author of a book called *The Passions of the Mind*, for which Ben Jonson wrote a commendatory poem, and it is not unlikely that he was the priest who converted Jonson. On September 10, 1597, Cecil wrote to Anthony Bacon: "The Priest Wright, by letters Intercepted by the Archbishop [Whitgift] is discovered to be a notorious seducer and an Arch Enemy to this state of Religion now established. It appeareth in a letter written to one Alabaster containing the Matter. The

Archbishop hath committed him, and I have also committed Wright.<sup>13</sup> On September 2, Richard Percival wrote to Cecil enclosing some 'loose papers,' including a letter of Alabaster to Wright, 'by which it appears that Alabaster has made a tragedy against the Church of England, the method whereof Wright has collected. . . . Alabaster has perverted his father, mother, and sister.'<sup>14</sup> The tragedy to which Percival refers would seem to have been *Roxana*, which was not published until 1632. This reference serves to date its composition. On September 24, the Archbishop of Canterbury informs Cecil that he has caused Alabaster to be committed close prisoner in the University, and his study to be sealed by the Master of his College.<sup>15</sup> The news of Alabaster's conversion had reached Catholic circles early in October.<sup>16</sup> On October 24, the Bishop of London ordered the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University to send the prisoner up to London, and on October 31 he set forth.<sup>17</sup> On January 14, 1598, it is stated that 'Alabaster confoundeth the Bishops in disputation,'<sup>18</sup> and on February 20, he was deprived of his Anglican orders and benefices.<sup>19</sup> John Chamberlain reports to Sir Dudley Carleton on May 4 that Alabaster has escaped from prison,<sup>20</sup> and on May 8 a Jesuit writes: 'Alabaster hath a vocation to the Society, he is broke out of prison.'<sup>21</sup> It seems that Alabaster was concealed in London, for a short time after his escape from prison, by Father Gerard, to whom he announced his wish to become a Jesuit, that Father Gerard sent him to Brussels, and that he arranged for him to receive £30 there on his arrival.<sup>22</sup>

About this time Alabaster circulated *Seven Reasons* for his conversion, which were printed and answered by John Racster in his *A Booke of the seven planets*, 1598,<sup>23</sup> and also answered by Roger Fenton in *An answer to W. Alablaster his motives*, 1599.<sup>24</sup> Alabaster proceeded from Brussels to Rome and, according to Father Persons, arrived at the English College there with a letter of high commendation from Father Garnet.<sup>25</sup> Persons wrote a long account of Alabaster's conversion extending to one hundred and fifty pages, which is still in the Archives of the College.<sup>26</sup> Francis Barneby, who had come to England from Rome on April 8, 1599, mentioned Alabaster as one of the lay brothers in the English College at that time.<sup>27</sup>

On August 23, 1599, John Chamberlain wrote to Sir Dudley Carleton: 'Alabaster, who escaped from the Clink, is brought back, being sent from Rochelle.'<sup>28</sup> He had then been back rather

more than a fortnight, for Sir John Peyton wrote to the Lieutenant of the Tower on August 9: 'By the Council's warrant I received yesterday into my charge William Alabaster who importunes me to advertise that he has some secret matter of importance touching the state to impart to you. By circumstances, I conceive it somewhat concerns the Northern part.' On August 24, Peyton writes again, saying that Alabaster has asked permission to send a letter to the Queen on matters of state, but that he has discouraged it.<sup>29</sup>

It is clear from what follows that Alabaster was still closely concerned with the Earl of Essex. At this time Henry Constable was in Scotland in negotiation with King James about the succession to the English throne. His relations with the Earl of Essex were known to Persons, who may have thought it advisable to send Alabaster on a counteracting mission. Constable was of the French and Persons of the Spanish party. This, of course, is only a conjecture.

Alabaster was confined in the Gatehouse, and by midsummer, 1600, had been very ill for some time, to judge by the heavy bill for doctors and medicines which he had incurred.<sup>30</sup> He was sufficiently recovered by July 22 to be examined. The record of his examination is of great historical importance.

'22 July 1600.

'*The examination of William Alabaster taken before us Sir John Peyton knight lieutenant of the tower and Edward Coke her Majesties attorney generall at the tower.*

'A. He confesseth that after gerrard the priestes escape out of the tower he had conference with him and that this examinante received in Brusels thirtie poundes by ordre and the credit of gerrard, and that from thence he went to father Persons in Roome and from thence to Barsilona in Spaine and conferred thar with father cressey [Cresswell] and don Juan Idiaques.

'B. And sayth that he heard Wright himself confesse and heard it also in Roome that Wright had wriggthen to father Persons that he had had conference with the earle of essex about divers matters the certeintie whereof he saith he remembreth not.

'C. And sayth that true it is that he heard in Spaine that the king of Scottes had or would offer his subjection to the Pope of Rome so he would confirme the crowne to him. And that if nede were he would to assuere thereof deliver to the kinge of Spaine his sonnes.

'D. And he confesseth that he had a message to deliver to the Earle of

essex from the duke of Cessye & father Persons, don John [Juan] Idiaques and father Cressey [Cresswell].

'E. And that he was instructed by them to persuade the Earle to maintaine the title of the *infanta* for divers reasons. First that Spaine was able to defende him in it and to reward him according to his merite which no englishe competitor could doe. And that the earle was to greate to live under any of the other peti competitors and further it was demanded, that if the earle would undertake the title for the *infanta* he should deale for peace between Spaine & England upon these condicions that Irleand should be quiet, that the lowe countries should not be assysted against Spaine, and that Spaine should have the *Indians* [Indies] free.

'F. He confesseth that *Titchborne* did robbe him and that he found a letter as to himselfe wherein was intelligence of a greate flete from Spaine, superscribed for her Majesties affaies, which together with *Squires Booke* was found & sent to the King of France, & from him to the Queen of England, which he did to the end he might the better & more safely passe into England.

[signed] WILLIAM ALABASTER

'Examined by us

[signed] John Peyton  
Edw. Coke.'

Endorsed 'Alabasters examination

22 July 1600.'<sup>31</sup>

Thomas Wright's examination two days later sheds no further light on the matter.<sup>32</sup> Formal charges were, however, drawn up against the Earl of Essex, and from these it is worth quoting the passages which refer to Alabaster.

'The Erle of Essex is charged with high treason, namely, That he plotted and practised with the Pope and King of Spaine for the disposing and settling to himself as well the crowns of England, as of the Kingdome of Ireland.

'This is proved fyve wayes:

'1. By Valentines report from the mouth of *Allabaster* which is in two natures

'First. Concerning the proceedings of *Wright the Jesuitt*; for the effecting of this Treason.

'That *Alabaster* at his being at Rome, dyd understand How *Wright* being Prisoner in *Bridwell*, dyd certify the Pope that the Erle of Essex and *Wright* had conference together; before the Erles going into Ireland.

'That the conference betwixt *Wright* and the Erle, was about the crowne of England.'

'That in that conference among other speaches, the Erle of Essex said to *Wright*. If I could be persuaded that the church did not seeke my blood I could lyke your Religion well. And that *Wright* dyd presently persuade the Erle, that for himself there was no such matter.

'That then the Erle said, seing it is so, I am resolved, *and I am going into Ireland; certify to the Pope as you think good for me, and what as cometh to your hands, in the meane for me, keepe untill we meete againe*

'Secondly. Concerning the proceedings of *Alablasters* himself for the furthering of this Treason.

'That *Alablasters* was sent from the Pope and king of Spain, of purpose onely, to the Erle of Essex, and for his establishment to the crowne.]

'That *Alablasters* had letters from the Pope and king of Spain, unto the Erle of Essex, of that effect.

'That in the same letters were divers covenants, whereof some he doth partly remember.

'1. That the erle of Essex, should not deale against Tyrone, but surcease and take him as his frend. And to lett him rule as head under the Pope in Ireland, untill such tyme as the Erle of Essex were fully confirmed to the crowne, and reconciled to the Pope/ and that then by the Popes commandement, Tyrone should yeald his obedience with his contry to the Erle as under the Pope.]

'2. That the Erle should geve consent, that the Archduke should enjoy the Low contries, wholly to himself, as head under the Pope.]

'3. . . . a matter betwixt the k . . . Erle for the Indies, but he cannot remember what it was.

'2. By *Alablasters* owne declaration; which is lykewise in two natures.

'First. Concerning the report of Wright the Jesuit and of others, plainly discovering this practised Treason.

'That *Alablasters* dyd heare Wright himself confess, and herd it also in Rome. That Wright had written to father Persons how he had conference with the Erle of Essex about divers matters: *The certainty of which he saeth he remembreth not.*]

'Secondly. Concerning the cours of *Alablasters* owne dealing, manifestly tending to advance this Treason.

'That he went from Brussells to father Persons in Rome, and had a message from him to the Erle of Essex, which was to such effect as is mentioned in this [altered from 'his'] declaration [*sic*] after [in another hand].

'That he was instructed by father Persons, to persuade the Erle to maintaine the Tytle of the Infanta, for divers reasons hereafter declared.]

'That he went from Rome, to Barcelona, in Spaine, and there had conference with Don Juan Idiaques, and father Cressey [altered to 'Creswell.']

'That he had a message to deliver to the Erle from the Duke of Sessie Idiaques and father [altered to 'creswell'] which was to such effect as is mentioned in his [altered to 'this'] declaration.]

'That he was instructed by them to persuade the Erle to maintaine the tytle of the Infanta, for divers reasons.

'First, for that Spaine was hable to defend him in it, and to reward him according to his merite, which no English competitor could do./

'Secondly, that the Erle was too great, to lyve under such competitor

'Thirdly, that yf the Eile would undertake the tytle for the Infanta he should deale for peace between Spaine and England upon these conditions.

'1. That Ireland should be quiett.

'2. That the Low contréis should not be assisted against Spayne.

'3. That Spaine should have the Indies free . . .'<sup>33</sup>

'Valantines report,' unfortunately, seems not to have survived. It has seemed advisable to publish these documents more or less in full, but in reading them it will be well to remember that the examinations were naturally very much biased. It must be remembered, however, that Alabaster made the first move, as Sir John Peyton's letters show, and a letter from Alabaster to Cecil on August 9, 1601, alludes gratefully to an interview which Cecil had given him.<sup>34</sup>

Alabaster was transferred from the Tower to Framlingham on July 14, 1601,<sup>35</sup> and on August 29, it was reported that he was being kept close and half starved in a dungeon.<sup>36</sup> He was not released until September, 1603, by which time there had been a general release of Catholic prisoners after James I's accession. Adam Winthrop wrote in his diary on September 22, 1603: 'The xxith day my cosen Alabaster camme to my house and shewed me his pardon Dated the xth of Septembre.'<sup>37</sup>

Alabaster was no sooner free of his bonds than he began to profess his religion courageously. In 1604, he had a controversy with Dr William Bedell, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore, full accounts of which survive.<sup>38</sup> Perhaps as a result of this Adam Winthrop records in June: 'My Cosen W Alibaster was committed again to prison for popery.'<sup>39</sup> This time he was in the King's Bench, whence he wrote to Salisbury, at the end of 1605 or early in 1606, saying that he had learned that he was to be banished, and offering his services as a spy against English Catholics on the Continent.<sup>40</sup> Whether his offer was accepted we do not know. At any rate, he was a guest at Douay on July 24, 1606,<sup>41</sup> and shortly afterwards he had renewed his relations with Persons, who wrote to him on May 12, 1607, thanking him for his intention of dedicating a book to him, but asking him to think twice before publishing it.<sup>42</sup>

Two years later, on September 22, 1609, Persons writes that

Alabaster has been in the English College now for nine or ten months, that he has shown himself round in faith but unwilling to conform to the discipline of the College, and that he thinks it would be better to send him to some Italian university and to give him some means of support while he lives in a monastery.<sup>43</sup> A few months later the storm burst. A letter survives from an unknown correspondent announcing to the Holy Office at Florence that Alabaster has taken flight after insulting the Inquisition and the Jesuits, that he has declared that he is determined to live and die a Protestant, and that he has reached Marseilles.<sup>44</sup> On August 11, John Dickenson writes to Sir Ralph Winwood from the Hague to say that Alabaster is in strict custody in Amsterdam, and has been planning to write against the Jesuits. Winwood confirms this on August 22 in a letter from Dusseldorf to Sir Thomas Bodley, and adds that the burgomasters of Amsterdam have clapped Alabaster into prison because they doubt the sincerity of his wish to return to Protestantism.<sup>45</sup> The burgomasters evidently solved their difficulty by turning him over to the English authorities. A Jesuit news-letter of August, 1610, is sufficiently explicit: 'A rumour is current in London of the arrival of Alabaster, and that he had indeed been sent in custody from the States of Holland; nevertheless, they dissembled this, and reported through London that it was necessary to search the houses of Catholics to take him. There is fear that they will do so, as much for the Oath as a pretext against the Catholics, particularly the priest Baldwin, against whom they know that Alabaster entertains hatred, because as he believes, he denounced him before the Holy Office.'<sup>46</sup> The priest to whom allusion is made, was Father William Baldwin, S.J.

Alabaster's arrival in England at this time is confirmed by Adam Winthrop's diary: 'Memorandum that on Thursday the sixth of Aprill 1610 Mr Gurdon of Assington toulde me that Sir William Waldegrave thelder did tell him latelye that my Nephewe William Alabaster was revolted from the popes Religion to our Religion, *quod vix credo, licet verum esse libenter vellem*. But since he came into England and revoulted from the Pope Anno 1610 20 Novemb.'<sup>47</sup> His revolt was short-lived. On February 9, 1611, while imprisoned in the house of the Dean of St Paul's, he declared that he would live and die a Catholic.<sup>48</sup>

We hear no more of him until January 5, 1614, when it is evident that he has changed again. John Chamberlain writes to



Sir Dudley Carleton: 'Yesterday Alabaster, the double or treble turncoat, preached before the King at Whitehall.'<sup>49</sup> In March, he became Rector of Therfield, the Dean of St Paul's best living, worth £300 a year, which is equivalent to £2500 now.<sup>50</sup> and on June 14 James I ordered the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge to create Alabaster Doctor.<sup>51</sup> He had previously abjured the Catholic Church in a public synod at Westminster on May 5, and on June 8 he had been absolved from all irregularity and restored to his ministry in the Church of England.<sup>52</sup> On June 29, he compounded for the first fruits of Therfield,<sup>53</sup> and November 4 his mother died at Therfield, presumably in his house.<sup>54</sup> The statement that he was made a Prebendary of St Paul's Cathedral at this time is incorrect.<sup>55</sup> Toward the end of the year, he took back his recantation, was imprisoned, tried, and sentenced to banishment. He went then to Belgium.<sup>56</sup>

By 1618 he was back in England. On August 2 of that year, he was admitted to Gray's Inn, and was described on the Admission Register as Chaplain to the King.<sup>57</sup> On August 22, he was married at Otham, Kent, to Catherine, widow of Thomas Fludd, and by this marriage Robert Fludd, the alchemist, became his stepson. Alabaster is described in the marriage licence as of the Parish of St Mary Woolnoth.<sup>58</sup>

Marriage seems to have settled his fortunes, and to have determined him to remain in the Church of England. In 1627, he was appointed Rector of Little Shelford in Cambridgeshire.<sup>59</sup> On April 28, 1640, 'Doctor William Alibastard' was buried at St Dunstan's in the West.<sup>60</sup> In his will he had made Nicholas Bacon his executor, and it was Nicholas Bacon who buried him.<sup>61</sup>

Alabaster was a copious Latin author in prose and verse. He was extraordinarily learned, especially in Hebrew and in Cabbalistic lore. It was partly his Cabbalism which got him into trouble with the Inquisition. He published *Apparatus in Revelationem Jesu Christi*, Antwerp, 1607; *Commentarius de Bestia Apocalyptica*, Delft, 1621; *Roxana*, 1632; *Ecce Sponsus Venit*, 1633, the preface of which contains biographical information; *Spiracula Tubarum*, 1633?; and *Lexicon Pentaglotton*, 1635, 1637. He contributed at least one Greek poem, and perhaps another Greek and a Hebrew poem, to Alexander Neville's *Academia Cantabrigiensis Lachrymæ Tumulo Nobilissimi Equitis, D. Philippi Sidneyi, Sacratæ* 1587,<sup>62</sup> and a Latin commendatory poem to Ralph Freeman's translation of

Seneca's *Shortnesse of Life*, 1663. Many Latin poems by Alabaster remain unpublished. There are several poems in Latin and English on the Somerset marriage in *Royal MS.* 12 A. xxxv, ff. 1-11; some lines on Bacon's *Novum Organum* in *MS. Rawl. Poet.* 62, ff. 6-7; four poems in *Trinity Coll. Dubl. MS.* 877 [G.2.21], pp. 419-20; four poems in *Gomville and Caius MS.* 73-40, f. 335; a poem in praise of Camden in *MS. Cotton. Jul. Cæs.* V, f. 23; an epigram in *MS. Ashmole* 38, No. 87, which is frequently found in other manuscript commonplace books, and is here translated from Alabaster's Latin original; and two extensive collections of his Latin verses in *Rawl. MSS.* D. 283 and 293, including an epitaph on Edmund Spenser. His reputation as a Latin poet, however, should rest chiefly on *Elisæis*, an unfinished epic poem in hexameters, of which several manuscripts survive,<sup>63</sup> and his play *Roxana*, which was praised highly by Doctor Johnson, who, speaking of Latin verse in England, said: 'If we produced anything worthy of notice before the elegies of Milton, it was perhaps Alabaster's *Roxana*.'<sup>64</sup> *Roxana* is a paraphrase of Luigi Groto's *La Dalida*, 1567. At least three manuscripts of it survive.<sup>65</sup>

Spenser's noble praise of *Elisæis* is too little known:

And there is *Alabaster* thoroughly taught,  
 In all this skill, though knownen yet to few:  
 Yet were he knowne to *Cynthia* as he ought,  
 His *Eliseis* would be redde anew.  
 Who lives that can match that heroick song,  
 Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?  
 O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,  
 To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:  
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,  
 To end thy glorie which he hath begun:  
 That when he finisht hath as it should be,  
 No braver Poeme can be under Sun.  
 Nor *Po* nor *Tyburs* swans so much renowned,  
 Nor all the brood of *Greece* so highly praised,  
 Can match that *Muse* when it with bayes is crowned,  
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised.<sup>66</sup>

Herrick also pays tribute to Alabaster most admiringly,<sup>67</sup> and Anthony Wood's extravagant praise is well-known.<sup>68</sup> Some of Alabaster's Latin epigrams and poems were transcribed into

English by Hugh Holland<sup>69</sup> and also, perhaps, by the youthful Cowley.<sup>70</sup> His portrait is engraved after Jensen as frontispiece to his *Ecce Sponsus Venit*. †

Alabaster's English verse is inedited, and was almost totally unknown until the late Bertram Dobell, with his usual acumen, discovered the authorship of a manuscript volume of Alabaster's sonnets, and wrote of them in the *Athenæum*.<sup>71</sup> These forty-three sonnets, added to others since brought to light, make the total number of his known sonnets amount to eighty-five: perhaps Alabaster, after the fashion of the age, produced a full 'century.' The sonnets, which run in groups or sequences, and portray some profound spiritual experiences, were written while Alabaster was a prisoner for the Catholic faith in 1597, and conscious (as he himself tells us) of unwonted inspiration. They make a noble addition to Elizabethan poetry. It is proposed to publish them in a critical edition based on the material gathered by the present Editors.

120. THE MYSTERY: *Incarnationis profundum mysterium*. Text from a manuscript sequence of sixty-four sonnets by Alabaster written on blank leaves of *Heures en François et en Latin a l'Usage de Rome*, Lyon, 1558, in St John's College, Cambridge (Press-mark T.9.30), as transcribed by Mr Charles Sayle, Sonnet 46. Original title supplied from a manuscript of forty-three sonnets by Alabaster in the possession of Messrs P. J. and A. E. Dobell. 'Unspunne' in l. 11 is supplied from the Dobell MS.

121. SONS OF GOD: *Exaltatio humanæ naturæ*. Text from Mr Charles Sayle's transcription of the same sequence, No. 48. Original title and 'Inhaunce' in l. 3 supplied from the Dobell MS.

122. UPON THE CRUCIFIX: *Upon the Crucifix*. Text from Mr Charles Sayle's transcription of the same sequence, No. 35. Original title supplied from the Dobell MS., as well as the word 'twine' in l. 10, which replaces the word 'honnie,' probably caught up in error from the preceding phrase in the *St John's Coll. MS.*

123. ON THE REED OF OUR LORD'S PASSION: *Of the former Argument*. (The previous sonnet is entitled *Of the Reede that the Jewes sett in our Saviours hand*.) Text from *Peter Mowle's Book*, p. 91, a manuscript at Oscott College, including *Certaine of Arabasters his Meditations*, Anno 1597. The present sonnet is No. 5 in the series. It does not appear in the *St John's Coll.* and Dobell MSS.

124. SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST: Untitled sonnet. Text from Mr Charles Sayle's transcription of the *St John's Coll. MS.* No. 63. It does not appear in the Dobell MS. The blank in the first line has been

filled in conjecturally by Mr Charles Sayle. The feast of St John the Evangelist falls two days after Christmas; hence 'soe neare to Christs solemnitie.'

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Gonville and Caius MS.* 599, f. 277<sup>v</sup>.
- <sup>2</sup> *Add. MS.*, 19,165, f. 187.      <sup>3</sup> *Foley, Records*, I, 65-8.
- <sup>4</sup> *Wintthrop Papers*, I, 159.      <sup>5</sup> *Hadleigh Parish Register*.
- <sup>6</sup> *Trinity College Admission Book*, from information supplied by Mr Alfred Rogers.
- <sup>7</sup> *Foster, Alumni Oxonienses*, I, 11.
- <sup>8</sup> *P.R.O. First Fruits Composition Books*, XII, f. 60<sup>v</sup>.
- <sup>9</sup> *Antwerp*, 1593, *S.T.C.* 20633.      <sup>10</sup> *Foley, Records*, I, 65-8.
- <sup>11</sup> *Wintthrop Papers*, I, 67.
- <sup>12</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, VII, 474; VIII, 394, 395.
- <sup>13</sup> *Harleian MS.* 292, f. 79.
- <sup>14</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, VII, 394.
- <sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, VII, 395.
- <sup>16</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Grene Collectanea*, P 549; *Garnet to Parsons*, 8 October, 1597.
- <sup>17</sup> *Baker MSS.*, XXIV, 356.
- <sup>18</sup> Account of Alabaster's deprivation in manuscript at Farm Street entitled *Examination of Popish Recusants in Q. Eliz. time*.
- <sup>19</sup> *Baker MSS.*, XXXIV, 186.
- <sup>20</sup> *P.R.O. State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXVIII, No. 5.
- <sup>21</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Grene Collectanea*, P 552. *Garnet to Parsons*, 6 May, 1598.
- <sup>22</sup> *Morris, Life of Father Gerard* (1881), 301-3; *P.R.O. State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXXV, No. 32; *Foley, Records*, I, 66, 622.
- <sup>23</sup> *S.T.C.* 20601.      <sup>24</sup> *S.T.C.* 10799.
- <sup>25</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Opuscula Personii, Grene Coll.* P 356.
- <sup>26</sup> Press-mark, i.z. 18. Information supplied by J. H. Pollen, S. J.
- <sup>27</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, IX, 200.
- <sup>28</sup> *P.R.O. State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXXII, No. 68.
- <sup>29</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, IX, 259, 282, 319.
- <sup>30</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, IV, 235. *Tower Bills*.
- <sup>31</sup> *P.R.O. State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, CCLXXV, No. 32.
- <sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*, CCLXXV, No. 35.      <sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, CCLXXV, No. 33.
- <sup>34</sup> *Hist. MSS. Comm. Hatfield House*, XI, 329.
- <sup>35</sup> *Wintthrop Papers*, I, 69.
- <sup>36</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Grene Collectanea*, P 539, 553.
- <sup>37</sup> *Wintthrop Papers*, I, 78.
- <sup>38</sup> *Lambeth MS.* 722; *Corpus Christi MS.* 311, ff. 136-148<sup>v</sup>, Oxford.
- <sup>39</sup> *Wintthrop Papers*, I, 81.      <sup>40</sup> *Ashmole MS.* 826, No. 124.
- <sup>41</sup> *Donay Diaries, Catholic Record Society* I, 74.
- <sup>42</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Grene Collectanea*, P 340.
- <sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, P 485. J. H. Pollen, S. J., in *The Month*, April, 1904, LXXXVIII, 428, ascribes the letter to Father Parsons.
- <sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 487.
- <sup>45</sup> *Winwood, Memorials* (1725), III, 204, 210.
- <sup>46</sup> *Foley, Records*, VII, pt II, 1021.      <sup>47</sup> *Wintthrop Papers*, I, 105.
- <sup>48</sup> *Stonyhurst MSS. Anglia*, VI, 337.
- <sup>49</sup> *P.R.O. State Papers, Dom. James I*, LXXVI, No. 2.
- <sup>50</sup> *Foley, Records*, VII, pt II, 1055.      <sup>51</sup> *Baker MSS.*, XXIX, 379.
- <sup>52</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXIV, 186.
- <sup>53</sup> *P.R.O., First Fruits Composition Books*, XV, f. 18.
- <sup>54</sup> *Wintthrop Papers*, I, 6.

- <sup>55</sup> *N. & Q.*, 11 ser. iv, 514.  
<sup>56</sup> Foley, *Records*, vii, pt 11, 1055.  
<sup>57</sup> Foster, *Gray's Inn Admission Register*, .  
<sup>58</sup> Hunter, *Chorus Vatum*, in *Add. MS.* 24,489, ff. 139-40, *Harl. MS.* 1445, f. 98v; Chester, Marriage Licences, col. 17, *Misc. Geneal. et Herald.* 3 ser. 1, 139.  
<sup>59</sup> Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*, 1, 11.  
<sup>60</sup> Parish Register, St Dunstan's in the West.  
<sup>61</sup> Somerset House, *P.C.C. Coventry*, 51.  
<sup>62</sup> 67-8, *S.T.C.* 18476.  
<sup>63</sup> *MS. Rawl. D.* 293, Emmanuel College, Cambridge (1.4.16), Chetham Library, Manchester, others in untraced private hands.  
<sup>64</sup> Johnson, *Lives of the English Poets* (ed. Birkbeck Hill), 1, 88.  
<sup>65</sup> *Trinity Coll. Cantab. MS.* 996; *Camb. Univ. MS.* ff. 11, 9, *Lambeth MS.* 838.  
<sup>66</sup> *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, ll. 400-415.  
<sup>67</sup> *To Doctor Alabaster*, Herrick, *Poetical Works* (ed. Moorman), 256-7.  
<sup>68</sup> *Fast. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), 1, 259.  
<sup>69</sup> *Add. MS.* 25,303, f. 92.  
<sup>70</sup> *A translation of Verses upon the B. Virgin, written in Latine by the right worshipfull Dr A.*; Cowley, *Essays, Plays, and Sundry Verses* (ed. Waller), 57-9.  
<sup>71</sup> Dec. 26, 1903, pp. 856-8. Dobell reprinted six sonnets. Malone and Collier had previously reprinted three or four sonnets.

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WILLIAM ALABASTER

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120. THE MYSTERY

THE unbounded sea of th' incarnation  
Whether my thoughts (o) whether doe you tend  
To touch the limittes of untearmed end  
For though I quarter to each region  
Yett fynde I nought to rest my eie uppon  
For if to bowntie or to power I bend  
Or wisdom or to Justice I extend  
I cannot sownd the depth of anie one  
Power, by which god is finite Man become  
Bountie that did basnes soe deere esteeme  
Wisdom that hath unspunne Mans fatal doome  
And Justice that by Man would man redeeme  
Then chuse that death my thought, or ells leave  
think[e]linge  
Where diuinge never hath an end of sinckinge.

121. SONS OF GOD

HUMANITIE, the feild of miseries  
Natures abortive table of mischaunce  
Stage of Complainte the faire that doth inhaunce  
The price of error and of vanities  
Whether oh who sees it oh whether doth it rise  
Oh doe I see or am I in a trance  
I see it farr above the Clowdes advaunce  
And under it to treade the starrie skies  
My dazling thought doth hold this sight for paine  
Vouchsafe me Christ to looke. see now, againe  
Above the Angells it hath distance woone  
And left the winged Cherubims behinde  
And is within gods secrete Curtaine gone  
And still soreth. gaze now noe more, my mynde.

## 122. UPON THE CRUCIFIX

**N**OW I have found<sup>st</sup> thee I will evermore  
 Embrace this standard where thou sittest above.  
 Feede greedie eies and from hence never rove  
 Sucke hungrie soule of this eternall store  
 Issue my hart from thie two leaved dore  
 And lett my lippes from kissinge not remove  
 O that I weare transformed into love  
 And as a plant might springe uppon this flower  
 Like wandring Ivy or sweete honnie suckle  
 How would I with my twine about it buckle  
 And kisse his feete with my ambitious boughes  
 And clyme along uppon his sacred brest  
 And make a garland for his wounded browes  
 Lord soe I am, if heare my thoughts may rest.

## 123. ON THE REED OF OUR LORD'S PASSION

**L**ONGE tyme hathe Christ (longe tyme I must confesse)  
 Held mee a hollowe Reede within his hande  
 that merited in Hell to make a brande  
 had not his grace supplied mine emptines  
 oft time with languor and mewfanglenes  
 had I bene borne awaye like sifted sande  
 when sinn and Sathan gott the upper hande  
 but that his stedfast mercie did mee blesse  
 still let mee growe upon that livinge lande  
 within that wounde which iron did impresse  
 and made a springe of bloud flowe ffrom thie hand  
 Then will I gather sapp, and rise, and stand  
 that all that see this wonder maye expresse  
 upon this grounde how well growes barrennes.

## 124. SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST

HIGH towringe Eagle rightlie may[st thou] feast  
Beheld soe neare to Christs solemnitie  
That to his godhead didst aspire soe nye  
That at his passion by his side wast prest  
That att his supper didst leane on his breast  
Boldnes of love uppon his breast to lye  
And there didst sucke of his devinitie  
Which in thie heavenlie Gospell is exprest  
But did Christ suffer such love passinge meane  
Then Jesu blame thie selfe for thou hast given  
A president of lardge presumption.  
For I not onelie on thie breast will leane  
But through thie breast unto thie hart will runn.  
Is that such boldnes? Therefore it was riven.



### XXXIII. 'A LAMENT *for* WALSINGHAM' and other FUGITIVE POEMS of the LATER SIXTEENTH CENTURY

THESE poems are of uncertain date and from various sources. Several are concerned with the change of religion and express the grief and indignation of their writers at the abandonment of beliefs and practices familiar to themselves and their forefathers; or seek to rebut the misinterpretation of these beliefs by the Reformers.

125. A LAMENT FOR OUR LADY'S SHRINE AT WALSINGHAM: untitled poem. Text from *Rawl. Poet. MS.* 219 f. 16-16<sup>v</sup>. This true 'lyrical cry' has been attributed without any proof to Blessed Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel. Father Thurston has suggested Blessed Robert Southwell as possibly the author.<sup>1</sup> He was a Norfolk man, and likely to be familiar with the shrine, in the spoliation of which his grandfather, Sir Richard Southwell, had had a share; and the poem is in no way unworthy of his genius. It has been printed by Hale and Furnivall<sup>2</sup> and Edmund Waterton.<sup>3</sup> The chapel at Walsingham was the most famous of all the English shrines of Our Lady. Waterton gives a lengthy account of it, and of the visit of Erasmus to the shrine in 1511.<sup>4</sup> In 1538, the image of Our Lady was sent by cart to Chelsea by Cromwell's orders and there publicly burned. The shrine was stripped at the same time and the fabric was allowed to decay.

126. THE HEARTY WISHES OF A PENITENT SINNER: *The hearty Wysbes of a penytent synner*. Text from the *Sydenham Prayer-book* at Oxburgh Hall, p. 74, as transcribed in *The Bedingfield Papers* (*Catholic Record Society Publications*, vii, 28-9). This manuscript has been at Oxburgh Hall for over three centuries, having belonged to Margaret (Paston) Bedingfield (1618-1702), to her mother, who was a Sydenham, and to her grandmother. The manuscript is to be dated about 1590. The style and rhythm of these lines bear a remarkable resemblance to those of the poem to Christ on the Cross, also in this prayer-book, and there headed *Earle of Arundles Verses*.<sup>5</sup>

127. OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST: Untitled poem, ll. 1-12, 17-28, 33-36, 41-52. Text from *Sloane MS.* 1710, f. 4. The poem also appears in the manuscript at Oscott College known as *Peter Mowle's Book*, pp. 157-9, dated 1595. There it is entitled: *Eucharistia* [sic] *Descriptio*, and has an extra quatrain. The Oscott text is signed 'Amen: W.D.' Philip Williams<sup>6</sup> suggests that 'W.D.' may be William Drury, author of a Latin poem on the Blessed Sacrament, *De venerabili Eucharistia*, published at Douay in 1620, and of a Latin play entitled *Mors Comedia* preserved in manuscript at Oscott College.

According to *Rawl. Poet. MS.* 21, f. 14<sup>v</sup>, the poem is by Peter Heskin, of whom we know nothing, though it may be of interest to note that in 1565 a priest, Thomas H<sup>e</sup>s'kin or Heskyns, D.D., published at Brussels *The Parliament of Cryste avouching and declaring the enacted and receaved Trueth of the Presence of his Bodie and Bloode in the Blessed Sacrament . . . impugned in a wicked sermon by M. Juel*. Thomas Heskin's family was of Heskin in the parish of Eccleston, Co. Lancaster, owned property there till some time in the seventeenth century, and was staunchly Recusant, its members appearing annually in the returns. Henry and Hugh are frequent names here, but not, it would seem, Peter.<sup>7</sup> The name Heskins is also said to be an interchangeable form of the well-known Lancashire name Hesketh.<sup>8</sup>

The poem is found, as we have seen, in *Rawl. Poet. MS.* 219, f. 14<sup>v</sup>, and also in *Sloane MS.* 1898, ff. 39-42. In the former it numbers twenty-eight stanzas and is substantially the same as in those already mentioned: in the latter there are in all seven additional stanzas occurring at three different points in the poem: the stanzas immediately preceding the additions being also, at two of these points, considerably variant. The intention of most of these stanzas, which are probably later accretions, seems to be to insist upon the mysterious and miraculous *manner* of Christ's real Presence in the Eucharist. Two of them are as follows:

Yeat is that same that same body  
which God him selfe tooke of Mary  
The same but not even so that same  
as if thow heare & reade my name.

My name is one to eares and eies,  
So is one Truthe in diverse wise,  
His body here trewe as sprite in thee  
The manner here now unknowne to mee.

In this *Sloane MS.* the poem is divided into 'Parts,' named respectively: 'the Doctrine,' 'the prooffe,' and 'the use.'

Immediately following the poem in *Rawl. Poet. MS.* 219 are written the lines:

As Christ willed it and spake it  
and thanckfully blessed it & brake it  
& as the sacred words do make it  
soe I belive and take it

My life to give therefore  
in earth to live no more.

finis D.C.:/

The same six lines have been found by W. Sparrow Simpson on the flyleaf of an imperfect copy of *Horæ ad usum Sarum* in Lambeth Palace Library in handwriting of the Elizabethan age.<sup>9</sup> They also occur in *Peter Mowle's Book* at Oscott College, where they are headed *Doctor Heath uppon the Blessed Sacrament of the Aulter*. It is very significant that the concluding couplet is heard of only from these three probably Catholic sources. The initial quatrain has been attributed to Donne, and occurs in all editions of his poems from 1635 to 1669.<sup>10</sup> The lines have been continuously attributed to Queen Elizabeth. 'In her time of persecution,' says Thomas Fuller,<sup>11</sup> 'when a popish priest pressed her very hardly to declare her opinion concerning the presence of Christ in the sacrament, she truly and warily presented her judgment in these verses.' This would have been just before she conformed to Catholicism in Mary's reign and attended at Mass and the Communion with her sister. The story is really too characteristic to be rejected, but it seems clear that the Princess quoted lines already well known, and it is not surprising that she refrained from adding the concluding couplet, supposing it to have then formed part of the rhyme.

The opening word of the poem, 'Manhu,' is Hebrew and means: 'What is this?' The fourth stanza which we print states the doctrine known to theologians as that of Concomitance, according to which the words of consecration effect the change of the substance of bread into the substance of the Body, only, of Christ; while there is present, also, in the consecrated host, Christ's precious Blood, His Soul, and His Divinity, because these are all, by one or another bond, indissolubly united together, and so the presence of one brings with it the presence of all. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, is to be said of the consecration of the chalice.

128. HOW PRECIOUS A THING TIME IS: *How precieuse a thing Tyme is*. By Peter Mowle. Text from *Peter Mowle's Book*, a manuscript at Oscott College, p. 357. Most of Mowle's own contributions in verse are of very inferior quality. Nothing is known of his career.

129. A LETTER OF COMFORT: *An exhortation*. These lines are taken from a poem of twenty-eight stanzas in an early seventeenth-century manuscript which belonged to the late Joseph Gillow (f. 18.) This commonplace book, chiefly of verse, has many poems of great interest from a Recusant standpoint, including several also found in *Add. MS. 15,225*: especially *Calvarie Mount* and *A Prisoner's Song*, the latter signed 'H.W.' Sir John Beaumont's suppressed poem on the Assumption and the long metrical life of Blessed Edmund Campion are also here. Of each of these, we believe, only one copy was hitherto known to exist. We regret that we must print this poem in a modernized transcription, as the manuscript was not accessible for collation when this book went to press.

130, 131. THE RHYMES OF A PRINTER: Untitled poems. By

John Fowler? Text from Peter Frarin's *An Oration Against the Unlawfull Insurrections of the Protestantes of our time, under pretence to Refourme Religion*, Antwerp, 1566, (S.T.C. 11333<sup>v</sup>, Bodleian, sigs. L 3<sup>v</sup>, M. At the end of the little volume are twenty-five pages of rhymes adorned with rude woodcuts. Many of them are concerned with the then quite recent religious disturbances in France. The verses under each picture are not translations and appear to be the work of the printer, of whom we append a brief memoir.

John Fowler, one of those who, like Richard Verstegan, did much for their Catholic fellows by printing for them abroad, or seeing through the press, the works of piety, instruction, and defence which were proscribed in England, was born at Bristol in 1537. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1560, 'but did not complete it by standing in the Comitia.'<sup>12</sup> This was doubtless due to his refusal to conform to the new State religion. Soon afterwards he left England, and continued until the last year of his life to print Catholic books at Louvain, at Antwerp, and later on at Douay. The close watch by the English Government on his work is exemplified in the examination of Henry Simpson at York in 1571, when several details in regard to Fowler's press at Louvain were extracted from the witness.<sup>13</sup> Anthony Wood speaks highly of Fowler's learning, calls him 'a tolerable poet,' and says that 'he might have passed for another Robert or Henry Stephens.'<sup>14</sup> A modern French historian describes him as 'savant helléniste et latiniste.'<sup>15</sup> Dr Allen, writing in 1583 to the Rector of the English College in Rome, refers to him as a most Catholic man, and a most learned printer of books.<sup>16</sup> His wife was Alice, daughter of John Harris, who had been Sir Thomas More's secretary. After his death at Namur on February 13, 1578-9, she sheltered many English exiles at Douay.<sup>17</sup> One of these was Thomas Hyde, priest and sometime headmaster (from 1552 to 1559) of Winchester, who 'left all he had, and all he pretended to, for conscience sake,' and went beyond seas, being 'a lover of virtue and virtuous men.' He ended his days 'at Doway in Flanders in the house of Alice Fowler, the widow of John Fowler an English-man,' and was buried in the Lady Chapel of the Church of St Jacques.<sup>18</sup>

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *The Month*, January, 1896, LXXXI, 49.
- <sup>2</sup> *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, I, 470-1.
- <sup>3</sup> *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, II, 211-9.
- <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, II, 155-220.
- <sup>5</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, VII, 29-30.
- <sup>6</sup> *The Oscotian*, December, 1901, 3 ser. II, 7.
- <sup>7</sup> Gillow, *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*, III, 292.
- <sup>8</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, VI, 480.
- <sup>9</sup> *N. & Q.*, 5 ser. VII, 112.
- <sup>10</sup> See also *N. & Q.*, 5 ser. III, 433; V, 313.
- <sup>11</sup> *The Holy State and the Profane State* (1840), 253.
- <sup>12</sup> Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), I, 441.
- <sup>13</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. Eliz.*, *Addenda*, XIX, No. 78.
- <sup>14</sup> Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), I, 441.
- <sup>15</sup> Lechat, *Refugiés anglais dans les Pays Bas* (Louvain, 1914), 211.
- <sup>16</sup> *Letters and Memorials*, II, 216.
- <sup>17</sup> Dodd, *Church History* (ed. Tierney), I, 532.
- <sup>18</sup> Wood, *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), I, 659.

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## FUGITIVE POEMS

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125. A LAMENT FOR OUR LADY'S SHRINE  
AT WALSINGHAM

IN the wrackes of Walsingham  
Whom should I chuse,  
But the Queene of Walsingham  
to be guide to my muse  
Then thou Prince of Walsingham  
graunt me to frame,  
Bitter plaintes to rewe thy wronge,  
bitter wo for thy name,  
Bitter was it soe to see,  
The seely sheepe  
Murdred by the raveninge wolves  
While the sheephardes did sleep,  
Bitter was it oh to vewe  
the sacred vyne,  
Whiles the gardiners plaied all close,  
rooted up by the swine  
Bitter bitter oh to behould,  
the grasse to growe  
Where the walles of Walsingham  
so statly did shewe,  
Such were the workes of Walsingham:  
while shee did stand  
Such are the wrackes as now do shewe  
of that holy land,  
Levell Levell with the ground  
the towres doe lye  
Which with their golden glitteringe tops  
Pearsed once to the skye,  
Wher weare gates no gates ar nowe,  
the waies unknowne

Wher the presse of peares did passe  
 While her fame far was blowen.  
 Oules do srike, wher the sweetest himnes  
 lately weer scinge  
 Toades and serpentes hold ther dennes,  
 Wher the Palmers did thronge  
 Weepe weepe o Walsingam  
 Whose dayes are nightes  
 Blessinges turned to blasphemies  
 Holy deedes to dispites,  
 Sinne is wher our: Ladie sate  
 Heaven turned is to Hell.  
 Sathan sittes wher our Lord did swaye  
 Walsingam oh farewell.

126. THE HEARTY WISHES OF A  
PENITENT SINNER

O THAT I could with streames of teares  
 my synfull lyfe Lament,  
 O that I coulde my dolefull harte  
 in sundry peaces rent.  
 With dolefull sighes and eke with sobbes,  
 would God my dayes were spent,  
 That so I might with Angells bright  
 enjoy æternall lighte.

O God how hard a harte have I,  
 that yealdes not dropes of bloode,  
 To satisfye, to pacyfye,  
 to doe my poore soule good.  
 yf that I could, full fayne I wold,  
 this cravant corps forgoe,  
 By rack, by rope, or Tyburn's force,  
 I would cut of my woe:

But God, who knowes my secreate thoughtes,  
 dispose me at his wyll  
 That flyenge yll contynua' lye  
 his servant I be styll. ¶  
 A harte, a harte, sweet Savvour,  
 a harte vouchsafe to sende,  
 A harte to bid me take goode harte  
 my heavie harte to mend.

Make that my harte, become thy harte,  
 that whatsoever fall,  
 My wyll, thy wyll may ever be,  
 on the to crye and call,  
 That I, not I, not I, may ever be,  
 but thou in me, and I in thee,  
 To serve thy heavenly majestie.

## 127. OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST

**M**ANHÛ MANHÛ what thinge is this  
 in forme of bread that worshipped ys?  
 ffayne wolde I knowe the truth I wisse  
 manhù manhù what thing is this?

It is our Lorde, yt semeth breade,  
 yt is alyve, yt seemeth deade,  
 yt is but one, yt seemeth moe,  
 yt is true fleshe, yt seemeth not so.

It ys thee thinge, yt seemeth the signe,  
 yt is godes truth, yt is not myne,  
 yt is the eare, and not the eye,  
 must Judge of this moste certainly.

his bodye by woorde effectuell:  
 his soule by sequele naturall:  
 his manhoode by conjunction:  
 his Godheade heare by unyon./



This is his bodye but glorified,  
 In spirituall wyse so deified,  
 That mortall eye maye not yt see,  
 As yt is here belev'd to bee:/

But Loe wee se, we touch, sayth John,  
 Trewe god in Christe by name of man.  
 So maye we saye and not be shente,  
 we touche his fleshe in sacramente.

So truely the Angelles brighte  
 doe worshippe yt. as doctors wryte.  
 The Angelles worshippe that they see:  
 Which we see not, that worshippe we./

But as god had his bodye at will,  
 To use, and yet no place to fyll,  
 When doores and walles might not resiste  
 But he wolde be wher that him liste.

And as him liste, not felte, not sene,  
 But when him liste: so here I meane,  
 He hath in power in bodye pure  
 to use alwayes at his pleasure.

Yet ys the same the same bodye,  
 That rose to Lyfe never to dye.  
 The bodye trewe as spryte in thee,  
 the maner new unknowen to mee.

#### 128. HOW PRECIOUS A THING TIME IS

**T**YME is a treasure worthie high esteeme  
 But Tyme once lost noe treasure can redeeme  
 Wherefore in Tyme whilst now fit Time thou haste  
 Spend well thie Time before thie Time bee paste  
 Else out of Time thou shalt bee suer of this  
 To rue the Time that now thou spendst amisse.

129. A LETTER OF COMFORT TO A RECUSANT  
PRISONER

RECEIVE, dear friend, with patient mind  
This cross which you sustain  
Of glory great, thereof to find  
A crown of endless gains.

O happy wight! no pain respect:  
God's saints have gone before.  
O gracious way! which God's elect  
Have chosen evermore.

Regard you not ungodly laws,  
Nor wicked worldly babble;  
Your prison, in this righteous cause,  
In truth is honourable:

A cause indeed, a blessed cause,  
A cause of glorious fame,  
A cause of joys, for Christ His laws  
To suffer worldly shame.

For thus it plainly doth appear  
God's love on you do rest,  
Sith he vouchsafed you to bear  
His badge amongst the rest.

Take this in sign of my goodwill  
Which here to you I send,  
And bear with my simple skill,  
Like to a faithful friend.

## 130, 131. THE RHYMES OF A PRINTER

I. *The Shrine-Breakers*

THE holy Saintes and Martyrs  
That nowe in blysse rayne,  
These men would pull downe  
And martyr onse againe.  
Else why on theyr bodies  
And bones that here reste,  
Doo they shewe so much malice,  
As ye see here expreste?

II. *First Fruits*

O CHRIST: If these the first frutes be  
This Gospell doth us geve,  
The same thy Gospell not to be  
Ful well we may beleve.  
Thy Gospell is of tydinges good,  
Of love and peace the sede:  
This Gospell doth all tydinges yll,  
All stryf and bloudshed brede.

## XXXIV. HUGH HOLLAND

1563?-1633

ABOUT the birthplace and family of this forgotten and inedited poet so much praised and considered by his contemporaries, there is conflicting testimony. Gillow, following Thomas Fuller, who claims Hugh Holland in his *Worthies of Wales*, says he was born in Denbighshire of a mother who was of that county, and that his father was Robert Holland:<sup>1</sup> the latter, according to Aubrey, being of the Lancashire branch of the Hollands, Earls of Kent.<sup>2</sup> But a careful pedigree by Brydges in his edition of Edward Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*<sup>3</sup> gives to our Hugh Holland a purely Welsh paternal pedigree, carrying it back for seven generations, and this is corroborated by Sir Thomas Erskine Holland, who derives our poet from Griffith Holland of Vaedref.<sup>4</sup> Hugh Holland himself tells us in 1625<sup>5</sup> that he is sixty-two years old, and that his mother's name was Payne. Of the Paynes of Denbigh (where Hugh was born) there is no trace anywhere, but 'Payne's fields' figure in an old Cess book, and 'Dñs William Payne' was Vicar of Denbigh from 1530 to 1554, when he was deprived.<sup>6</sup> Possibly he was our poet's grandfather. An old house called Holland Place still stands in the town, and beside it is Lenten Pool, now almost a puddle, but still likely, in flood time, to extend over the streets.

Hugh Holland was sent to Westminster School. Some annalists add that he was there under Camden, but Camden was only second master in the poet's boyhood, and did not become Headmaster until 1593. There are two Hugh Hollands in Wood's Oxford lists,<sup>7</sup> as in Foster's:<sup>8</sup> one of these was admitted B.A. with Thomas Worthington, afterwards a Jesuit, in Michaelmas term, 1570; the other, 'an esquire's son of Denbighshire,' was matriculated at Balliol on March 1, 1582-3 at the age of twenty-four. This is not our Hugh Holland, as his age conflicts with the poet's statement in *A Cypres Garland* that he was sixty-two in 1625. Our Hugh Holland was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1589, and entered it in 1590.<sup>9</sup> He was admitted B.A. in 1593-4 and proceeded M.A. in 1597 as 'Robert.'<sup>10</sup> His associates in after life were Cambridge, not Oxford, men. He was very faithful to early friends: he clung to schoolfellows like Jonson, Bolton, Alabaster, and long afterwards wrote a life (never published) of William Camden.

On leaving the University, Holland proceeded abroad, and became a convert before he was thirty. Aubrey describes Holland as 'a Roman Catholique'<sup>11</sup> and Wood as having been all his life '*in animo catholicus*,' a favourite phrase with Wood and true, doubtless, of himself.<sup>12</sup> Fuller cryptically says that Holland was addicted to the 'new-old religion.'<sup>13</sup> We find Holland at Rome as soon as there is mention of his Continental tour; and from Rome he proceeded as a Catholic pilgrim to the Holy Sepulchre, not receiving there, says Fuller, the customary knight-hood. He is reported as having spoken too freely in Rome of Queen Elizabeth's policy or person, and as having been imprisoned for it at Constantinople, on his return journey, by the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Glover. This episode may account for Holland's share later in the chorus of flattery which was a necessity of life to Queen Elizabeth and her immediate successor, and, in general, a guarantee of safety to the contributors. He reached England by 1600 and promptly began to pay the usual penalties for his religion. On March 25, 42 Elizabeth, recognizance was taken before Edward Vaghan, Esq., J.P., of Hugh Holland, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the sum of two hundred pounds for his appearance at the next Gaol Delivery for Middlesex; and his name is found with those of others indicted for recusancy in the Middlesex Sessions files for February 15, 1604-5, January 16, 1610-11, and April 24, 1612.<sup>14</sup> Fuller, who seems to have known a good deal about Holland, tells us that the latter 'had a competent estate in good Candle-rents in London,' and expected to be made, on his return from his long Continental sojourn, 'clerk of the council at least,' but that on getting no office he 'grumbled out the rest of his life in visible discontentment.'<sup>15</sup> This does not sound quite like the amiable 'M. Hu Holland,' or like Camden's description of Denbigh men: 'their heads are sound . . . their age long lasting and very cheerfull.' A modern writer laments that Holland's 'learning and parts' were 'unable to obtain any preferment, on account, it is probable, of the peculiar bias of his political [!] sentiments.'<sup>16</sup> Holland had some lines about Queen Elizabeth's death in Camden's *Remaines*.<sup>17</sup>

In January, 1608, Hugh Holland was in Venice, whence Sir Henry Wotton wrote to Salisbury recommending Holland to him on his return.<sup>18</sup> Edmund Bolton says in his *Hypercritica* (1618?) that 'the English Poems of . . . Hugh Holland . . . are

not easily to be mended.<sup>19</sup> The lament for James I called *A Cypres Garland* (1625) strikes a sincere note, and is interwoven with many autobiographical touches, from which we learn that the writer had survived his wife Ursula, his daughter 'Phil,' and his son Martin.<sup>20</sup> Holland's 'great patronesse' was Lady Coke, wife of Sir Edward; she was by birth Lady Elizabeth Cecil, and by a former marriage widow of Sir William Hatton.<sup>21</sup> As Lady Coke, she had borne a daughter who married Sir John Villiers, a connection of the Duke of Buckingham, and it was Buckingham, it seems, who had led Hugh Holland (as he did several other of our Recusant poets) to James I, 'not once, nor twice, to kisse that awful Hand.'<sup>22</sup>

Holland lived in Westminster in his latter days, and there died in July, 1633. 'Sir J[ohn] P[enruddock] [the Wiltshire Royalist executed in 1655] asked him his advice as he was dyeing, (or he then gave it) that the best rule for him to governe his life was to read St Hierome's Epistles.'<sup>23</sup> Penruddock told Aubrey this. Holland was buried at Westminster Abbey on July 23, 1633, next the two Beaumonts, 'in the south crosse aisle neer the fore of St Benet's Chapell, i.e. where the earl of Middlesex monument is, but there is no monument or inscription of him.'<sup>24</sup> Holland never had an epitaph, but he left for his own use a beautiful Latin one, preserved by Wood, in which he calls himself, though a great sinner, a very dear lover of the Muses and of his friends.<sup>25</sup> His elegies certainly show a most affectionate nature. On August 31, letters of administration were granted to Arbellin Holland of the City of Westminster, gent., son of Hugh Holland, widower, deceased.<sup>26</sup> This same Arbellinus or 'Arbellin, sonne and heire to Hugh Holland of London, gent.,' was already elected freeman of the town of Denbigh. His singular Christian name would appear to have some connection with the Lady Arbella (who never wrote herself, as we do now, *Arabella*) Stuart, Prince Henry's cousin and friend, and the pathetic victim of his royal father's unjust displeasure.

Camden, in an astonishingly prophetic list of celebrities (fallible only in one other instance) names Hugh Holland among the 'most pregnant wits of these our times, whom succeeding ages may justly admire.'<sup>27</sup> Holland prefixed verses to Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, 1603. His verse translation of a Latin epigram by William Alabaster is to be found in *Add. MS.* 25,303, f. 92, and elsewhere.

As his tuneful verses show, he had an acquaintance with music and a great love of it. He contributes a quaintly pretty rhyme to Giles Farnaby's *Canzonets*, 1598, and two commendatory sonnets to Edmund Bolton's *The Elements of Armories*, 1610.<sup>28</sup> In the very rare *Parthenia*, 1611?<sup>29</sup> comprising compositions by Byrd, Bull and Gibbons, Holland addressed his 'worthy frend W: H: & his Triumuiri of Musicke,' 'W.H.' being, in short, the book's technical 'onlie begetter,' as in another instance not unknown. Holland was a metrist as well as a musician. John Lane, in his manuscript volume called *Tritons Trumpet*, 1621,<sup>30</sup> alludes to:

Hugo Holland who my lines did chide:  
For he an ill-made verse could ne're abide.

Hugh Holland is still often confounded with Henry Holland, a Warwickshire man, son of Philemon, author of *Baxiliologia*, *Herwologia Anglica*, and of the quarto volume (preceding the work of Weever and Dugdale) *Monumenta Sepulchraria Sancti Pauli*, 1614; also with Henry Holland of St John's College, Oxford, and Douay, author of *Urna Aurea*, 1612, and other books. Other Hugh Hollands are frequently met with in old Catholic records from Cardinal Pole's faithful and unfortunate go-between down to a Lancashire Non-Juror of the '15.

Fuller mentions three unpublished works by Hugh Holland: *The Chronicle of Queen Elizabeth's Reign* ('believe him,' he adds, 'older and wiser, not railing as formerly,') a memoir of Camden, and verses in description of the chief cities in Europe, 'all lying hid in private hands.'<sup>31</sup>

132. WIDOWHOOD: QUEEN KATHARINE OF VALOIS: Two extracts from *Pancharis*. Text from *Pancharis: The first Booke*, 1603, (S.T.C. 13592), Bodleian, sigs. C 7-8. No more was published. It was evidently a first book, as in it Holland addresses some lines *To my Mayden Muse*; yet it may have been written long before, as Holland, making his poetical first appearance as a Welshman, was aged not less than twenty-eight. This little book is notable for containing Ben Jonson's *Ode ἀλληγορικη*. *Pancharis*, as a title, had been used by Jean Bonnefons in 1588 and is referred to in another ode in Ben's *Underwood*.<sup>32</sup>

Holland's royal widow is Katharine, daughter of King Charles VI of France, married in 1420, after six years' courtship, to 'Harry the Fifth, too famous to live long,' who died in 1422. Their little son, afterwards King Henry VI, aged only 'VIII monyths with odde dayes' at his father's death in France,<sup>33</sup> was about four years old when

Katharine was reported as secretly married to Owen Tudor. She died in Bermondsey, January 3, 1437, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where her body, as a public exhibit, interested Mr Samuel Pepys. 'This was my birth-day, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a queene.'<sup>34</sup> It was at that time laid 'in a chest or coffin with a loose cover to be seene and handled of any that will much desire it,'<sup>35</sup> at the right hand of the effigy of Henry V (the silver head of which was already gone), and was thus close to any person passing up the eastern steps of the Chapel of the Kings. Katharine at her first burial had had a rude tomb in the old Lady Chapel; this Chapel was pulled down when the building began of the great Perpendicular addition to Westminster Abbey, and the royal corpse, being removed, was forgotten. Interred in 1778 in the Chapel of St Nicholas, it was just a century later deposited, with the sanction of Queen Victoria, in the chantry of Henry V under the ancient altar stone.<sup>36</sup> Katharine's first epitaph, in Henry VI's reign, described her only as the widow of the victor of Agincourt; but her grandson Henry VII took pains to replace it by another, which acknowledged her Welsh marriage. Owen Tudor (Owain Tudor) was not a mere Welsh squire, but first cousin once removed to the great Owain Glyndwr, and of a very ancient and royal descent.<sup>37</sup>

133. SHAKESPEARE DEAD: 1616: *Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master William Shakespeare*. Text from First Folio Shakespeare, 1623.

134. TO SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HORACE: *To my Noble Friend, Sir T. H. Knight. An Ode in pure Iambicke feet*. Text from Sir Thomas Hawkins, *Odes of Horace*, 1625, (S.T.C. 13800), Bodleian, sig. A 3<sup>v</sup>. 'Sir T.H.' was the accomplished owner of Nash Court, Kent, translator of the long famous *Holy Court* of Caussin, and brother to Dr John Hawkins and Henry Hawkins, S.J. Sir Thomas died in 1640.<sup>38</sup> His translation of Horace was plagiarized by Barten Holyday.

The reference to Chaucer in Holland's fourth stanza (his name occurring as a marginal note, as Sidney's does also) is extremely interesting. It witnesses to a tradition never questioned until a century and a half ago that Geoffrey Chaucer married Philippa, daughter of Sir Gilles (usually called Paon, Paonnet, or Payne) de Roet, Guienne King of Arms, who came to England in 1328 in the train of Edward III's good Queen Philippa. Weever described his monument in old St Paul's. Chaucer, by Philippa de Roet, became the father of Thomas Chaucer of Woodstock, and brother-in-law of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. It is curious that this Chaucer-Roet marriage is still queried despite the heraldic evidence at Ewelme, near Oxford, on the tomb of Thomas Chaucer's daughter, the beautiful Alice, Duchess of Suffolk.<sup>39</sup> Holland alludes to the great English poet as a 'Knight.' He was Knight of the Shire for Kent, 1386. As 'Sir' Geoffrey Chaucer he figures in King



Charles II's patent to Dryden as Poet Laureate, August 18, 1670.

The allusion to Ben Jonson in the fourth stanza refers to his translation of the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, which he had long kept in manuscript.

135. THE ETERNAL ARCHETYPE: *To the ternall, and æternall Unitie*. Text from Thomas Wright's *The Passions of the Minde in generall*, 1604, (S.T.C. 26040), Bodleian, sig. A 6. The first edition of the book, which appeared in 1601, does not contain the poem. The author of the book was Thomas Wright, S.J., who was associated with the Earl of Essex, and who converted Alabaster.<sup>40</sup> The book is lofty and devout. It is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron with Essex of the Catholic party, and was finished in 1598. This prefatory poem is signed 'H.H.', and the other prefatory poem is by Ben Jonson. The poem may possibly be the work of Henry Hawkins, S.J., whose brother's translation of Horace had 'rouzed' Ben Jonson, according to Hugh Holland, as we have seen, but no other writing by Henry Hawkins, S.J., whose style this poem somewhat suggests, is known at this period. One suspects the author of going out of his way to retouch his eleventh line that it may refer to Wright's book, thereby spoiling the poetic unity of his best sonnet. George Wither may have had the imagery of this poem in his memory when, in 1622, he wrote the didactic song: 'Now *Young-man*, thy dayes and thy glories appeare,' for he specifies:

That Forhead imperious, whereon we now view,  
A smoothnesse, and whitenesse enameld with blew.<sup>41</sup>

136. PRINCE HENRY: 1612: *Upon Prince Henry*. Text from *Lansdowne MS.* 777, f. 66, where it is ascribed to Hugh Holland. The lines appear anonymously in *Wits Recreations*, 1640.<sup>42</sup> Another old copy of them is signed 'T.S.'<sup>43</sup> The light touch is surely Holland's. Henry Frederick, eldest son of King James I, had in his eighteen years (1594-1612) developed a strong definite character and a mind of great charm. His death occasioned grief widespread and genuine. Chapman's *Epicede* for his 'most deere and Heroicall Patrone' will be remembered for its outburst:

O God, to what end are thy Graces given?  
Onely to show the world, Mē fit for Heaven,  
Then ravish them, as if too good for Earth?<sup>44</sup>

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*, III, 351.
- <sup>2</sup> *Brief Lives* (ed. Clark), I, 406.
- <sup>3</sup> (Canterbury, 1800), 324.
- <sup>4</sup> *Archæologia Cambrensis*, 3 ser., XIII, 169. f.
- <sup>5</sup> *A Cypres Garland*, sig. B 2.
- <sup>6</sup> Information from Mr A. Millers Roberts of Bron-y-parc, Denbigh.
- <sup>7</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), II, 560.
- <sup>8</sup> *Alumn Oxon*, II, 731.
- <sup>9</sup> Welch, *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (1852), 61-2.
- <sup>10</sup> Venn, *Alumn. Cantab.*, II, 393.
- <sup>11</sup> *Brief Lives* (ed. Clark), I, 406.
- <sup>12</sup> *Ath. Oxon* (ed. Bliss), II, 560.
- <sup>13</sup> *Worthies* (1840), III, 503.
- <sup>14</sup> Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, I, 259; see also *Catholic Record Society Publications*, XXXIV, 3, 56, 71, 377, 378.
- <sup>15</sup> *Worthies* (1840), III, 503-4.
- <sup>16</sup> J. Williams, *Ancient and Modern Denbigh*, 203.
- <sup>17</sup> (1635), 393-4.
- <sup>18</sup> Pearsall Smith, *Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton*, I, 408-9.
- <sup>19</sup> Spingarn, *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, I, III.
- <sup>20</sup> *A Cypres Garland*, sig. B 2.
- <sup>21</sup> Aubrey, *Brief Lives*, (ed. Clark), I, 406.
- <sup>22</sup> *A Cypres Garland*, sig. A 2.
- <sup>23</sup> Aubrey, *Brief Lives* (ed. Clark), I, 406.      <sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>25</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* (ed. Bliss), II, 560.
- <sup>26</sup> P.R.O. *Prerog. Court of Canterbury. Admon. Act Book*, 1631-33, f. 187<sup>v</sup>.
- <sup>27</sup> *Remaines* (1636), 319.      <sup>28</sup> *S.T.C.* 3220.      <sup>29</sup> *S.T.C.* 4252.
- <sup>30</sup> *Royal MS.* 17, B. xv.      <sup>31</sup> *Worthies* (1840), III, 503-4.
- <sup>32</sup> *An Ode, Under-wood*, Poems of B. Jonson, 1936, pp. 128-9, lines 29-30.
- <sup>33</sup> *Chron. Robert of Gloucester*.
- <sup>34</sup> *Diary*, Feb. 23, 1668-9.
- <sup>35</sup> Weaver, *Ancient Funerall Monuments* (1631), 475.
- <sup>36</sup> Stanley, *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey* (1882), 133-4.
- <sup>37</sup> *The Cambro-Briton* (1820), I, 457.
- <sup>38</sup> Gillow, *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*, III, 193-5.
- <sup>39</sup> Manly, *Some New Light on Chaucer*, 49-56.
- <sup>40</sup> *Catholic Record Society Publications*, XIV, 21, n.; Foley, *Records*, VII, 1460-1, *Hist. MSS. Comm.* Hatfield House, VII, 394-5, 411, 474-5; VIII, 394-5, 449. Also see above, p. 335.
- <sup>41</sup> *Faire-Virtue*, 1622 (*S.T.C.* 25903), Bodleian, sig. O 7<sup>v</sup>.
- <sup>42</sup> *Eptaphs*, No. 10.      <sup>43</sup> Huth, *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies*.
- <sup>44</sup> *Epicede*, 1612 (*S.T.C.* 4974), Bodleian, sig. B<sup>v</sup>.

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HUGH HOLLAND

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132. WIDOWHOOD: QUEEN KATHARINE  
OF VALOIS

. . . . .

MIGHT I with me my little *Henry* take  
To some remote and solitary denne;  
Your noble Prince, his servant God him make,  
(Where to the people cried *Amen, Amen*)  
I could be well content no more to come  
Among the prease and multitudes of men.  
Not that I doubt but vertuous there be some,  
I know there be, and many in this place.  
This of my sp[ec]ch then is the very summe;  
That oft alone when I recount my case,  
No life me thinkes is like to widdowhoode,  
So God but guide it with his holy grace.

. . . . .

As for my selfe, had I not lov'd my *Harry*,  
Perdy I make a vow, that for my part  
No kingdome could have tempted me to marry  
Against the love and liking of my hart.  
But ah, not long had I enjoyed my joy  
When ugly Death comes stealing with his dart,  
(For hand of man could never him annoy)  
And him of life, and me of love deprives.  
Yet hath he left behinde a princely boy,  
That in my breast his heav'nly shape revives.  
So like the father doth he daily grow,  
As any you have seene in all your lives,  
Yea like him hee already learns to goe:  
So would he bend the browe, so would he looke,  
His eies his hands, he cast he carried so.

. . . . .

## 133. SHAKESPEARE DEAD: 1616

THOSE hands, which you se<sup>d</sup> clapt, go now, and wring  
 You *Britaines* brave; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes;  
 His days are done, that made the dainty Playes,  
 Which made the Globe of heav'n and earth to ring.  
 Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Thespian* Spring,  
 Turn'd all to teares, and *Phæbus* clouds his rayes:  
 That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,  
 Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.  
 If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* have,  
 All those he made, would scarce make one to this:  
 Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the grave  
 (Deaths publique tiring-house) the *Nuncius* is.  
 For though his line of life went soone about,  
 The life yet of his lines shall never out.

134. TO SIR THOMAS HAWKINS, ON HIS  
TRANSLATION OF HORACE

I KNEW before thy dainty tuch,  
 Upon the Lordly Violl:  
 But of thy Lyre who knew so much  
 Before this happy triall?  
 So tuned is thy sacred Harpe,  
 To make her *eccho* sweetly sharpe.  
 I wote not how to praise inough<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy Musick and thy Muses:  
 Thy Glosse so smooth, the Text so tough,  
 Be Judge, who both peruses.  
 Thy choice of Odes is also chaste,  
 No want it hath, it hath no waste.

A grace it is for any Knight,  
 A stately Steed to stable:  
 But unto *Pegasus* the light  
 Is any comparable?  
 No Courser of so comly Course,  
 Was ever as the winged *Horse*.

That *Astrophill*, of Arts the life,  
 A *Knight* was, and a *Poet*:  
 So was the Man, who tooke to wife  
 The Daughter of *La-Roët*.  
 So Thou that hast reserv'd a parte,  
 To rouze my *Johnson*, and his *Arte*.

Receive the while my lowly Verse  
 to waite upon thy Muses:  
 Who cannot halfe thy worth reherse,  
 My braine that height refuses.  
 Beneath thy *Meede* is all my praise;  
 That, asks a Crowne of holy *Baies*.

### 135. THE ETERNAL ARCHETYPE

FLAME of bright love and beauty, thou (whose beames  
 Reflected heere, have so embellished  
 All creatures) finding how my fancy fed  
 Upon this earthly circles glimmering gleames,  
 Not else reclaimable from those extreames,  
 Centrally drewst my heart to one faire head,  
 Enamelled with browne, blew<sup>e</sup>, white and red;  
 So to allure it to those heavenly Reames.  
 Purify all the Passions of my Minde,  
 and light my understanding: So may I  
 Reede foorth, and heed what Passions heere I find.  
 Kindle my will and heave it up, for why  
 Even as thy love, like fire, drawes up my love,  
 Right so my love, like fire, will mount above.

## 136. PRINCE HENRY: 1612

LO where he shineth yonder  
A fixed star in heaven,  
Whose motion here came under  
None of the planets seaven:  
If that the Moone should tender  
The Sun her love & marry  
They both could not engender  
So sweet a Star as Harry.

## XXXV. BEN JONSON

1573-1637

IT is hardly necessary here to offer a life of this greatest of the laureates and venerated father of the 'sons' who carried on his great tradition in English letters. Of his adoption, however, of the Catholic faith during the twelve years which cover his most productive literary period it will be fitting to give some particulars.

On September 22, 1598, Ben Jonson had a quarrel with one Gabriel Spencer, who was an actor in Henslowe's Company. The two men fought in Hoxton Fields, Spencer was killed, and Jonson was arrested for felony.<sup>1</sup> Spencer seems to have been the aggressor. Jonson was tried at the Old Bailey in October. He confessed the indictment and, by claiming benefit of clergy, escaped hanging. He was sentenced to branding on the thumb, and his goods were confiscated. While under arrest, he was received into the Catholic church 'by trust of a priest who Visited him in Prison.'<sup>2</sup> This seems to have become known to the authorities, and two spies were set on him. Warned by his gaoler, he gave them no grounds for further accusation, and was ultimately released from prison.

From *Under-wood*<sup>3</sup> we learn that the fire which destroyed much of his library in 1623 burned 'twice-twelve yeares stor'd up humanitie; With humble Gleanings in Divinitie.' It is a reasonable inference from these lines that he began to study theology in 1599 immediately after his release, and that it was Catholic theology which he began to study.

In 1603, on the production of *Sejanus*, Jonson seems to have been called before the Council and 'accused both of popperie and treason' by the Earl of Northampton, a son of the poet Surrey. Jonson had offended Northampton by beating one of his servants. It is not known whether Jonson suffered on this occasion or not, but it seems likely that if he had been imprisoned, he would have mentioned the fact to Drummond of Hawthornden, with whom he was notably frank.<sup>4</sup>

He was still a Catholic at the time of the Gunpowder Plot. About October 9, 1605, he supped with Catesby at a house in the Strand; and Tresham and Thomas Winter were also among the guests. We cannot be sure whether he had any knowledge or suspicion of what was in hand. After the discovery of the Plot

the Government attempted to make use of him for the discovery of Catholics implicated. His letter excusing his want of success in this matter is extant.<sup>5</sup> A very black view has been taken of this incident by some writers, but the transaction remains obscure, and there is no evidence that Jonson did more than many Catholics at that time would have been ready to do in their horror of the plot and their anger against the conspirators, an indignation which was publicly expressed by the Arch-priest George Blackwell himself.

In April, 1606, Jonson and his wife were presented at the London Consistory Court for habitual absence from divine service and communion at their parish church. Jonson denied their absence from service, and affirmed that 'bothe he and his wife doe goe ordinarily to Church & to his owne parishe Church & so hath don this halfe yeare.' As Herford and Simpson point out, this implies outward conformity on their part for the six months since the Gunpowder Plot. We may point out that it also seems to imply that Jonson's wife was a Catholic. Jonson admitted their absence from communion, told the judge that he had had other opinions upon religion, 'which now upon better advisement he is determined to alter,' and asked to have theologians appointed to discuss the matter with him, 'he promising to conforme him selfe according as they shall advise him & perswade him.' The comedy was played out. The judge appointed distinguished theologians to hold conferences with him twice a week, Jonson was not 'perswaded' and therefore did not 'conforme him selfe,' and the matter seems to have been dropped. Jonson was also accused in the same court of being 'by fame a seducer of youthe to the popishe Religion.' He denied the charge strenuously, and it was evidently dropped for lack of evidence.<sup>6</sup>

Ben Jonson's Catholic period seems to have come to an end in 1610.<sup>7</sup> He told Drummond of Hawthornden that he had accepted Catholicism 'by trust.' The phrase, rightly understood, is sound divinity. That Jonson's profession of the Catholic faith was genuine while it lasted seems obvious from the circumstances. As Herford wrote: 'The heresy which he had embraced in prison when in the very grasp of the Queen's Government and danger of his life, he retained for twelve years among the more subtle temptations of Court favour; and had recusancy been a safer and easier game than it was, the sterling honesty of Jonson is wholly above suspicion.'<sup>8</sup>



137. EPODE: *Epode*. Text from *Workes*, 1616, (S.T.C. 14751), Bodleian, pp. 830-3. (*The Forrest*, xi.) That Jonson's 'epode sung to deep ears' in his gravest moral mood belongs to his Catholic years is proven by the fact that its last line is cited in *England's Parnassus* (1600),<sup>9</sup> and that it is printed in its entirety in Robert Chester's *Loves Martyr* (1601).<sup>10</sup> A fuller transcription of Chester's title helps to explain the structure and argument of Jonson's poem: *Loves Martyr: or, Rosalins Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle. . . . To these are added some new compositions, of severall moderne Writers . . . , upon the first subject: viz. the Phoenix and Turtle*. Jonson made a few very slight verbal changes in the poem in 1616. For the suggestion that the Turtle and Phoenix are the Earl and Countess of Bedford, see *The Phoenix and Turtle*, by B. H. Newdigate, 1937.

138, 139. ON HIS CHILDREN: *On my first Daughter* and *On my first Sonne*. Text from *Workes*, 1616, (S.T.C. 14751), Bodleian, pp. 774, 780-1. (*Epigrammes* xxii, xlv.) Jonson's little son Benjamin died in 1603, and his infant daughter Mary probably in 1593. The epitaph on his daughter was perhaps written before Jonson was a Catholic;<sup>11</sup> but it gives a very Catholic title to the Blessed Virgin.

140. LAMENT: *Song*. Text from *Workes*, 1616, (S.T.C. 14751), Bodleian, p. 190. (*Cynthias Revells*, I, ii.) Mr Percy Simpson dates the first performance of the play about December, 1600.<sup>12</sup>

141, 142. GOOD FAME AND VIRTUE: Two songs without titles. Text from *The Masque of Queens*, 1609, (S.T.C. 14778), Bodleian, sigs. E 4<sup>v</sup>, F<sup>v</sup>. The masque was performed on February 2, 1609.

143. THE GODDESS: Untitled extract. Text from *Hymenai*, 1606, (S.T.C. 14774), Bodleian, sigs. F<sup>v</sup>-F2. The masque was performed on January 6, 1606. Our extract is from a speech spoken by 'an Angell or Messenger of Glorie.'

144. WEDDED LOVE: Untitled extracts. Text from *Hymenai*, 1606, (S.T.C. 14774), Bodleian, sigs. B-B<sup>v</sup>, ll. 13-26 of Hymen's speech. The 'two Noble Maydes,' then very young, were destined to become known as the high-minded and ill-fated Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex, and the notorious Frances Howard, afterwards Countess of Somerset.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Jeaffreson, *Middlesex County Records*, I, xxviii, iv, 350; *Dulwich MS.* I, 24, No. 25; Jonson, *Conversations*, § XIII, *Registers of St Leonard's, Shoreditch*, September 24, 1598.

<sup>2</sup> *Conversations*, § XIII. <sup>3</sup> *An Execration upon Vulcan*, *Poems of B.J.*, 1936, p. 150.

<sup>4</sup> *Conversations*, § XIII.

<sup>5</sup> P.R.O. *State Papers, Dom. James I*, xvi, No. 30, November 8, 1605. (Incorrectly endorsed by another hand, '8 Nov 1600,' as Herford and Simpson point out in reprinting the letter. (*Ben Jonson: The Man and his Work*, I, 202) See also the *Athenaeum*, April 22, 1865, for Jonson's Privy Council Warrant. For Catesby's supper-party, see P.R.O., *S.P.* 14/216, pt II /No. 132, Leslie Hotson, *I, William Shakespeare*, 1937, p. 187; and the review of that book in *The Tablet*, Jan. 22, 1938.

<sup>6</sup> *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 4 ser. IV, 103-39 (F.W.X. Fincham, *Notes from Ecclesiastical Records in Somerset House, 1471-1858*); Herford and Simpson, *op. cit.*, I, 42-3.

<sup>7</sup> *Conversations*, § XIII. <sup>8</sup> Jonson, *Plays* (Mermaid Series), I, xxi.

<sup>9</sup> No. 1497, ed. Crawford, 198 <sup>10</sup> Sigs Aa 3<sup>v</sup>-Bb<sup>v</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> Mr Percy Simpson dates it about 1595. Herford and Simpson, *op. cit.*, II, 380.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, I, 394.

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BEN JONSON

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137. EPODE

NOT to know vice at all, and keepe true state,  
Is vertue, and not *Fate*:  
Next, to that vertue, is to know vice well,  
And her blacke spight expell.  
Which to effect (since no brest is so sure,  
Or safe, but shee'll procure  
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard  
Of thoughts to watch, and ward  
At th'eye and eare (the ports unto the minde)  
That no strange, or unkinde  
Object arrive there, but the heart (our spie)  
Give knowledge instantly,  
To wakefull reason, our affections king:  
Who (in th'examing)  
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit  
Close, the close cause of it.  
Tis the securest policie we have,  
To make our sense our slave.  
But this true course is not embrac'd by many:  
By many? scarce by any.  
For either our affections doe rebell,  
Or else the sentinell  
(That should ring larum to the heart) doth sleepe,  
Or some great thought doth keepe  
Backe the intelligence, and falsely sweares,  
Th'are base, and idle feares  
Whereof the loyall conscience so complains.  
Thus, by these subtle traines,  
Doe severall passions invade the minde,  
And strike our reason blinde.  
Of which usurping rancke, some have thought love  
The first; as prone to move  
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,  
In our enflamed brests:  
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,  
Which thus we over-blow.

The thing, they here call Love, is blinde Desire,  
Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;  
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis borne,  
Rough, swelling, like a storme:  
With whom who sailes, rides on the surge of feare,  
And boyles, as if he were  
In a continuall tempest. Now, true Love  
No such effects doth prove;  
That is an essence farre more gentle, fine,  
Pure, perfect, nay, divine;  
It is a golden chaine let downe from heaven,  
Whose linkes are bright, and even.  
That falls like sleepe on lovers, and combines  
The soft, and sweetest mindes  
In equall knots: This beares no brands, nor darts,  
To murder different hearts,  
But, in a calme, and god-like unitie,  
Preserves communitie.  
O, who is he, that (in this peace) enjoyes  
Th'*Elixir* of all joyes?  
A forme more fresh, then are the *Eden* bowers  
And lasting, as her flowers:  
Richer then *Time*, and as *Time's* vertue, rare.  
Sober, as saddest care:  
A fixed thought, an eye un-taught to glance;  
Who (blest with such high chance)  
Would, at suggestion of a steepe desire,  
Cast himselfe from the spire  
Of all his happinesse? But soft: I heare  
Some vicious foole draw neare,  
That cryes, we dreame, and sweares, there's no such thing,  
As this chaste love we sing.  
Peace Luxurie, thou art like one of those  
Who, being at sea, suppose,  
Because they move, the continent doth so:  
No, vice, we let thee know  
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrowes wings doe flye,  
Turtles can chastly dye;

And yet (in this t'expresse our selves more cleare)  
We doe not number, here,  
Such spirits as are onely continent,  
Because lust's meanes are spent:  
Or those, who doubt the common mouth of fame,  
And for their place, and name,  
Cannot so safely sinne. Their chastitie  
Is meere necessitie.  
Nor meane we those, whom vowes and conscience  
Have fill'd with abstinence:  
Though we acknowledge, who can so abstayne,  
Makes a most blessed gayne.  
He that for love of goodnesse hateth ill,  
Is more crowne-worthy still,  
Then he, which for sinnes penaltie forbeares.  
His heart sinnes, though he feares.  
But we propose a person like our Dove,  
Grac'd with a Phœnix love;  
A beautie of that cleere, and sparkling light,  
Would make a day of night,  
And turne the blackest sorrowes to bright joyes:  
Whose od'rous breath destroyes  
All taste of bitternesse, and makes the ayre  
As sweet, as shee is fayre.  
A body so harmoniously compos'd,  
As if *Nature* disclos'd  
All her best symmetrie in that one feature!  
O, so divine a creature  
Who could be false to? chiefly, when he knowes  
How onely shee bestowes  
The wealthy treasure of her love 'on him;  
Making his fortunes swim  
In the full floud of her admir'd perfection?  
What savage, brute affection,  
Would not be fearefull to offend a dame  
Of this excellling frame?  
Much more a noble, and right generous mind

(To vertuous moods inclin'd)  
 That knowes the waight of guilt: He will refraine  
 From thoughts of such a straine.  
 And to his sense object this sentence ever,  
*Man may securely sinne, but safely never.*

## 138, 139. ON HIS CHILDREN

I. *On My First Daughter*

HERE lyes to each her parents ruth,  
 MARY, the daughter of their youth:  
 Yet, all heavens gifts, being heavens due,  
 It makes the father, lesse, to rue.  
 At sixe moneths end, shee parted hence  
 With safetie of her innocence;  
 Whose soule heavens Queene, (whose name shee beares)  
 In comfort of her mothers teares,  
 Hath plac'd amongst her virgin-traine:  
 Where, while that sever'd doth remaine,  
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth.  
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

II. *On My First Son*

FAREWELL, thou child of my right hand, and joy;  
 My sinne was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy,  
 Seven yeeres tho'wert lent to me, and I thee pay,  
 Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.  
 O, could I loose all father, now. For why  
 Will man lament the state he should envie?  
 To have so soone scap'd worlds, and flesh's rage,  
 And, if no other miserie, yet age?  
 Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lye  
 BEN. JONSON his best piece of *poetrie*.  
 For whose sake, hence-forth, all his vowes be such,  
 As what he loves may never like too much.

## 140. LAMENT

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt teares;  
 Yet slower, yet, *o* faintly gentle springs:  
 List to the heavy part the musique beares,  
 Woe weepes out her division, when shee sings.  
     Droupe hearbs, and flowres;  
     Fall grieffe in showres;  
     Our beauties are not ours:  
     O, I could still  
 (Like melting snow upon some craggie hill,)  
     drop, drop, drop, drop,  
 Since natures pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

## 141, 142. GOOD FAME AND VIRTUE

## I

HELPE, helpe all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:  
 The voice of FAME should be as loud as thonder.  
 Her House is all of *echo* made,  
     Where never dyes the sound;  
 And, as her browes the cloudes invade,  
     Her feete do strike the ground.  
 Sing then good *Fame*, that's out of *Virtue* borne:  
 For, who doth *Fame* neglect, doth *Virtue* scorne.

## II

WHO, *Virtue*, can thy power forget,  
 That sees these live, and triumph yet?  
 Th' *Assyrian* pompe, the *Persian* pride,  
*Greekes* glory, and the *Romans* dy'de:  
     And who yet imitate  
 Their noyses, tary the same fate.  
     Force Greatnesse all the glorious wayes  
     You can, it soone decayes;  
     But so good *Fame*, shall never:  
 Her Triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.

## 143. THE GODDESS

PRINCES, attend a tale of height, and wonder.  
TRUTH is descended in a second Thunder,  
And now will greete you, with Judiciall state,  
To grace the *Nuptiall* part in this debate;  
And end with reconciled hands these warres.

Upon her head she weares a Crowne of Starres,  
Through which her orient Hayre waves to her wast,  
By which beleeving *Mortalls* hold her fast,  
And in those golden Chordes are carried even  
Till with her breath she blowes them up to Heaven.  
She weares a Roabe enchas'd with Eagles Eyes,  
To signifie her sight in *Mysteries*;  
Upon each shoulder sits a milke white Dove,  
And at her feete doe witty Serpents move:  
Her spacious Armes does reach from *East* to *West*,  
And you may see her Heart shine through her breast.  
Her right hand holds a *Sunne* with burning Rayes,  
Her left a curious bunch of golden Kayes,  
With which *Heav'n* Gates she locketh, and displayes.  
A Cristall Mirror hangeth at her brest,  
By which mens Consciencies are search'd, and drest:  
On her Coach wheelles *Hypocrisie* lies rackt;  
And squint-eyd *Slander*, with *Vaine-Glory* backt  
Her bright Eyes burne to dust: in which shines *Fate*.  
An *Angel* ushers his triumphant Gate,  
Whilst with her fingers Fannes of Starres she twists,  
And with them beates backe *Error*, clad in mists.  
Eternall *Unity* behind her shines  
That *Fire*, and *Water*, *Earth*, and *Ayre* combines.  
Her voyce is like a Trumpet loud, and shrill,  
Which bids all sounds in *Earth*, and *Heav'n* be still.  
And see! descended from her Chariot now,  
In this related Pompe she visits you.



## 144. WEDDED LOVE

YOU, whose better Blissess,  
Have proov'd the strict embrace  
Of *Union*, with chaste kisses,  
And seene it flowe so in your happy *Race*;

That know, how well it bindes  
The fighting *Seedes of Things*,  
Winnes *Natures, Sexes, Mindes*,  
And ev'ry discord in true Musique brings:

Sit now propitious *Aydes*,  
To *Rites*, so duely priz'd;  
And view two *Noble Maydes*,  
Of different Sexe, to *Union* sacrific'd.  
In honour of that *blest Estate*,  
Which all *Good Mindes* should celebrate.

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# THE GLOSSARY

*\* \* \* Acknowledgement is made to Mr S. O'Loughlin and to Mr W. Force Stead for their help in compiling this Glossary and for many suggestions made.*

*The references are to the serial number of the poem and the line.*

- Abbas: abbeys 13:25  
 abbore: abhor 13:39  
 able: enable 35:18  
 abyde, abydeth: tolerates, endures  
     88:12; remains, continues to be 64:  
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 Acca: Acca Laurentia, wife of Faus-  
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 adrad: adread 1:26  
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 aeged: aged 61:13  
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 batter: *see* claps 64:12  
 be: been 52:20  
 beare backe: withdraw 51:160  
 beares the bell: is pre-eminent,  
     79:2  
 beat: battered 24:63  
 becketh: bows, greets, nods to 3:10  
 bedyll: messenger 47:1  
 bee: been 32:34  
 behond: beyond 88:212  
 behove: behoof 33:3  
 beknow; recognize, acknowledge  
     29:3  
 belleall: Belial 10:13  
 bence: bench 88:107  
 bent: occupied 52:5  
 bere: bare 12:67  
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 besticke: cover over completely  
     133:7  
 besy: busy, stirring 13:29  
 betiding: chance 81:24  
 bewiaie: betray 74:24  
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- bie: buy 31:110  
 billes: a kind of weapon 90:34  
 blage: [George] Blagge 23:11  
 blanke: nonplus 39:4  
 blase: blaze 22:7  
 blase; trumpet, proclaim 74:15  
 blawen: blown, 12:42  
 blaze and byde: spring into life and persist 61:17  
 blent: mingled 30:16  
 blesse: bliss 119:6  
 blesth: blesseth 3:32  
 blisse: bless, rejoice 105:10  
 bloo: blow 23:7  
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